★ Dec. 14, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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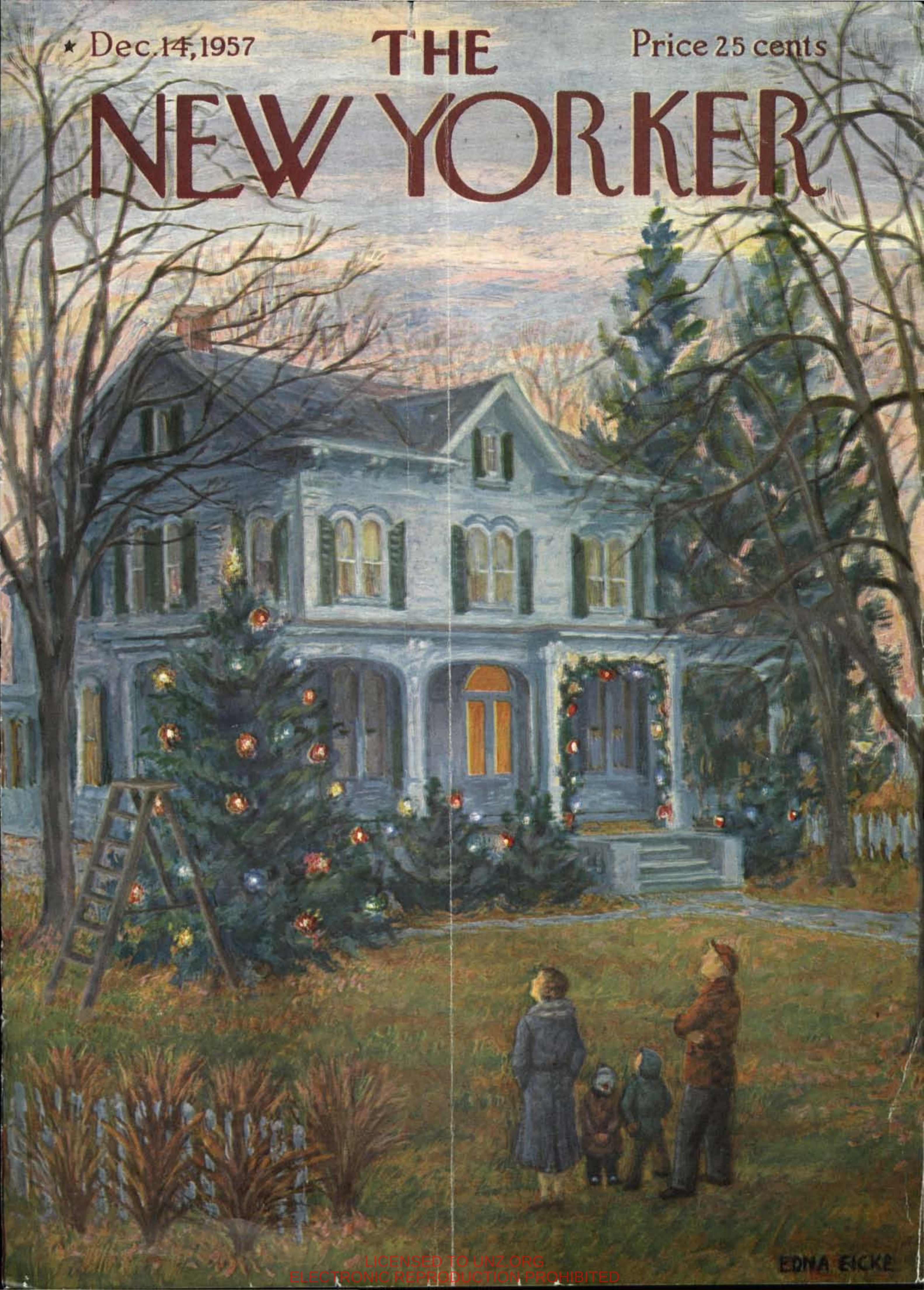

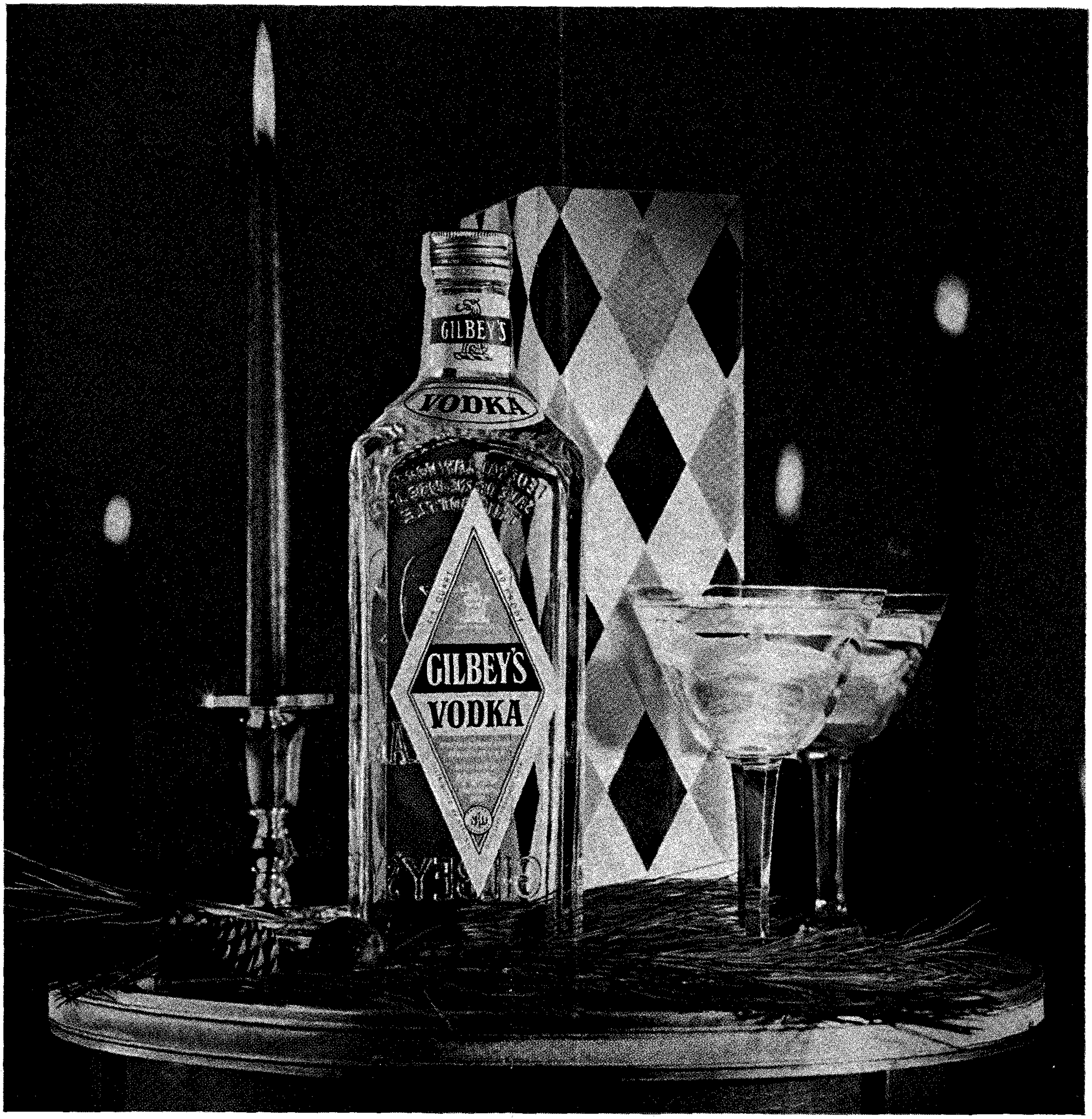

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cave Dwellers—While a good deal of William Saroyan's play about love among the lost is charming, a lot more of it may strike you as rather tiresome, shapeless, and familiar. The cast, directed by Carmen Capalbo, is headed by Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, Wayne Morris, and Susan Harrison. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Compulsion—This adaptation of Meyer Levin's novel based on the Loeb-Leopold case is crowded and eventful, but its literary merit is at best debatable. Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, Michael Constantine, and Howard Da Silva are prominent in the enormous cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Country Wife—Admirers of Restoration drama may be enchanted by this revival of Wycherley's remarkably bawdy comedy, but it calls for a very special taste. Julie Harris, Pamela Brown, and Laurence Harvey head the largely British cast, which was directed by George Devine. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties probably tries to cover too much ground, but it is often very funny and touching just the same. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles, and Elia Kazan's direction and Ben Edwards' set are extremely commendable, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

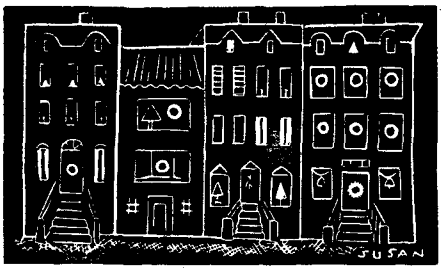
Fair Game—Sam Levene and several subsidiary wolves pursue a virtuous divorcée through the wastes of the garment district in this comedy (by Sam Locke), which owes a large measure of its success to Mr. Levene's genuinely comic performance. Among those associated with him are Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and brilliantly performed. The cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and often very compelling play. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith come wonderfully to life as three members of the Gant family, and George Roy Hill's direction and Jo Mielziner's sets are both beyond criticism. With Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Monique—This melodrama is derived from the same French novel that provided the fine film called "Diabolique," but neither the adaptation nor the performances are very satisfactory. Shepard Traube directed a cast that is headed by Patricia Jessel, Denholm Elliott, and Percy Waram. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 14.)

Nude with Violin—Noël Coward's comedy, in which he stars with all his old, tremendous skill, is based on the supposition that modern art is largely the work of idiots and children, and the humor is correspondingly tedious and primitive. The cast, directed by the author, includes Morris Carnovsky, Joyce Carey, and Luba Malina. The set, a Paris studio, was designed by Oliver Smith. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Romanoff and Juliet—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Joan Blondell, and Theodore Bikel are highly effective in this drama by Morton Wishengrad, which treats mainly of a woman overcome by a feeling that she has sinned. Just why this lady feels so bad is not made too clear in the play, but nevertheless it is impressively sincere, and, on occasion, moving. Boris Aronson is responsible for the apt setting. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes gives another of her incomparable performances in this translation of Jean Anouilh's delightful comedy about an eccentric old duchess, a melancholy prince, and a pretty little milliner. Oliver Smith and Miles White designed the first-rate sets and costumes; Vernon Duke composed the apposite incidental music; and among the others in the cast are Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Long Runs—**AUNTIE MAME:** Rosalind Russell is the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. After Wednesday, Dec. 18, no performances until Thursday, Dec. 26.) . . . **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Eugene O'Neill's study of his youth, with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. After Saturday, Dec. 14, no performances until Monday, Dec. 23.) . . . **THE TUNNEL OF LOVE:** Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. Tom Ewell is the hero. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. After Saturday, Dec. 14, no performances until Thursday, Dec. 26, when it will reopen at the National Theatre, 41st St., W.) . . . **A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET:** Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman (Cyril Ritchard) who drops in on a Virginia household. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Genius and the Goddess—Nancy Kelly and Alan Webb in a play adapted by Aldous Huxley and Beth Wendel, in collaboration with Alec Coppel, from Mr. Huxley's novel of the same name. Directed and designed by Richard Whorf, and produced by Courtney Burr, in association with Liska March. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shadow of My Enemy—A play by Sol Stein, starring Ed Begley and Gene Raymond, and directed by Daniel Petrie. The producer is Nick Mayo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some excellent ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a book that is somewhat witless. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill did the songs, and Gwenn Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rumple—This offering would be unbearable if it weren't for Eddie Foy and a couple of appetizing girls, and even with them it doesn't amount to much. Irving Phillips wrote the book, and Ernest G. Schweikert and Frank Reardon turned out the music and lyrics, in that order. The cast, directed by Jack Donohue, includes Gretchen Wyler, Stephen Douglass, Lois O'Brien, and Barbara Perry. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows

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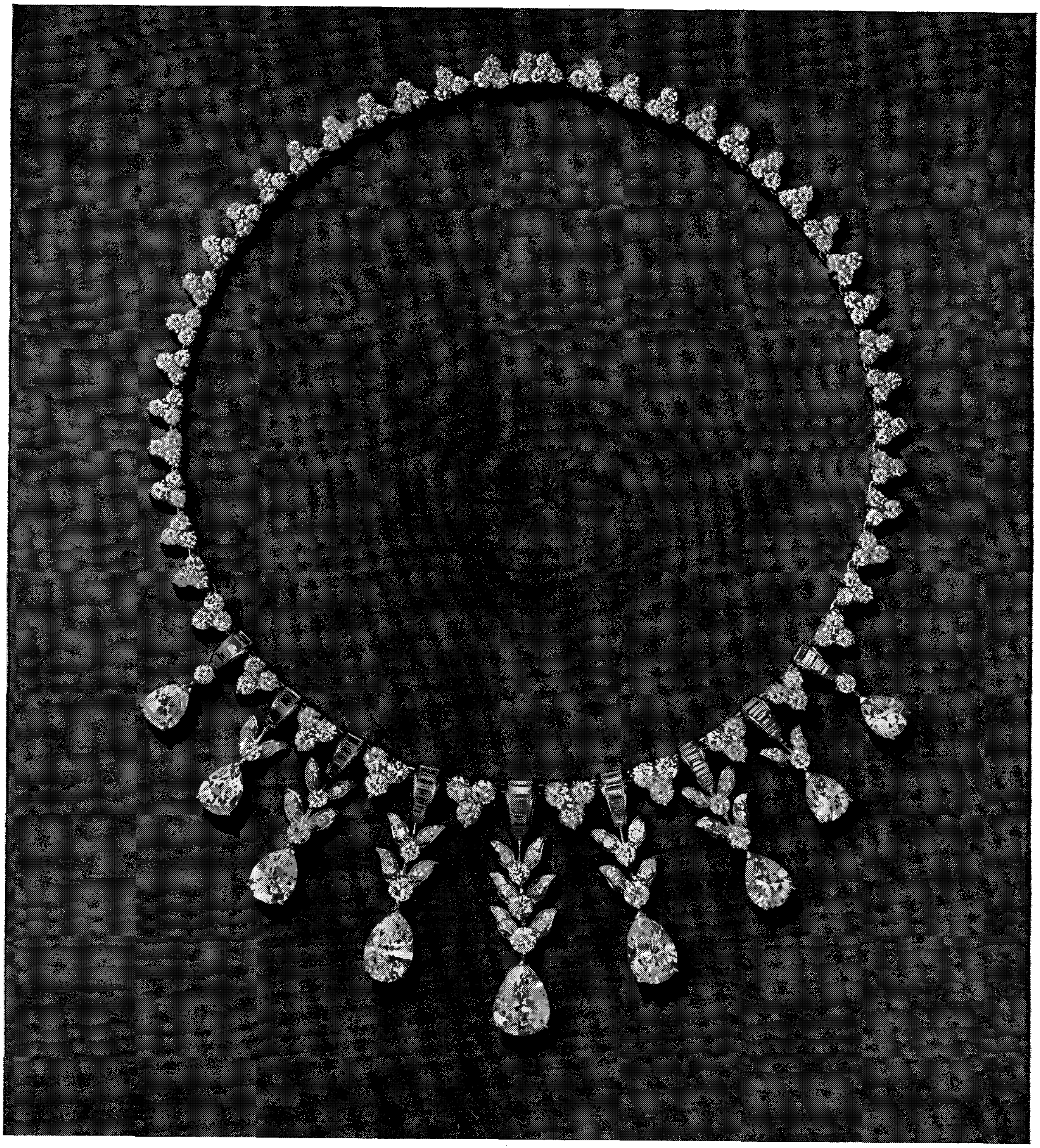
FOR CHRISTMAS AND FOREVER . . .



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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and, if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The cast also includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LI'L ABNER:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Joyce Gladmond, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Betty Oakes, Art Lund, and Helon Blount are in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 14.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare (who succeeded Rex Harrison) and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Viola Roache and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE MUSIC MAN—Meredith Willson's musical, based on a story written by him and Franklin Lacey. Included in the cast are Robert Preston, Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. Staged by Morton Da Costa and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden, in association with Herbert Greene and Frank Productions, Inc. Opens Thursday, Dec. 19. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Dec. 13: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—Noël Coward's musical play "Conversation Piece," with Joan Copeland, René Paul, and Sarah Burton. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Final performances Thursday and Friday, Dec. 12-13, at 8:30.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Brendan Burke. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Henderson Forsythe and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

CRICKET THEATRE—Vicki Cummings in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden," a comedy written by Meade Roberts and directed by Warren Enters. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

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DOWNTOWN THEATRE—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

GATE THEATRE—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a new dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With Eileen Ryan and James Patterson. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

HECKSCHER THEATRE—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of "Richard III," directed by Stuart Vaughan and with George C. Scott in the title role. (Heckscher Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Closes Saturday, Dec. 28.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Eileen Herlie in Karel Capek's melodrama "The Makropoulos Secret," adapted and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays, except Dec. 15, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

RENATA THEATRE—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with songs by him and David Martin, and with Melvin Stewart at the head of the cast. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: "Apollo," "Agon," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," "Pastorale," and "Square Dance."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 15, at 12:30 and 5:30: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30: "Souvenirs," "Apollo," "Agon," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30: "Allegro Brillante," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Still Point," and "Square Dance."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30: "Con Amore," "Still Point," "Pas de Dix," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30: "Interplay," "Souvenirs," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 19.)

MISCELLANY

RELIGIOUS DRAMA SERIES—Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," with John Astin, Martin Newman, Alan Bergmann, and Stefan Gierasch. The second in a series of five religious plays, each being presented for a single performance. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:45.)

LOTTE GOSLAR'S PANTOMIME CIRCUS—The West Coast mimic, with a company of six, in "For Humans Only." The second in this season's series of Phoenix Theatre "Sideshow" programs. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

DRAMATIC NARRATIVES—Rita Gam, Frank Silvera, and others in W. H. Auden's "For the Time Being" and E. E. Cummings' "Santa Claus." The second in a series of five programs being presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133, Ext. 6.)

PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB—A musical revue, "After a Fashion," is this year's undergraduate production. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30, and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call MU 5-6200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

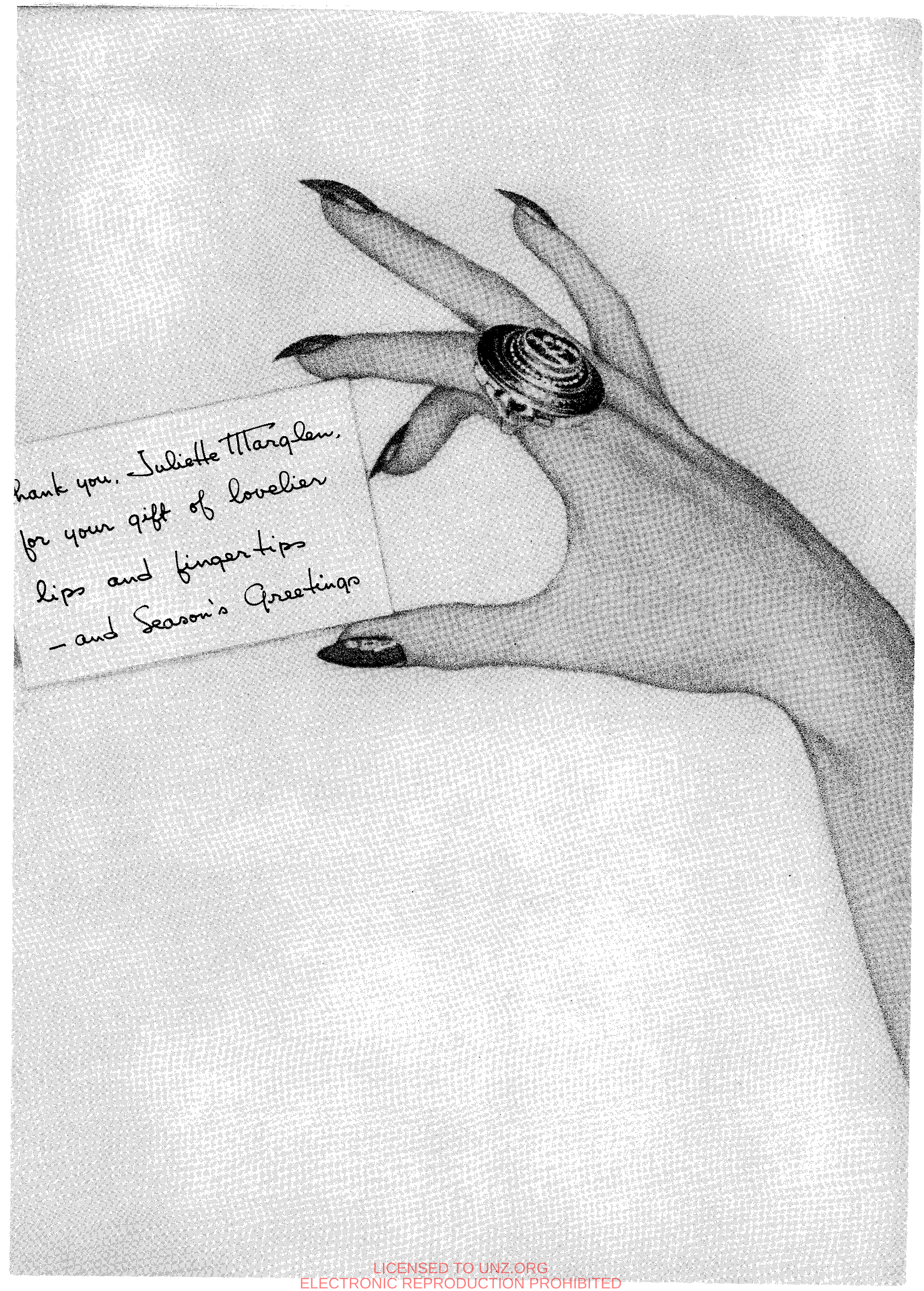
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a cityscape of dazzle without razzle, murmurs sedate dinner music until ten; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The nightly spectaculars are impromptu affairs provided by the customers, not the management. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who'd rather dance.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Things get a bit table-d'hôte when the Cotillion Room's choir of violinists, overcome by the beauty of the music they're making, break into song; things get a lot better when the fiddlers turn out waltzes and a band led by Joseph Ricardel lets loose its bouncy fox trots. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The presiding officer of the Persian Room is Ted Straeter, owner of the world's noblest dinner jacket, a richly engraved piano style, an offhand tenor, and a virtuoso dance band; the vice-president is Mark Monte's quintet. At dinner and supper, there's song by the latest of a series of imports—Alma Cogan, from the London cafés. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a perfect setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays from four until seven every day in the Palm



hank you, Juliette Marglen,
for your gift of lovelier
lips and finger-tips
—and Season's Greetings

Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra, its saxophones fainting in those famous coils, is bringing its annual consignment of sweetness and light to the Grill, where it is on duty at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Elysian field days (or, rather, nights) are available in the Maisonette, where the dinner and supper oratorios are executed by Julie Wilson, a picturesque as well as statuesque girl, who can be recommended to belated Christmas shoppers, since she is already gift-wrapped. In between times, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's little dance bands tinkle away the livelong night. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Plenty of room for dancing in the Café Rouge, where the music comes from Les and Larry Elgart's band, a firm believer in do-it-yourself orchestrations. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté has the floor at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, and he covers most of it in the course of his song-and-strut recital, which involves several of our good neighbors—the Caribbean republics, the Ozarks, and Tin Pan Alley. Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gypsy band do the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's and Dick Farney's trios from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Empire Room's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

Note—Pie in the sky, to say nothing of canapés and cocktails—all in the Rainbow Room, a quarter of a mile straight up from Fifth Avenue. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday handyman. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. In an alcove beyond the bar, Bud Gregg plays night-life piano after ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The show of hands here—Goldie Hawkins' and Wayne Sanders'—makes the place a regular piano playhouse. The music begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. The room is a matey sort of place. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for both strings and sybarites. The strings, Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds sway from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Twentieth-century love, the kind that must be viewed through a glass darkly, is the burden of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* balladry. She's an after-dinner condiment, but there's piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, and some of it by Don Evans, whose virtuosity is everyone's reward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henri IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): Hugh Shannon, in whose husky voice there is more than a touch of that old black magic, is again in our midst, playing piano and singing the songs of a happier, far more harum-scarum day. He starts at eleven. Lee Evans' alert trio fills in the chinks. They all stay home Mondays, when a trio with which Denzil Best and the West Coast pianist Cecil Young are concerned turns on the heat. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, as well as perambulating minstrels, whose music is all valentines and the after-dinner songs of some lady-in-waiting or other. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in a new and handsome setting, offering the mixture as before—provender and wine of the country all evening; piano, violin, guitar, and song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Rather grand but rather relaxed, too. George Feyer plays tinkly piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. The room is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti evolves a very rambling sort of piano from five to ten. All is dark Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, Peter Walters runs off strictly parlor piano from five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): If night overtakes you at the Metropolitan Museum, five or six stirrup cups await you in the tiny modern-art bar of the Stanhope Hotel, which has Viennese piano by Tommy Banks from eight-thirty to one every night but Monday.

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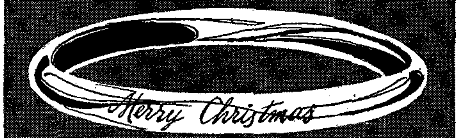
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER—Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737)—The season's remembrance of *temps perdu* is being provided by Milton Berle—not a kinescope but projected live from a colossal stage. He can, when his taste buds are working, be a remarkably funny man. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Louis Armstrong, ancient of days, is still carrying on (and that is the phrase for it), though some of the men who made his jazz band a great one have gone to other rewards. Dancing.

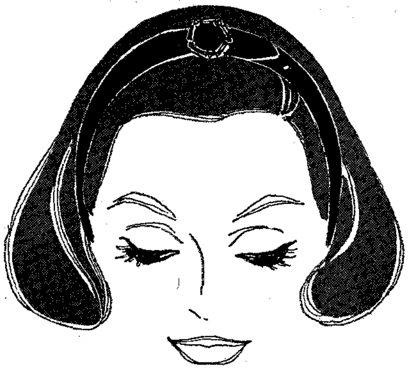
SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

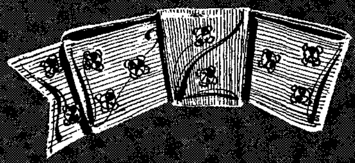
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Unlike any other whippoorwill, Martha Davis can accompany the nocturnal mating calls of her species with the kind of piano Fats Waller used to make. She and Calvin Ponder, her bassist and duettist, rest up Mondays. Seven nights a week is the rule for Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who turn in an owlish report on conditions behind the American scene, and Dorothy Loudon, a wasp who gives short shrift to the foolish old songs she picks on. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned. The Davises exeunt laughing on Wednesday, Dec. 18; the following evening, Tom Lehrer, the Harvard physicist, pianist, and lyricist, begins his Christmas vacation here with a recitation of his own Bab Ballads. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there'll be a session by the Lyonses and the Davises through Wednesday, Dec. 18. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk has constructed the third of his annual two-by-four revues by simply assembling a quartet of engaging mice (Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law) and adding to it a big, bold cat (Ronny Graham). The ensuing game (of cat-and-mouse, naturally) is almost hysterically merry. The rascally words and music come from Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestration comes from the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The only ivory tower on Sixth Avenue. The *régisseur* is Julius Monk, of the Downstairs Room. The dramatis personae are Stella Brooks, the speaker of the evening, in whom Edith Sitwell, Cassandra, and two fellows named Jekyll and Hyde find common ground; Daphne Hellman, possibly the blondest of all muses, with her harp and her modern trio; and Warren Vaughn, romantic tenor and romantic pianist. Miss Brooks and the trio wind up on Wednesday, Dec. 18. Next evening, Lovey Powell and Hubbell Pierce, familiar figures in off-Broadway night life, will start (respectively) joking and singing. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Beverly Kenny, newest girl in town, is supplying the soprano obbligatos for a duo run by Ellis Larkin, who can pry fascinating minor chords out of any piano; J. J. Johnson, a venerable sage, pries well-chilled but still palatable music from his new quartet. On Thursday, Dec. 19, an added starter—Jack Kerouac, life-in-the-raw novelist, reciting modern poets, not necessarily Nick Kenny. Sundays, there are matinées at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Nonsense by Kaye Ballard, back in town with a whole new Pandora's box of verbiage, and parody by Tony and Eddie, two claps of thunder who are roguish beyond belief. Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics; the Three Flames, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance; and Morgana King, one of those newfangled tune-twisters, are around, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, persiflage with its head in the clouds but its feet on the ground issues from the lips of Igor & H., an outstanding pair of student misanthropes, and chirruping by Beth Oughton, a student soprano, who chooses her songs with care. There's also lots of piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the inn. They are off Sundays, when old movies are added; Mondays, amateur talent has its brief moment. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave. (OR 9-7848): The minute saltcellar of the Hotel Duane, now carpeted wall to wall and peopled with cheery young things, such as Odetta, a stalwart girl with a sturdy guitar and a sturdy basso profundo; the pale-gold Isobel Robbins, who was born to be a lyric soubrette; Don Adams, collector of after-din-



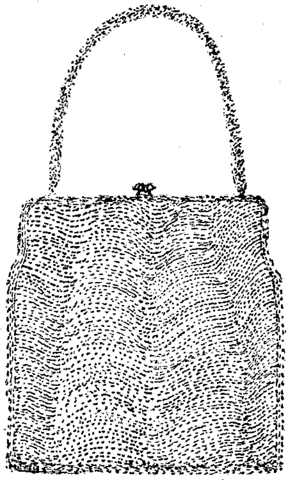
Our "Merry Christmas" gold filled bangle. $11.*



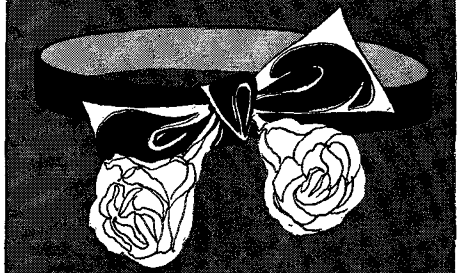
Black satin headband, rhinestone buckled. $7.



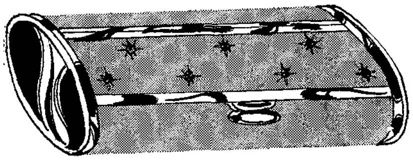
Textured gold and rhinestone bow. $4.40.*



Imported bead bag in gold, silver, ruby or jet. $16.50.*

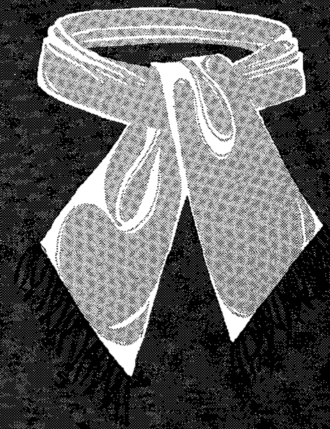


Pale velvet roses on black or beige satin belt. 24 to 30. $13.

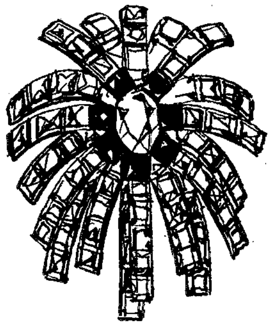


Sterling silver cigarette case of brushed design. $14.30.*

*tax included



Jewel toned silk ascot with jet fringe. $6.



Rhinestone pin with red, green or yellow center. $27.50.*

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Just one of a brand-new collection of soft, pretty prints . . . so ideally perfect for South now, here later. All washable of course, with rayon taffeta petticoats to underline their freshness. By Milton Saunders. White with mauve and blue, white with rose, or blue with yellow and pink. Sizes 10 to 20. **55.00**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ner anecdotes and observations; and a trio in which the guitarist Chuck Wayne is concerned. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): In an underground double-decker that may once have been that submarine Jules Verne built, Abbey Lincoln, a decorative bit of bric-a-brac, is singing fervently. Some of the other characters have the look of road-company Broadway. Dancing, mostly Latin.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Pee Wee Erwin, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had a twelve-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, eyewitnesses of the birth of the blues, are still being their steadfast American primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Here the pianoforte rests upon a pedestal. After nine, the principal keeper of the keys is Bernard Peiffer, who represents modern art (French division). His alternate is Alex Kallao, who is more journeyman. Both own trios. Johnny Mehegan, an earlier bird, does an involuted turn at the piano from six to nine in the evening, and all night Sundays and Mondays; Saturday is his holiday. The Peiffers are away on Sunday, the Kallaos on Monday. On Thursday, Dec. 19, Billy Taylor's threesome will replace Mr. Kallao's. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Count Basie's giant, economy-size band is still worth a listen, even when it starts repeating itself. Joe Williams, its vocal outlet, is pure joy, if that's the word for the blues. Also present: the Mitchell-Ruff duo, whose music is such sweet sorrow. Wednesday, Dec. 18, is the end for the duo; next evening, the quintet called Les Jazz Modes puts in. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland lays fleet hands upon the piano. Her message is couched in the most up-to-date phraseology, and it's embellished by the work of two sidemen. Dick Katz, another up-to-dater, is the soloist professor. Absolute silence on Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): There really isn't another girl in the world exactly like Barbara Carroll, whose piano impressions of the latter-day music have all at once a vigor, a delicacy, a humor, and a warmth for which there are no substitutes. During intermissions, Oscar Nord, another cool head, has the use of the piano. No music Sundays. . . . **CHERRY LANE**, 42 Commerce St. (OR 5-5310): In surroundings as resplendent as the Baths of Caracalla, the piano-bass-guitar assembly of Dick Hyman, Vinnie Burke, and Joe Puma quietly sings praises of the music of tomorrow. They check in at ten. From dinnertime on, Clyde Burke, seated at the piano, quietly sings, one after another, the nation's most cherished show tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point-blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): In what was once the ballroom of the Henry Hudson Hotel, Bobby Hackett's horn hangs like a silver moon. In its beam are such old-line stalwarts as Buzzy Drootin, Bob Wilber, and John Dengler. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music for nostalgists, from the undergraduate age on up, and plenty of nut-brown ale to wash it down with. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, the mob scene should include Jo Jones, Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Panama Francis, and Dick Wellstood. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Through a smog of table talk come the steady, precise measures of Eddie Heywood's threesome. Sundays, when the regular hands are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. On Monday, Dec. 16, the trio of that elder statesman Teddy Wilson, the only pianist who ever really sounds like Teddy Wilson, will be added to the cast. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The devotional services here are sometimes conducted in a tongue that resembles modern American when it doesn't simply pass all understanding. As of latest reports, the principals are the Horace Silver quintet and the Teddy Charles duo. Sunday, Dec. 15, the last night for the Charles mixture, there'll also be a rumble from three-thirty to seven. Next evening, the Mose Allison trio is due. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Hero sandwiches, beer, and music by the quintet of the protean Charlie Mingus, whose music suggests that there is no past, very little present, and a wide-open future. On Tuesday nights, the jazz is interspersed with recitals of poetry, a neat trick in any metre. The place is no bigger than a robin's nest and quite cheerful. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRO—New paintings, of spiderlike delicacy in pattern, by a leading Italian abstractionist; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

ORNULF BAST AND JON ENGILBERTS—Sculptures by the first, paintings by the second, in a first New York showing of works by two Icelandic artists; through Dec. 31. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT COOK—Figures, almost all of them in bronze; through Dec. 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—A new set of his always delightful shadow-box constructions; through Dec. 31. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

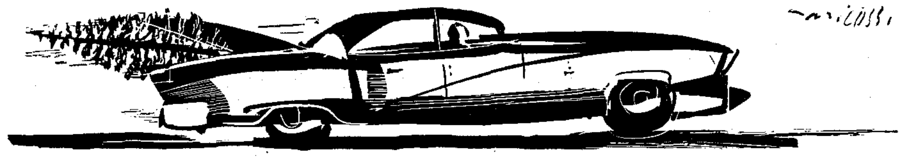
JOSÉ DE RIVERA—Gracefully twining, looping forms, principally in stainless steel; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JEAN DUFY—Briskly animated paintings and water colors, mainly of Paris scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

HERBERT FERBER—Welded-metal abstractions delicately designed; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

SAM FRANCIS—Brightly colorful abstract water colors, as well as a ten-by-sixteen-foot canvas; through Dec. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ARSHILE GORKY—A memorial show of paintings



Stars to brighten Christmas...

Stars to wish on and stars to give are combined this Christmas in a shining selection of Hamiltons for the special names on your gift list. Look for these stars in your Hamilton jeweler's window. Let them guide you to a truly memorable gift. **A.** Charm R, $150; **B.** Golden Tempus, $175; **C.** Mimi, $75; **D.** Lincrest, $89.50. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.

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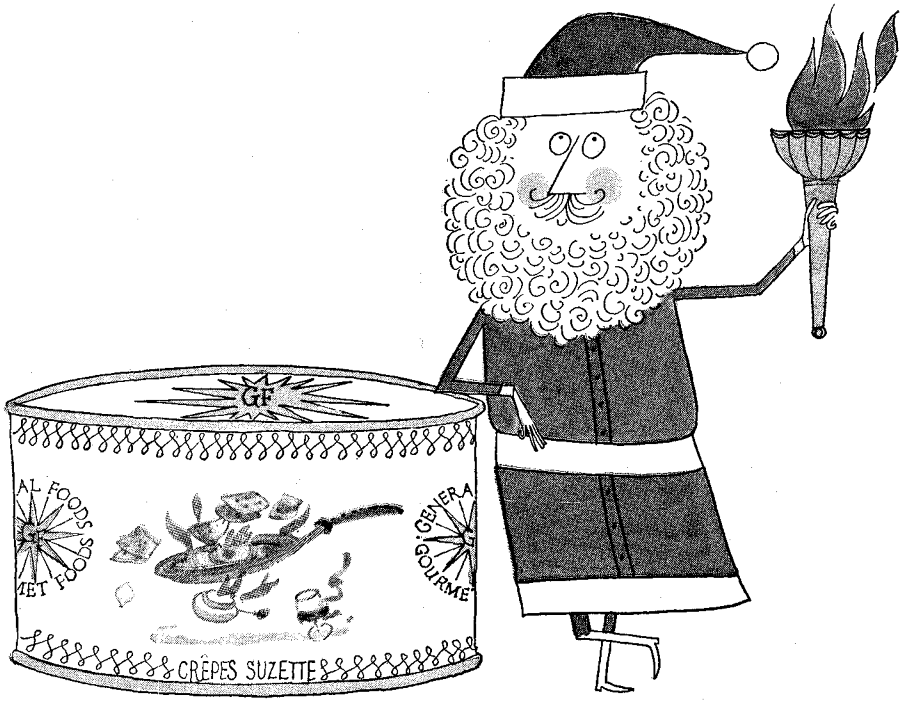
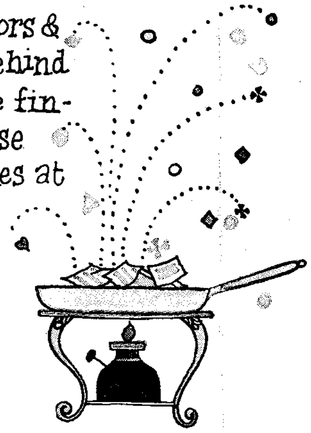


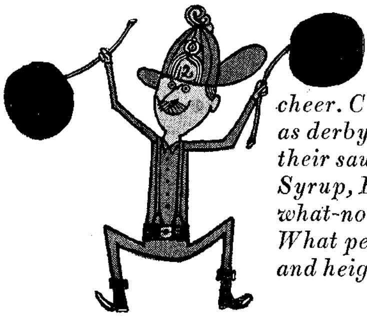
HOLIDAY ARSONISTS, ARISE!

Put the torch to our flaming desserts!

Our flaming desserts bring a glow to the meanest breast, cheer debtors & cause hostesses to crow softly behind their handkerchiefs. Only in the finest French restaurants can these delights be duplicated. Matches at the ready: STRIKE!

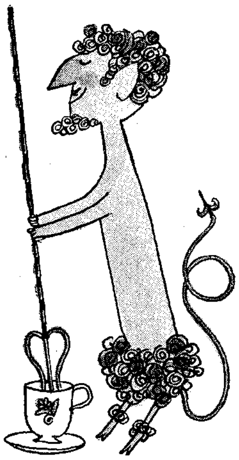


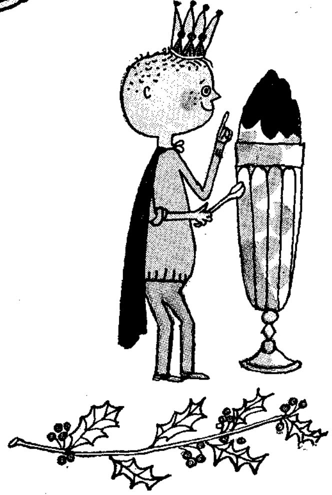
CRÊPES SUZETTES are the most famous of all incendiary desserts. Each crêpe is tender as a lover's glance, so delicious to taste that statesmen have been known to murmur indiscretions in order to achieve a second helping.
8 crêpes to a container, wallowing joyously in choice brandy and sugar syrup.



CHERRIES JUBILEE cause the incendiarist in us to loose an involuntary cheer. Colossal Bing Cherries, black as derby hats, flaming brightly in their sauce of Burgundy, Heavy Syrup, Brandy, Lemon, Spices and what-not. Apply the match! What perfume! "Happy Holiday!" and heigh-ho for the gallant firemen.

CAFÉ DIABLE is hearty enough to bring forth beards on mere lads, yet sufficiently delicate in flavor to entice debutantes from their bowers ere noon. We have added spices, cinnamon, a flick of pepper, a hint of orange. Add brandy, flame, and your party ends on a high, bright note.





CHOCOLATE SAUCE ROYALÉ is enchantment for the flame-shy. It is a blend of the world's finest chocolates whipped into a thick, fudgy sauce. Fractious juveniles come to heel at its mention, and it is a memorable sight crowning a mound of pink peppermint ice cream.

And what could be a warmer gift at Christmastide?

Now waiting for you at your Finest Food Shops.

GENERAL FOODS GOURMET FOODS

by one of the forerunners of Abstract Expressionism; through Dec. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

GROVER WULVERN HENDRICKS—Sculpture-constructions in glass, metal, and other materials. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—Abstract oils, water colors, and gouaches; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

PAUL KLEE—Water colors and drawings, ranging in date from 1914 to 1940; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—Paintings and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

GEORGE LUKS—Water colors done in the late nineteen-twenties and mostly of upstate New York scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

LEO MANSO—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PETER TODD MITCHELL—Meticulously painted still-lifes and other oils, plus some drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

PAUL MOMMER—Contemporary oils; through Jan. 11. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Glowingly colorful, semiabstract landscapes, in his best show to date; through Dec. 28. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RICHENBURG—Abstract Expressionist paintings, notable primarily for their textural quality; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

GERMAINE RICHIER—Semiabstract bronze figures by the French sculptress; through Dec. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

JEAN PAUL RIOPELLE—Paintings by a French-Canadian now one of the leaders of the Paris Tachiste school; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Landscapes and figures, in addition to two sculptures; through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

ANNE RYAN—A show of color prints, remarkable for their technical dexterity, by an artist who died in 1954; through Dec. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ETHEL SCHWABACHER—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY TONEY—City scenes and other subjects, all treated in a mixture of realism and allegory; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (A. C. A., 63 E. 57th St.)

HUGH WILEY—Wall-reliefs, combining mosaics and colored concrete, to get interesting textural effects; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

YEKTAI—Impressionist oils; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

STAVROS NIARCHOS COLLECTION—Sixty-three paintings, including many purchased from the former Edward G. Robinson and Gladys Lloyd Robinson collection, by, among others, El Greco, van Gogh, and Gauguin. For the joint benefit of the Queen of the Hellenes' Fund and the Hospitalized Veterans Service. Through Jan. 10 (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ART UNITES NATIONS—Raphael, Fra Angelico, Holbein, and Picasso are among the thirty-one painters represented in a loan exhibition to assist the American Association for the United Nations; through Dec. 28. (E. & A. Silberman, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HALLMARK ART AWARD—Fifty paintings commissioned by the well-known greeting-card firm in its fourth international competition. Edward Hopper is the first-prize winner. Through Jan. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces, dated 1880-1957, by Picasso. Jacques Lipchitz, David Smith, and others; through Jan. 18. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

PERSIAN AND INDIAN PAINTINGS—Fifteenth- to

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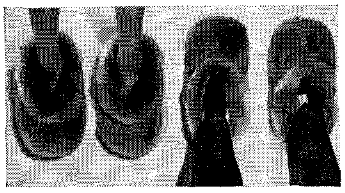

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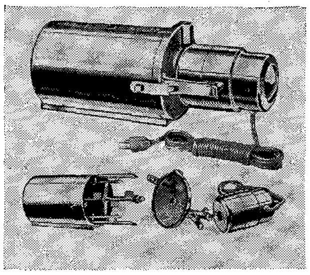

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eighteenth-century examples; through Jan. 4. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Christmas Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and constructions ($20 to $2,000) by, for instance, Reuben Tam, Marca-Relli, and William King; through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Oils, water colors, collages, and prints ($4 to $200) by Hugh Messibov, Claire Mahl, and others; through Dec. 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Ellen Craig, Bernt Balchen, and Gordon Grant are among the large group of artists whose paintings and sculptures are on view ($100 to $750); through Dec. 24. . . . MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: Toulouse-Lautrec, Lyonel Feininger, and William Zorach are represented in a selection of thirteenth- to twentieth-century works in various mediums ($25 to $1,500); through Jan. 6. . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Marsden Hartley, Jules Pascin, Ben Benn, and others ($100 to $400); through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Charles E. Martin, Lawrence Kupferman, and others have paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints on exhibit ($25 to $200); through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . NOTE: Six downtown galleries are participating in a Christmas show offering American works in a variety of mediums by their own younger artists and by well-known artists, numbering some four hundred in all: The BRATA, 89 E. 10th St.; $50 to $250. (Weekdays, noon to 6.) CAMINO, 92 E. 10th St.; $50 to $750. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) FLEISCHMAN, 227 E. 10th St.; $50 to $900. (Sundays through Fridays, 1 to 7.) JAMES, 70 E. 12th St.; $75 to $1,200. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) MARCH, 95 E. 10th St.; $40 to $300. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) TANAGER, 90 E. 10th St.; $30 to $300. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: "Art Our Children Live With," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures, dating back to the eighteenth century, loaned by Town School parents and including works by Edward Hicks, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and David Smith. For the benefit of the school's scholarship fund. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and water colors, by Winslow Homer, Stephen Etnier, Ogden M. Pleissner, and others; through Dec. 31. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils, chosen by Edwin Dickinson, Walter Murch, and Grace Hartigan; through Jan. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the DAVIS, 231 E. 60th St.: Fifteenth- through nineteenth-century drawings by, among others, Piranesi, Delacroix, and Pissarro; through Dec. 30. . . . FRIED, 40 E. 68th St.: Fifty paintings and drawings by twenty-three modern masters, including Léger, Modigliani, and Severini; through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . KLEEMANN, 11 E. 68th St.: Such Expressionist and contemporary German artists as Nolde, Kandinsky, and Baumeister; through Jan. 4. . . . NEW GALLERY, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Drawings and water colors, from Tiepolo to Picasso; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . NIVEAU, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French masters—Chagall, Utrillo, Pascin, and others; through Dec. 31. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fourteen oils by Braque, Vlaminck, and other French artists, plus a single sculpture by Modigliani; through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works by Brancusi, Gauguin, Rodin, and other painters and sculptors; through Jan. 25.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Calvin Albert; starting Monday, Dec. 16. . . . HANSA, 210 Central Park S.: Richard Stankiewicz; starting Monday, Dec. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . KOTTLER, 3 E. 65th St.: Rudolph Schabelitz; starting Monday, Dec. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ Group shows at the CASTELLI, 4 E. 77th St.; starting Tuesday, Dec. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, Dec. 16. SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.; starting Monday, Dec. 16.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts (by Raphael, Rembrandt, Goya, Degas, and others) from the Edward S. Harkness, the J. P. Morgan, the Felix Warburg, and other private collections that at one time or another have been donated or bequeathed to the Museum; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Grosz, de Chirico, Mondrian, and others) acquired by the Museum during the past year; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others. Through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ A Marc Chagall exhibition celebrating his seventieth birthday and including some oils and water colors; designs for the ballet "Aleko;" and about a hundred etchings and dry points for La Fontaine's "Fables," the Bible, and so on. Starts Wednesday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ A display of photomurals, drawings, casts of architectural details, and even furniture illustrating the work of the Spanish architect Antoni Gaudi (1852-1926); starting Wednesday, Dec. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—American portraits of the past two hundred and fifty years, including works by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Thirty-seven oils and drawings by Piet Mondrian, in a show stressing the earlier (1904-20) years of his career; through Jan. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Oil paintings by Adolph Gottlieb; through Dec. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Religious art, including scale models of contemporary churches and synagogues in the United States, a series of tapestries designed by such American artists as Abraham Rattner and Hans Moller, and modern ceremonial objects in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

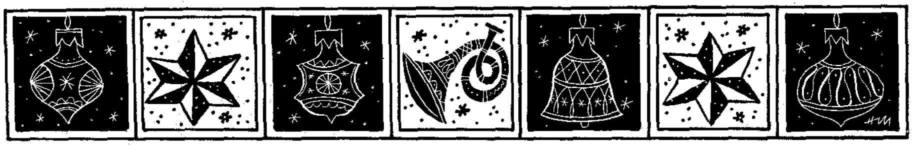
Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A selection of painted figures, masks, ritual vessels, and ceramics from the New World, Africa, and Oceania, in an exhibition pointing up the use of color in primitive art; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Rhys Caparn, Sidney Gordin, and Louise Nevelson are on the roster of fourteen sculptors responsible for some eighty works in a show celebrating the Museum's twentieth anniversary; through Dec. 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1957 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, oils, and water colors, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and eighty-six artists; through Jan. 12. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210.



Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Jean Madeira, Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Victoria de los Angeles, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, and Jan Peerce. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Aïda," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Emilia Cundari. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Zinka Milanov, Flaviano Labò, Leonard Warren, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Aïda," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Cesare Bardelli, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Thelma Votipka, Richard Tucker, and Mario Sereni.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Fernando Previtali conducting on Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:45; Friday, Dec. 13, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:45; and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program on Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:45 (with Eugene List, piano).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing—With Louis Kentner, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.) . . ¶ A performance of Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Frances Bible, soprano; Martial Singher, baritone; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Jan Rubes, bass; and the American Concert Choir. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free, all-Beethoven concert, with Tessa Yerzy, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society—William Strickland directing the annual performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Joan Marie Moynagh, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; John Van Kesteren, tenor; and David Smith, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

New York University Glee Club—Alfred Greenfield directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Master Singers—Joseph Liebling directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

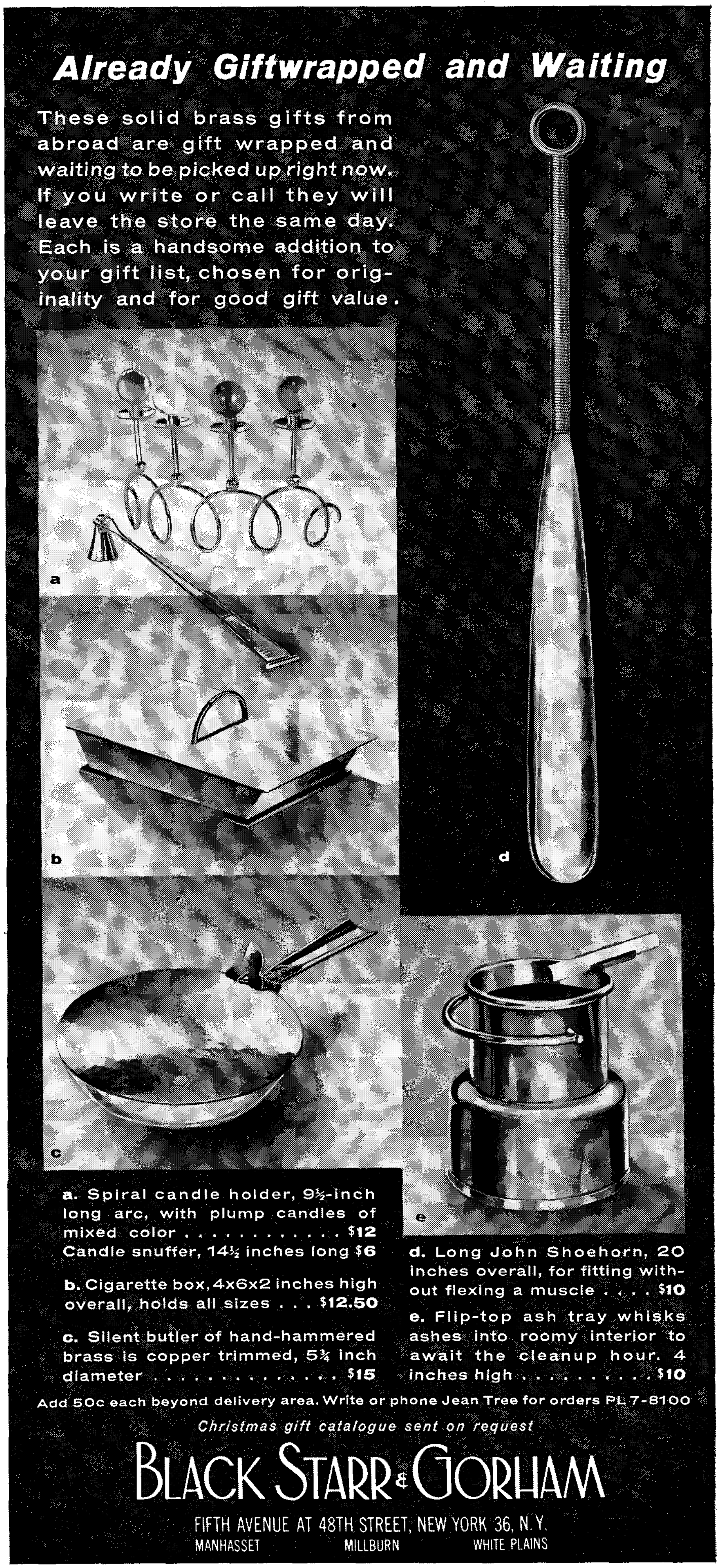
Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas-carol concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Smith College and Hamilton College Glee Clubs—A joint concert, with Iva Dee Hiatt and John Low Baldwin, Jr., directing a Christmas program. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Isabel Mourao—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Louis Kentner—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Associates—A program by the Claremont Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:15, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Margaret Hillis conducting, with Blake Stern, tenor; Charles Russo, clarinet; and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 5:30.)

Cesare Siepi—Bass-baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Eugene Istomin and Pierre Fournier—A program of Beethoven sonatas for piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Leonard Hungerford—Piano, in a recital postponed from Friday, Oct. 25. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Teddy Wilson, Joya Sherrill, Buck Clayton, Sam Most, Arvell Shaw, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 9.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Jimmy Archer vs. Gale Kerwin, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 14.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 15, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Canadiens.

Professional Basketball—St. Louis vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Syracuse. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 7.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:05.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with the Bil and Cora Baird puppets; Sono Osato, dancer; Ethel Barrymore Colt, narrator; a chorus, and vocal soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Irene Gabriel and her dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 3.)

Plays—By the **STAGE FOR YOUTH:** "Treasure Isle," a musical play, Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ "Taming of the Shrew," Saturday, Dec. 21. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 11.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **EDWIN STRAWBRIDGE PRODUCTIONS:** "Dick Whittington's Remarkable Cat." (Junior Museum Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 11 and 2:30.)

Recital—Marais and Miranda in a program of folk songs. (Junior Museum Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 11.)

Exhibits—A prolific assortment of electric trains, all bristling with the latest equipment. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.) . . . ¶ More trains, hustling along two thousand feet of track, together with Erector constructions and scientific displays, many of which the children can set going by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—The opening exhibition in the new Junior Museum is entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel" and is equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The December show, "The Christmas Star," deals with man's search for an astronomical explanation of the star of Bethlehem and depicts traditional Yuletide scenes. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—At the **trans-lux 85th street theatre,** Madison Ave. at 85th St. (BU 8-3180): Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Saturdays at 11.) . . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A Christmas program, comprising "The Toymaker," "Town Musicians," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "On the Twelfth Day." (Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is scheduled to adjourn Saturday, Dec. 14), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene weekdays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

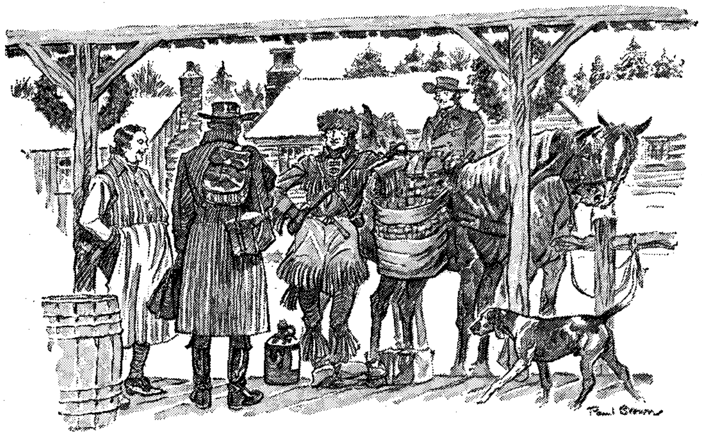
Prose Readings—Truman Capote reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:40.)

New York Fashions—A display of costumes worn by members of New York society during the past two hundred and fifty years; through March 2. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Theodore Roosevelt Manuscripts—An exhibition of Roosevelt's literary manuscripts (among them "The Rough Riders," "The Winning of the West," and "African Game Trails"), together with photographs, cartoons, and illustrations for his books, and various other bully mementos of his writing career; through Jan. 5. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 1:45: English and other furniture, Georgian silver, Worcester and other porcelains, lustreware, paintings and drawings, and Oriental rugs; from the estates of Arthur H. Myers and David A. Gimbel and from other sources. (Exhibition hours: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 12-13, from 10 to 5.)

One of a series of original Christmas drawings by Paul Brown, famous American artist.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a bit too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this compelling French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Gold of Naples—The metaphorical metal in the title role is the ability of Neapolitans to bounce back after spells of adversity, and it is displayed to great advantage in this Italian film, taken from the stories of Giuseppe Marotta and directed by Vittorio De Sica. The movie consists of four episodes, ranging in style from broad farce to poignant drama, and the cast, a laudable one in all respects, includes Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 14, tentative.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim having a high old time in an English film whose hero is a whimsical bomber crazy about blowing up the people who get on his nerves. Between explosions, there are neat satiric expositions of some of the stranger English customs, and there is also plenty of boisterous slapstick comedy. George Cole, John Chandos, Jill Adams, Raymond Huntley, and Terry-Thomas are in the expert cast. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 14, tentative.)

Love in the Afternoon—Audrey Hepburn chases Gary Cooper through the confines of the Ritz, in Paris, with success and charm and grace, accompanied by a mad gypsy band of musicians. A delightful romp, produced and directed by Billy Wilder, who (with I. A. L. Diamond) also wrote the script. Maurice Chevalier, in top form, plays a French private detective. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Operation Mad Ball—Fun in the Army. The warriors involved are attached to a United States medical unit in France subsequent to the Second World War, and the nurses in the outfit are cuties one and all. You can guess the rest. The cast is entirely worthwhile, and is headed by Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Victoria, B'way at 46th. JU 6-0540.)

The Pajama Game—A peek at what goes on in the Sleeptite Pajama Factory. Almost the entire cast of the original musical (with the addition of Doris Day) is on hand—John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, to name a few—and the results are a treat. George Abbott and Stanley Donen produced and directed the film; Mr. Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the screenplay. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 18.)

Little CARNEGIE
SHOWING
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The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a rural confection concerned with a homely girl who is convinced by a fast-talking confidence man that she is really quite a belle. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 17-18, tentative.)

The Red Balloon—An appealing fantasy about a small boy who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon that has become his pet. The picture was written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, and the small boy is played by Pascal Lamorisse, the creator's son. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 13.)

Sayonara—Maybe Puccini covered this American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme a bit better in his opera, but this film is entertaining enough. The current Madame Butterfly is played by Miiko Taka, and the Occidental she has a crush on by Marlon Brando, who has cultivated a hominy accent that is impenetrable every now and then. Directed by Joshua Logan. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 13-16.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 13-14.)

Jour de Fête (1952)—A French film about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 17.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 17.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 14.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 13.)

Saratoga Trunk (1945)—Edna Ferber's story concerning love in New Orleans and railroads in upper New York. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 15-16, tentative.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a carnival strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Another Hitchcock picture, this one taking in everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 15-16, tentative.)

Tea and Sympathy (1956)—An adaptation of Robert Anderson's play about a boy's boarding school, with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 12.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 14.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Dec. 16-17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Past and Present: A Selection of German Films, 1896-1957"—Through Dec. 14, showings at 3 and 5:30: "S.O.S. Iceberg" (1933)....¶ Dec. 15-18, showings at 3: "The Stone Wonders of Naumburg" (1935); and "The Making of a King" (1935), with Emil Jannings. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SAYONARA.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Dec. 15: "The Story of Esther Costello," Joan Crawford, Rossano Brazzi.
Dec. 16-17: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 18, at 8:30: "The Bridge on the River Kwai," William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins. (Opening night will be a benefit for various charities. For information about tickets, call TE 8-5100.)

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Dec. 12: "Bombers B-52," Natalie Wood, Karl Malden.
From Dec. 13: "Eighteen and Anxious," Mary Webster, William Campbell.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

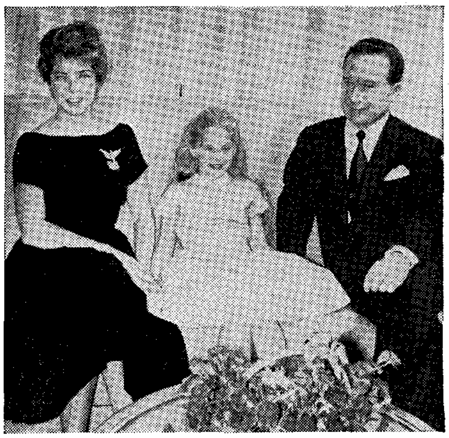
State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Sad Sack," Jerry Lewis, David Wayne.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
OPERATION MAD BALL.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.

3rd crossing. Dr. and Mrs. Jonas Salk join Mr. and Mrs. Basil O'Connor in praising the superb food on the s.s. UNITED STATES. Mr. O'Connor is President of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.



10th crossing. Mr. and Mrs. Serge Semenenko of Boston enjoy a 5-day "weekend" to Europe with their daughter Christine. Staterooms are apartment-size.

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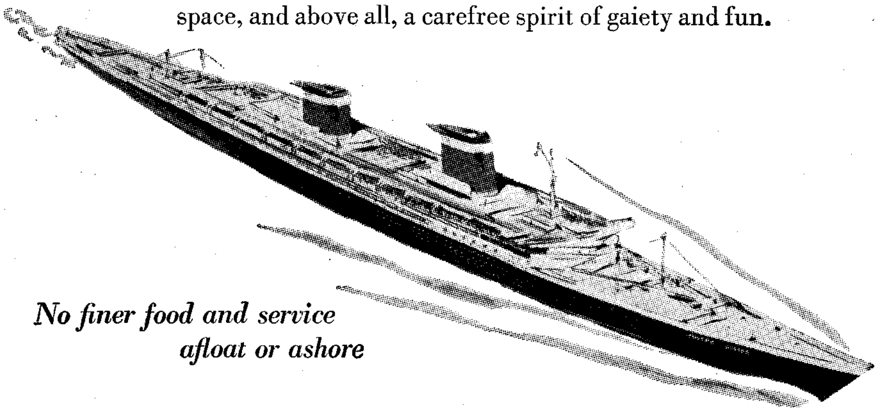

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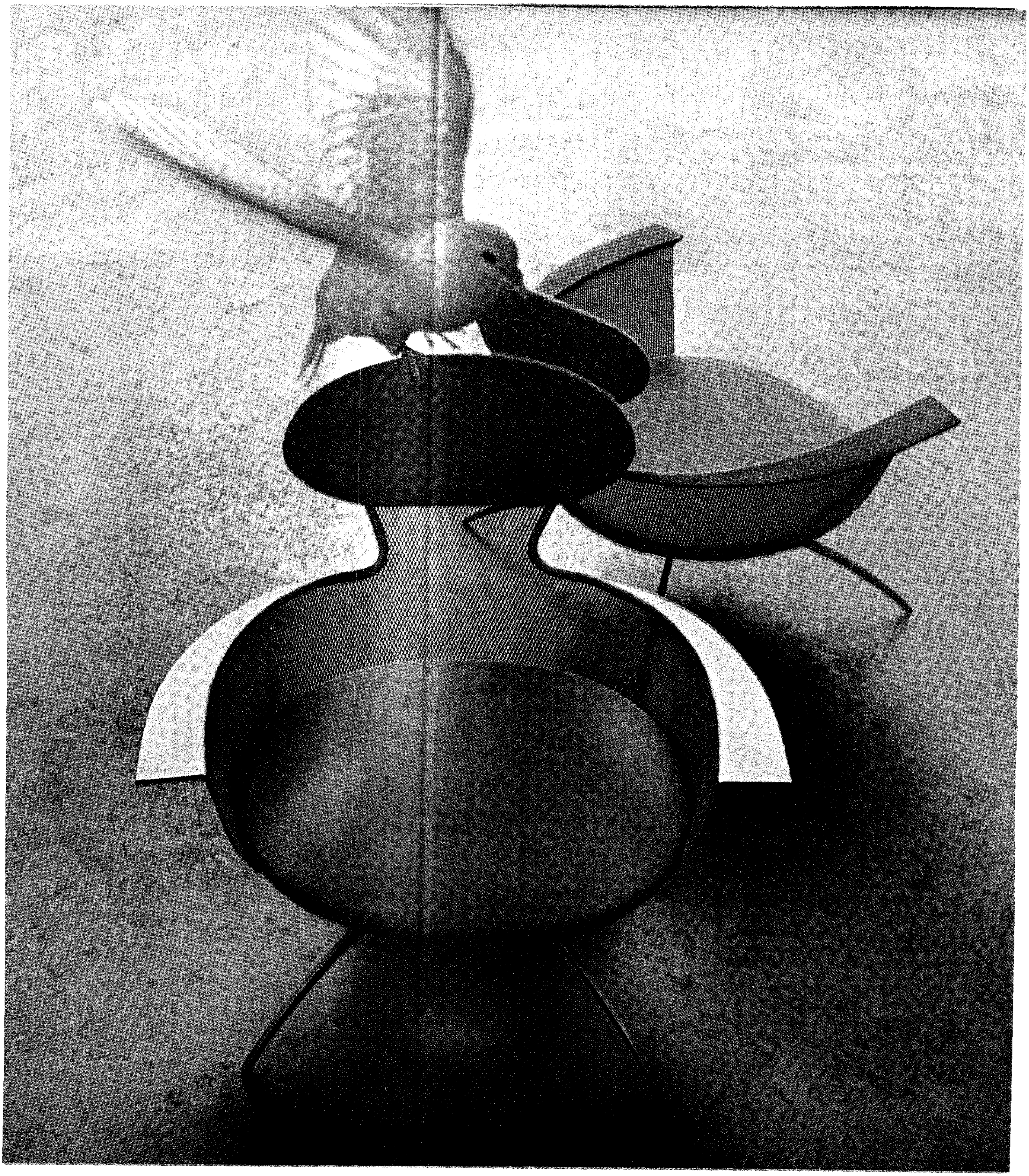

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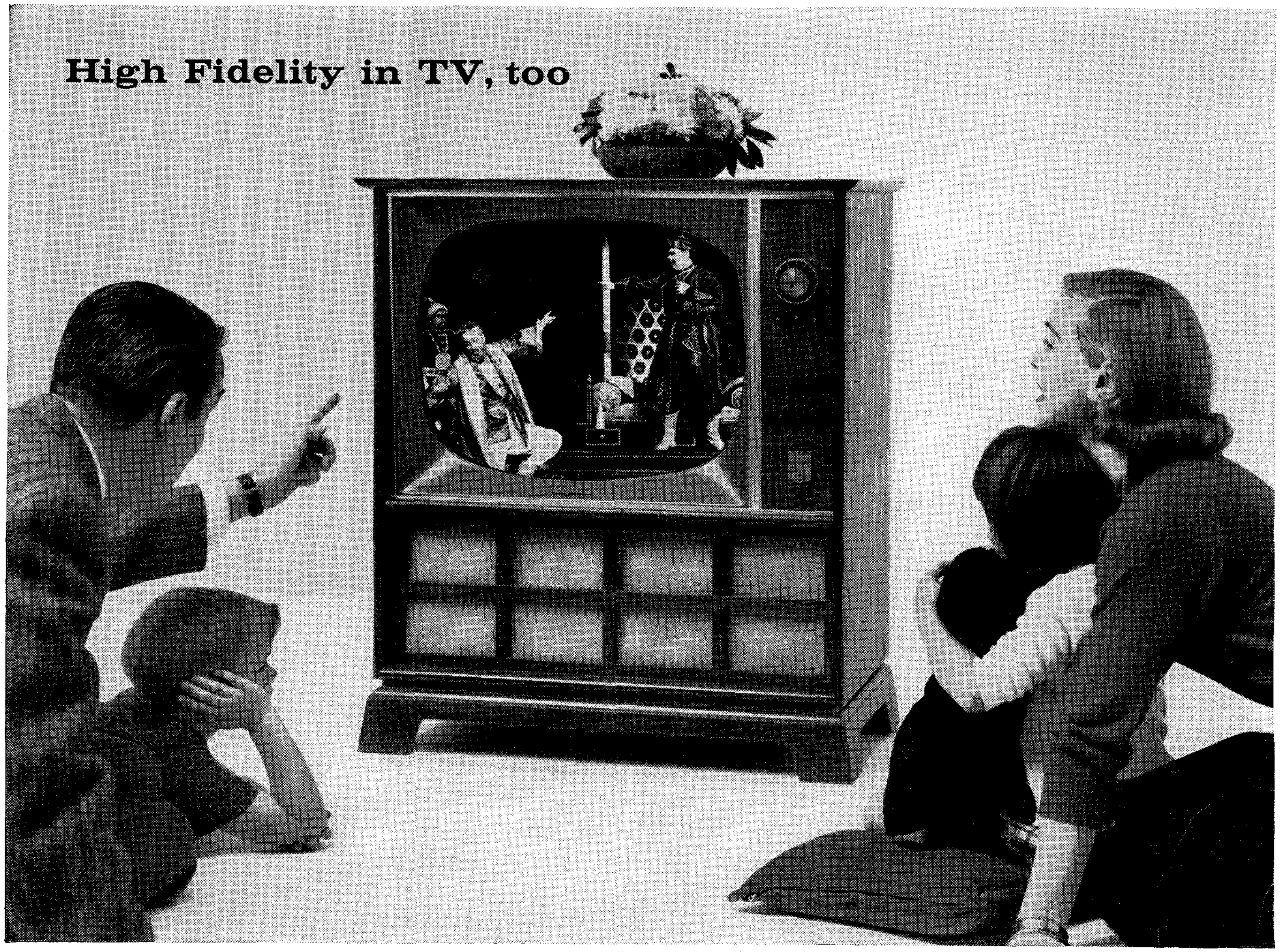

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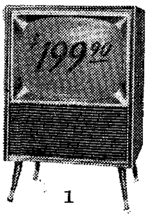

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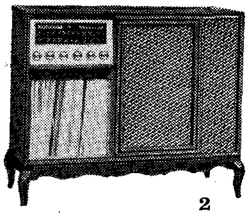

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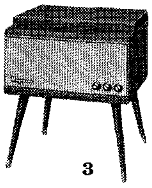

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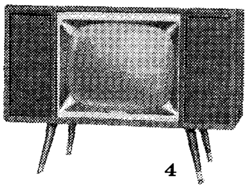

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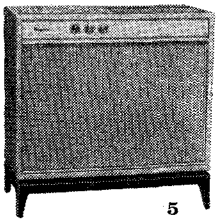

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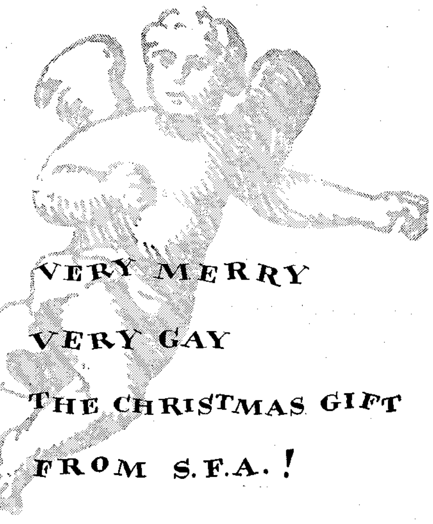

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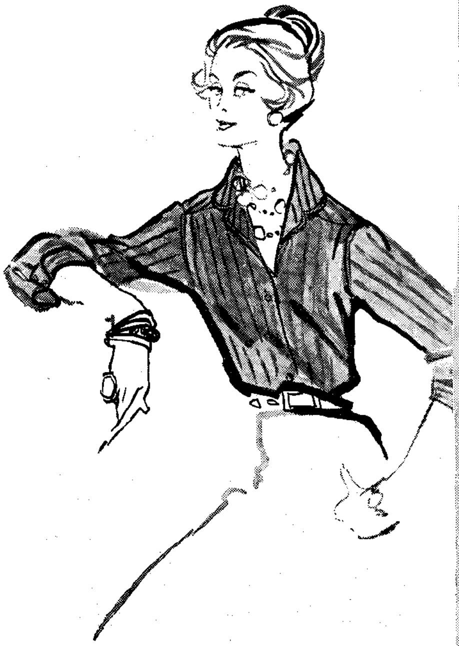

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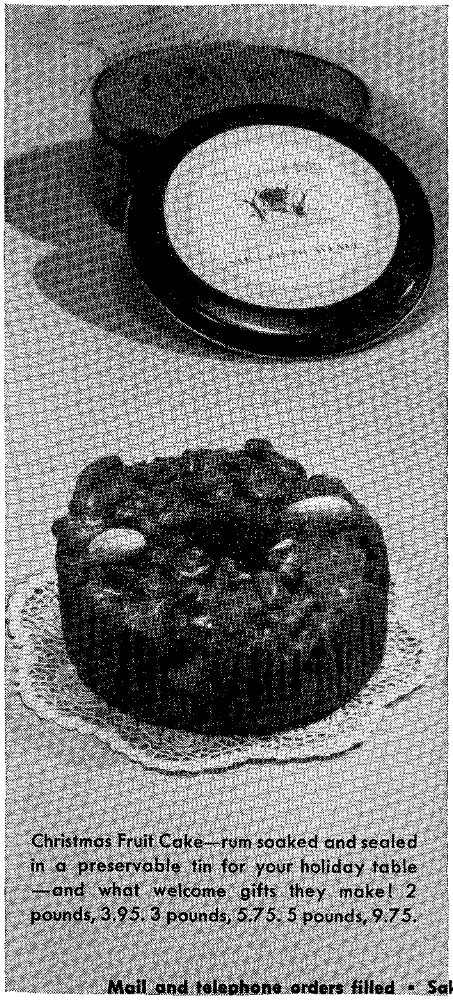

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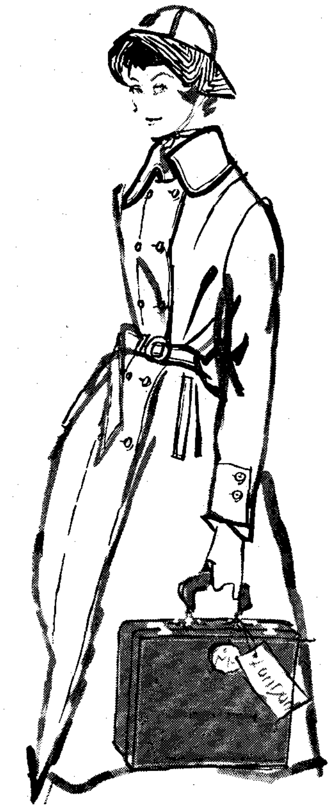

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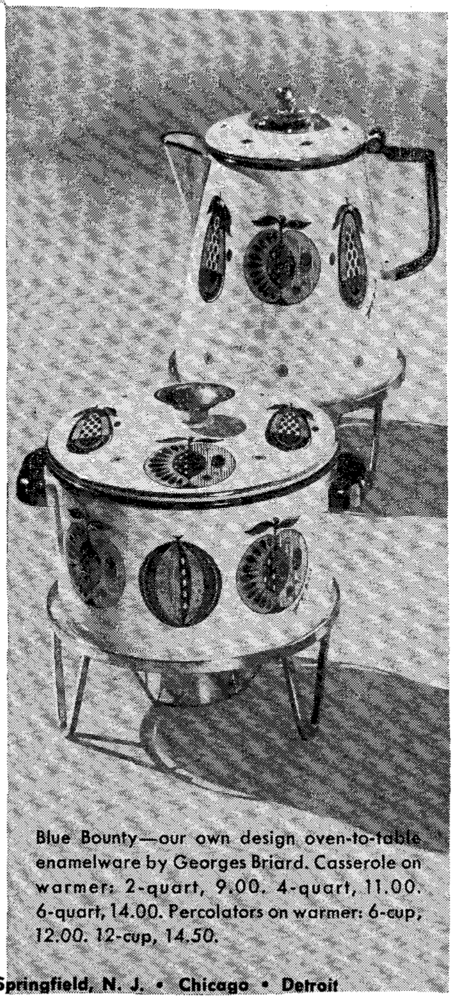

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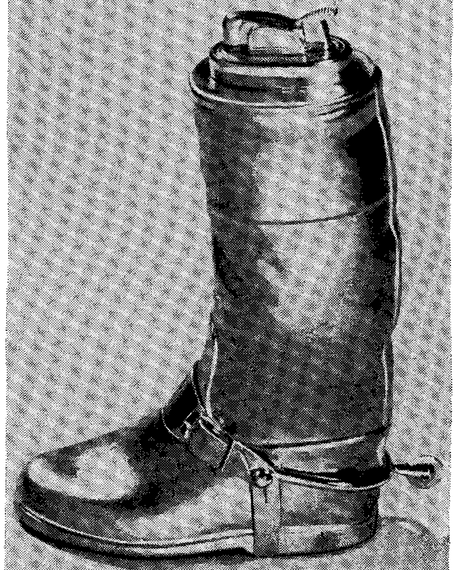

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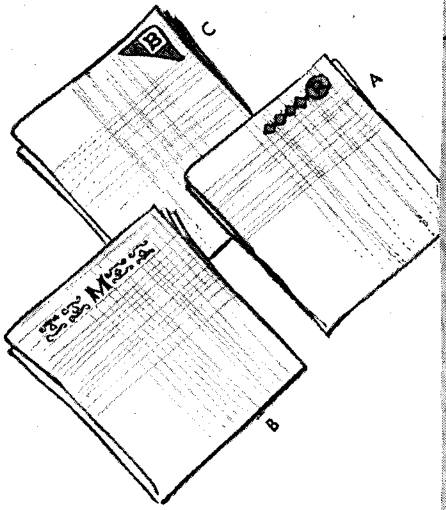

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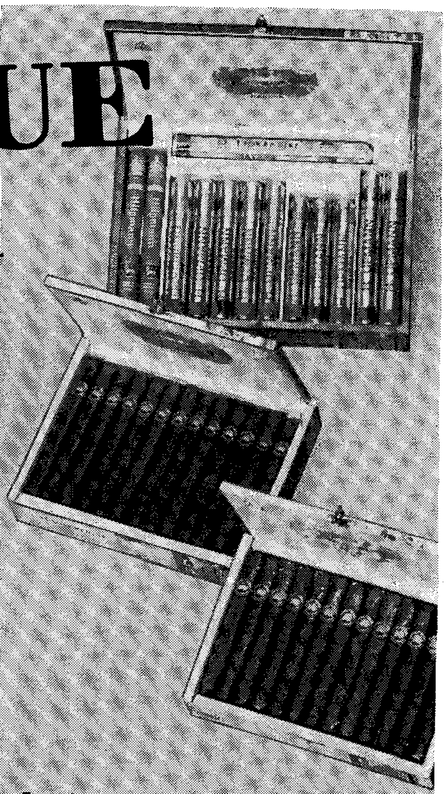

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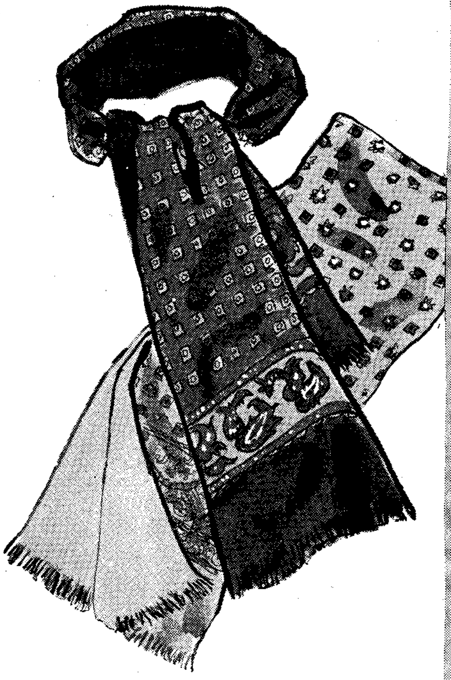

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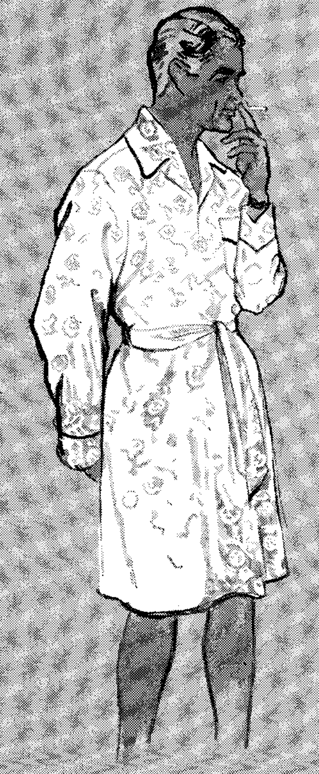

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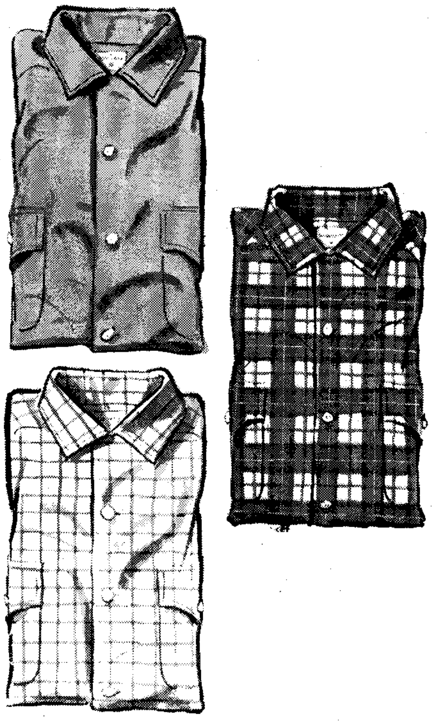

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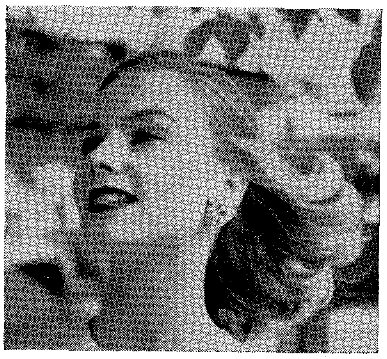

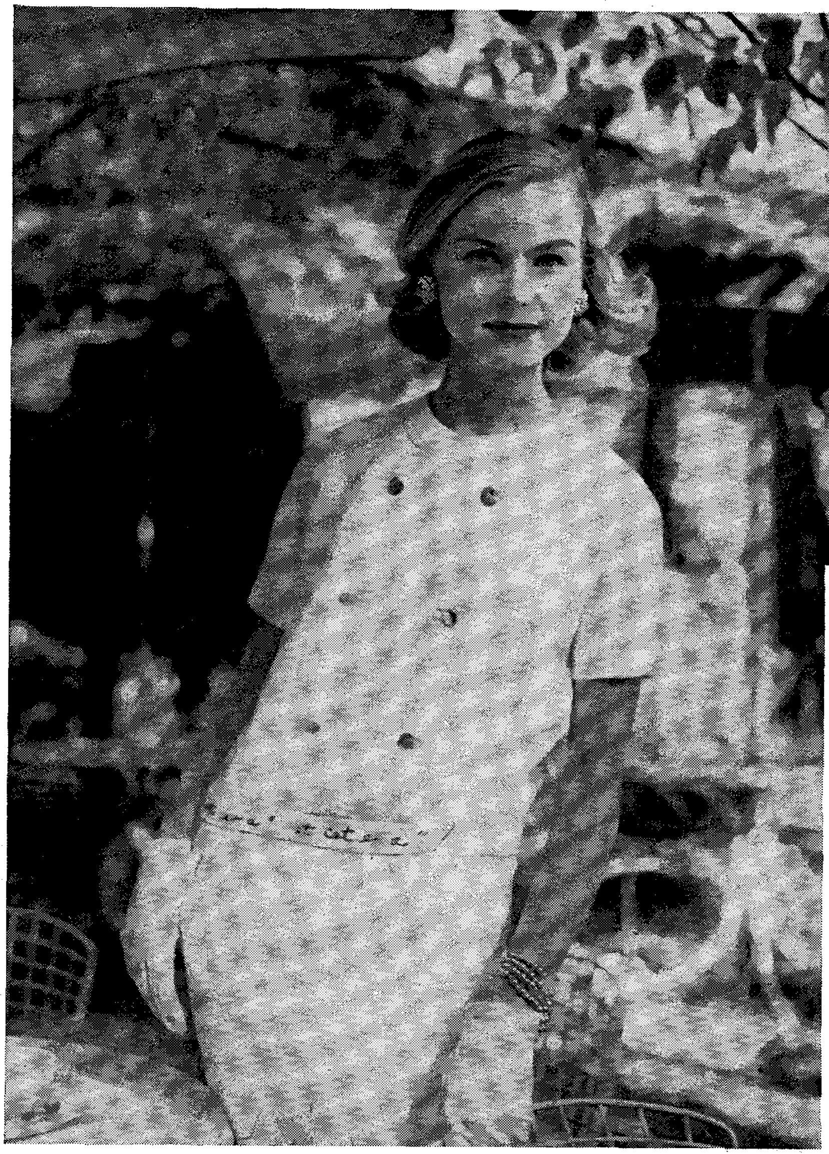

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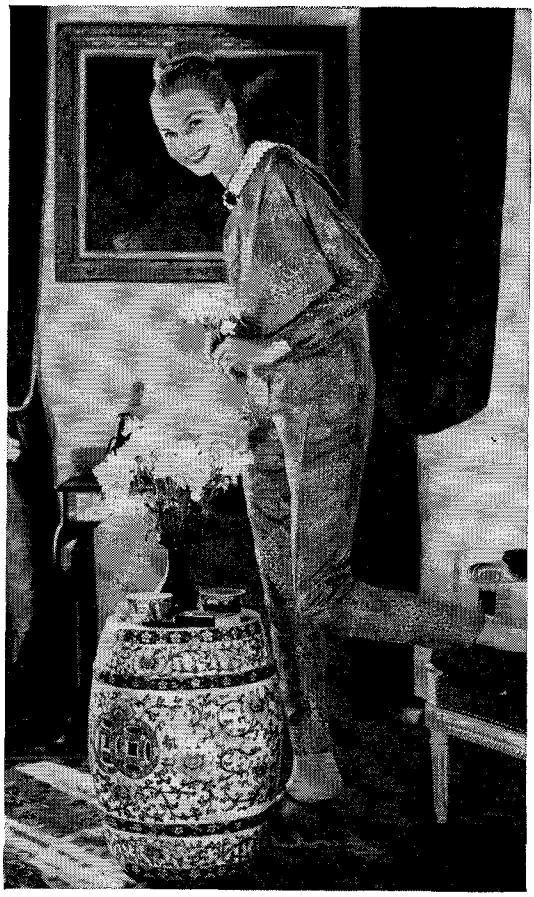
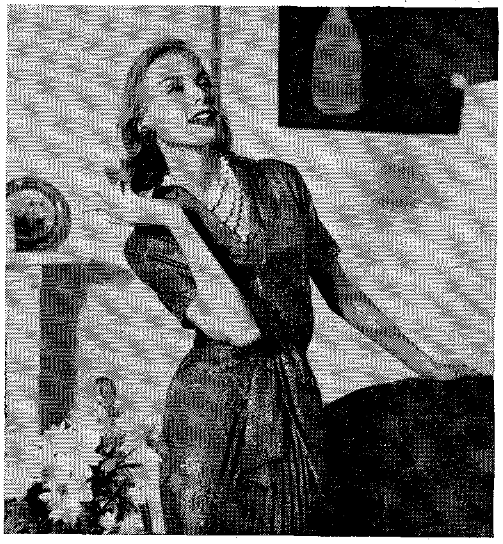


For all the girls who want glamour and drama at home: round-necked shirt and tapered satin-lined pants. Done in a group of Asian silk prints in strange and wonderful colors. Sizes 8 to 16. Shirt $29.95, pants $39.95.



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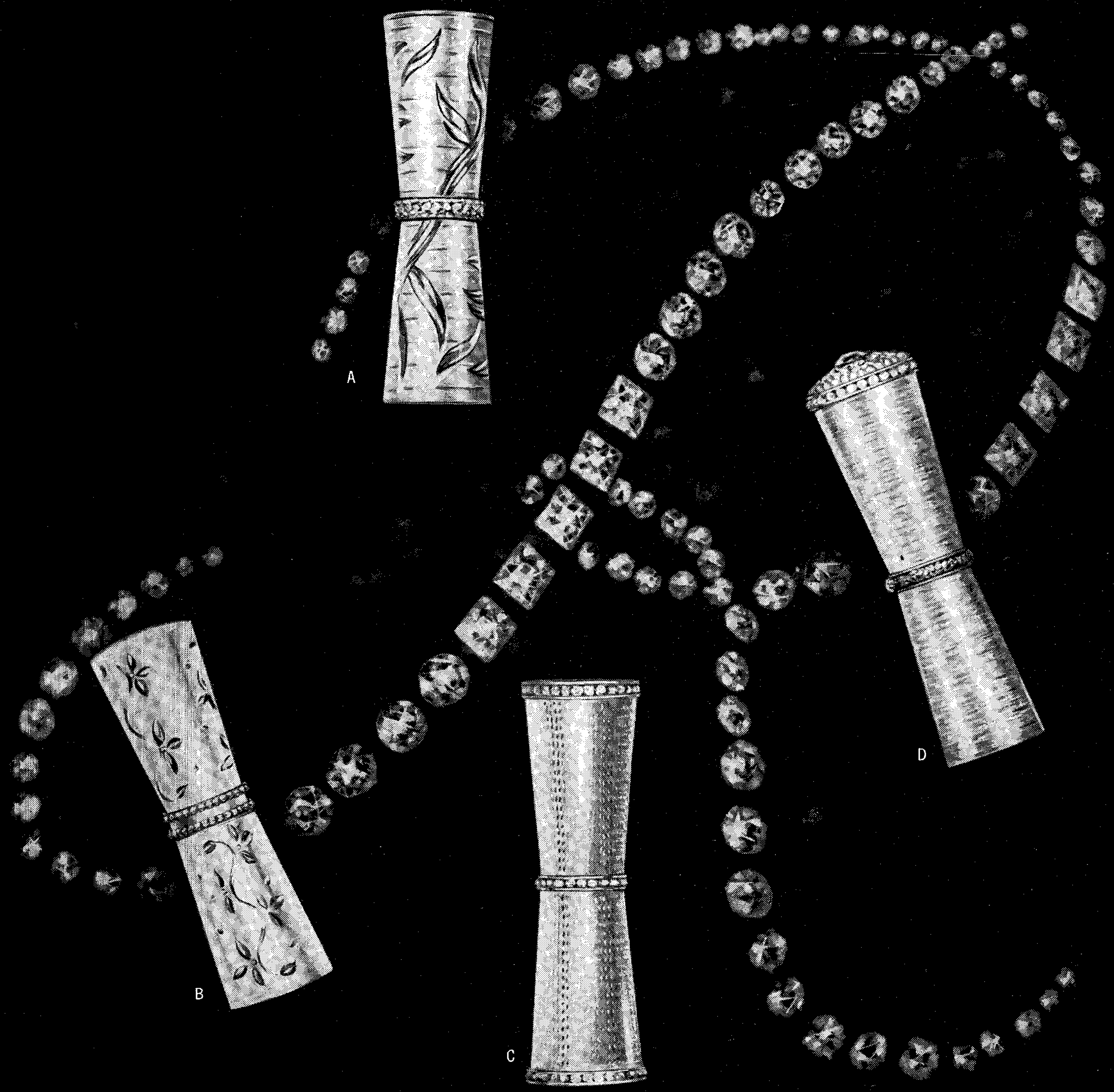

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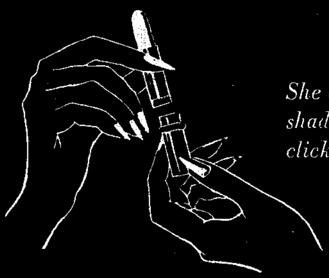

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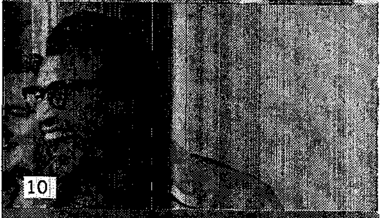

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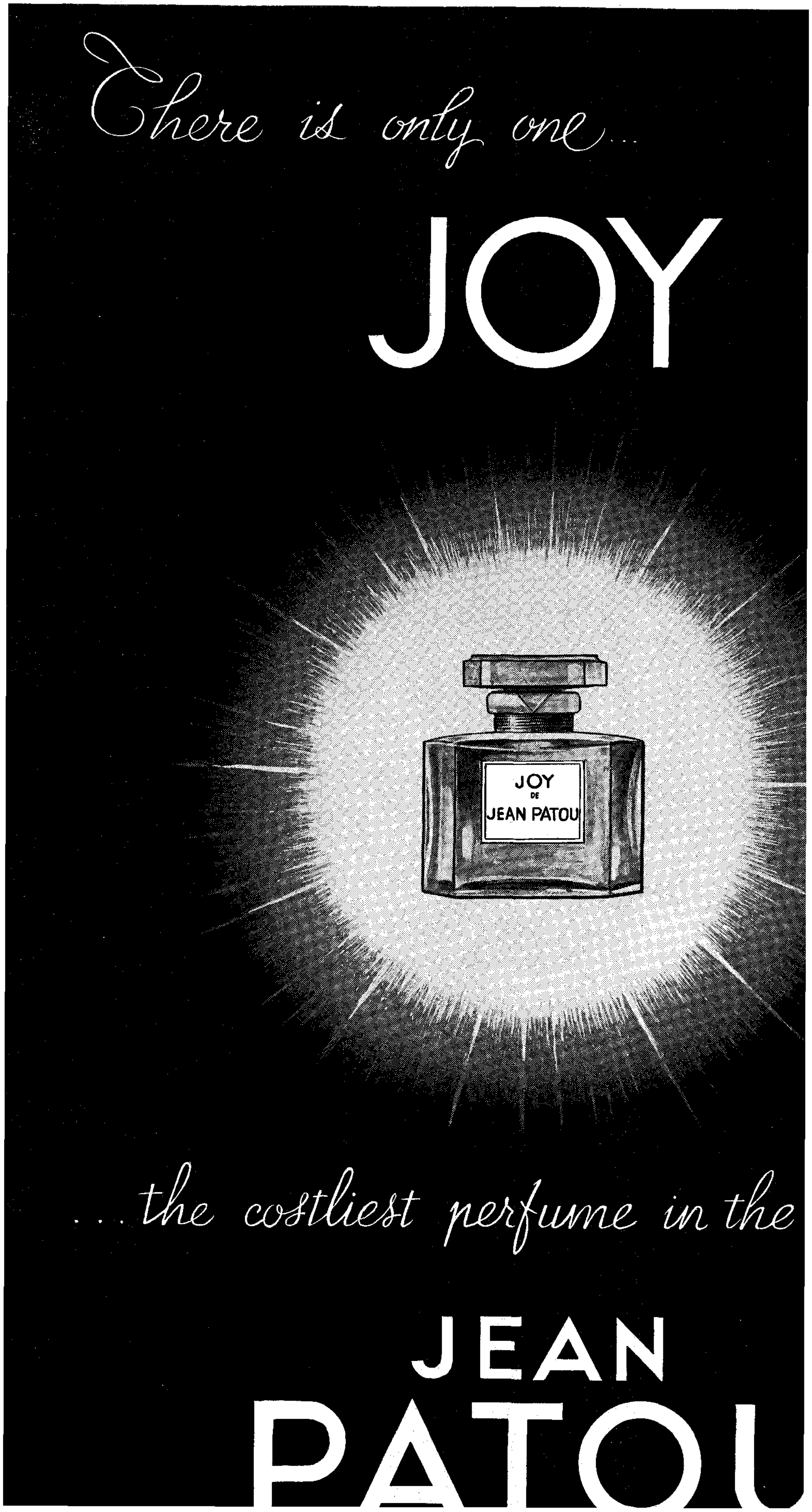
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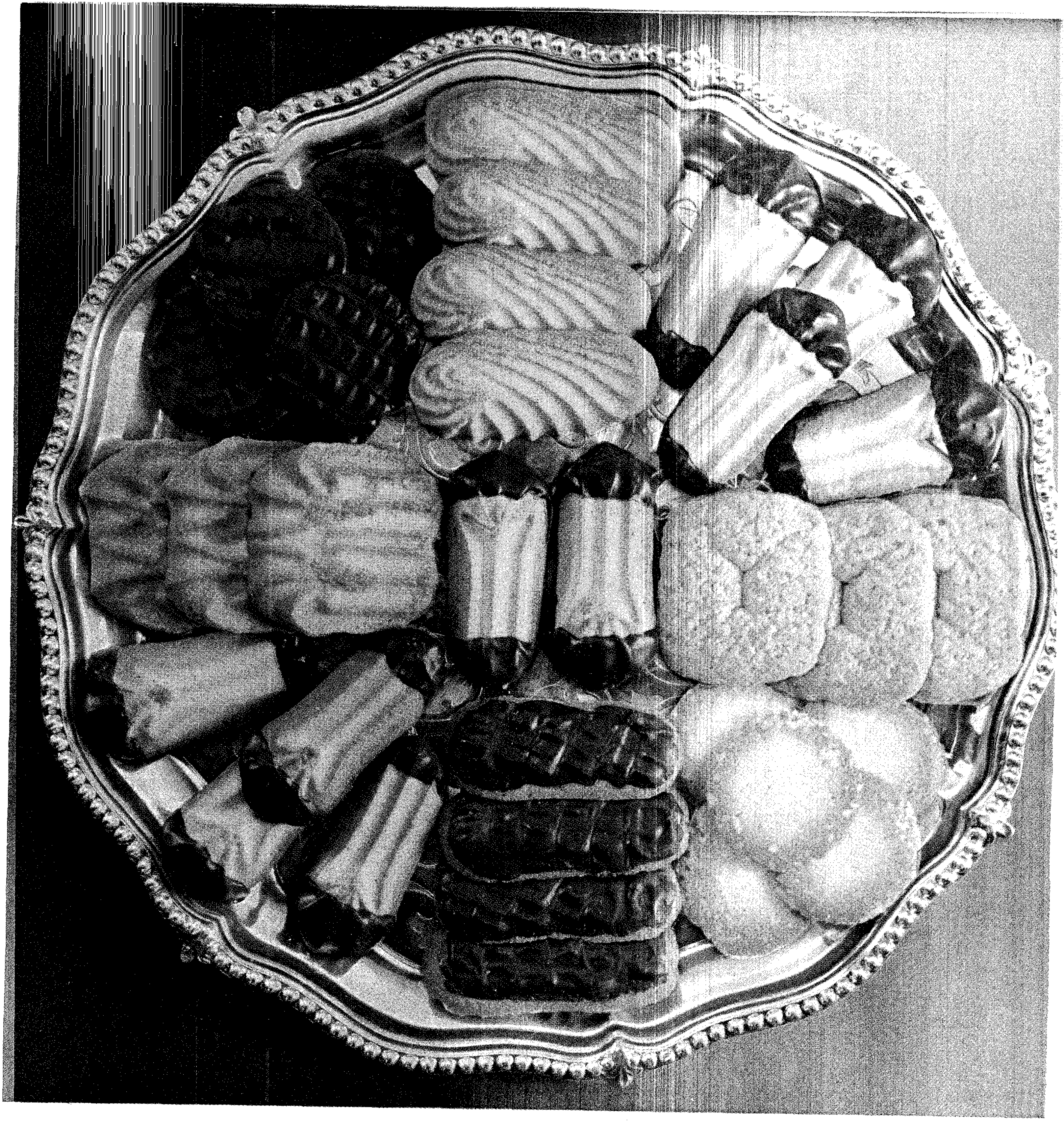

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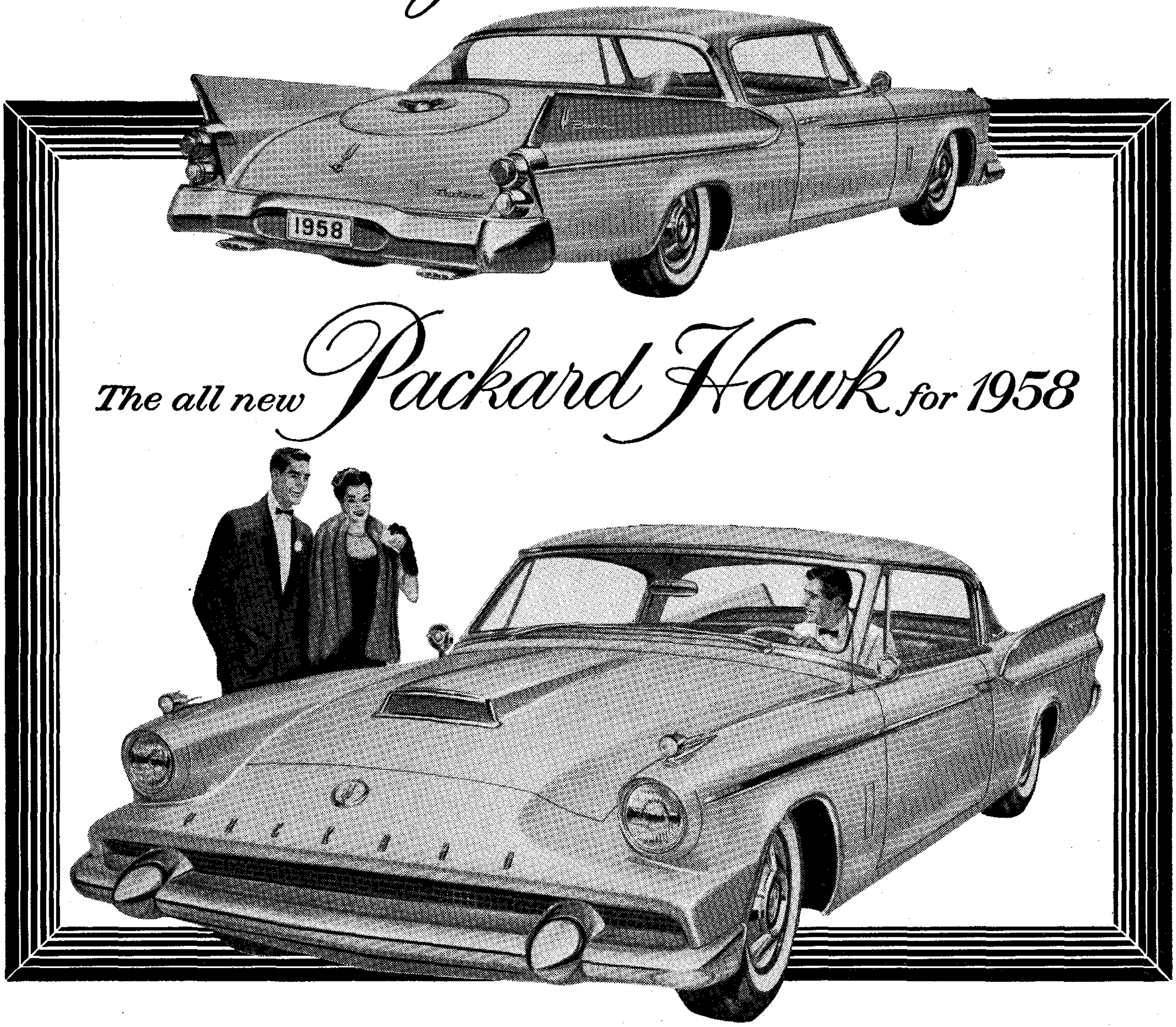

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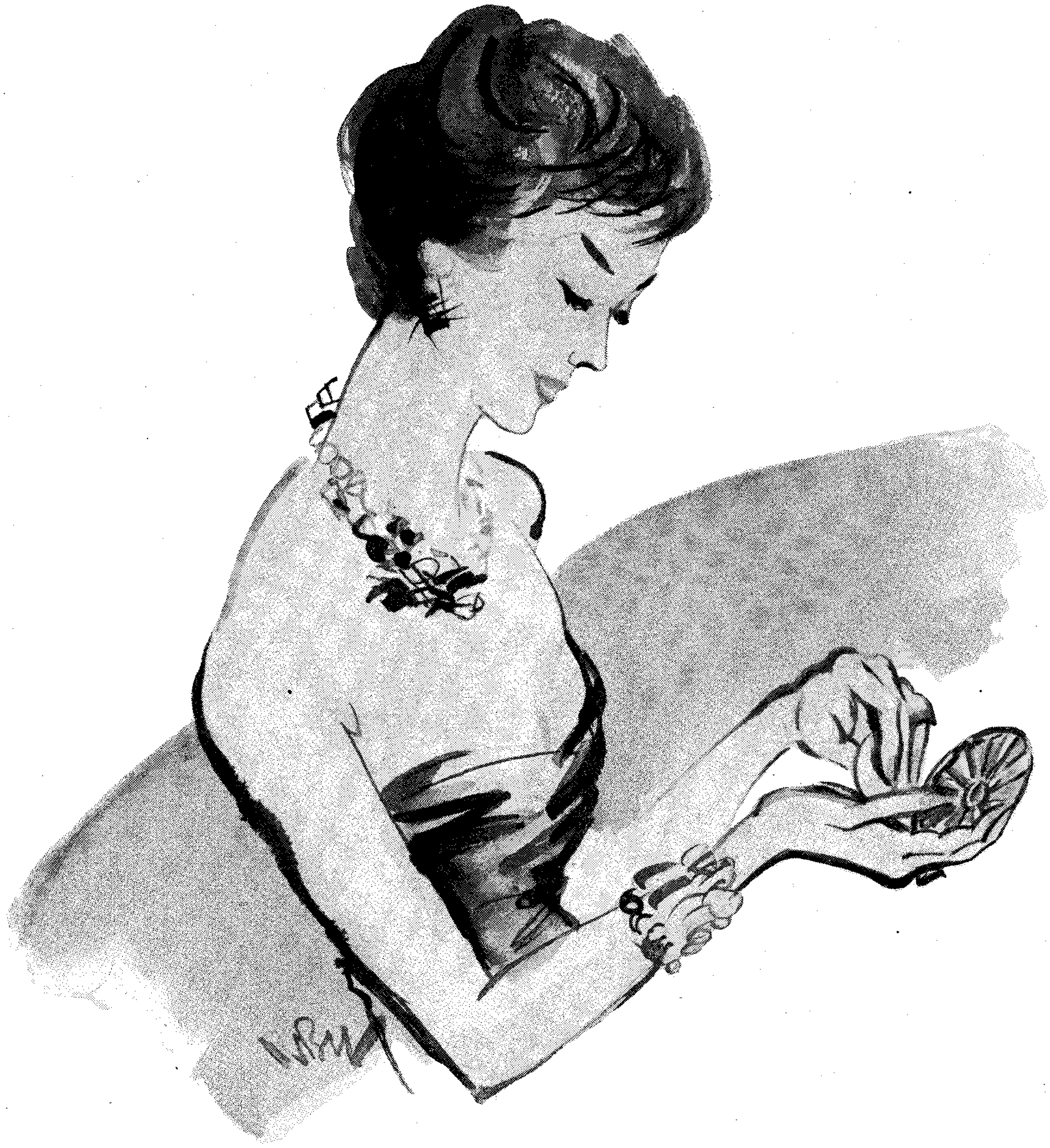

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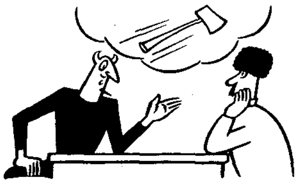
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A DEDICATED student of Dostoevski has just drawn to our attention some remarks in “The Brothers Karamazov” that serve to demonstrate the importance of keeping your eye on literature as well as on physics when pondering the Russian attack on outer space. In the course of a discussion with the Devil, who has mentioned, in passing, that an axe might be flung into the celestial arena, Ivan Karamazov observes, “Yes, what would become of an axe there?” “What would become of an axe in space?” the Devil answers. “*Quelle idée!* If it were to fall to any distance, it would begin, I think, flying round the earth without knowing why, like a satellite. The astronomers would calculate the rising and the setting of the axe, Gatzuk would put it in his calendar, that’s all.” As part of your homework, you might look up the year in which “The Brothers Karamazov” was published.

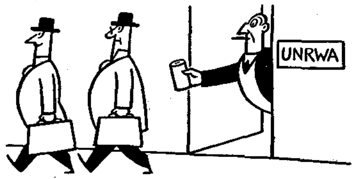


Labouisse

CAREFUL newspaper readers may have noted during the past two weeks or so occasional brief stories on the hearings of the United Nations Special Political Committee, which is considering the 1958 needs of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees, usually referred to as UNRWA. From four to six delegates speak at each of the daily hearings, and virtually every one of the sessions begins with or early includes a tribute to the selfless efficiency of UNRWA’s administration and its director, Henry R. Labouisse, Princeton ’26, Harvard Law ’29, a native Louisianian whose accent has survived protracted residence in New York, Washington, Paris, and Beirut, his present domicile. While he appreciates the tributes, he finds it distressing that only twenty-nine of the eighty-two member nations have pledged contributions to UNRWA’s support (which he pronounces New Orleans fashion, with the accent on the “sup”), especially since the longest speeches in the Committee meetings come from delegates of non-contributing nations, who feel called upon to explain the high grounds of political morality on which they don’t contribute. The Arab delegates, for example, say that it is up to Israel to take back the refugees and restore their lands. Israel gives nothing because she contends that the Arab-language states should absorb and resettle the lot. The Soviet bloc takes the Arab line, refusing to pay a kopeck or a zloty; although several million refugees from the part of Poland that was East Prussia are scattered through the world, and if they returned, the Poles would probably kill them, a Mr. Machowski, of Poland, said the other day that in Poland’s view every refugee has an “inalienable right” to be repatriated. Most of the countries that have no direct interest in the Middle East excuse themselves in the terms of an old Bert Williams song, the “I’m Sorry I Ain’t Got It, You Could Have It If I Had It Blues.” Even the United States holds its contribution to seventy per cent of the total amount pledged (we give seven dollars for every three dollars that other nations put up) because—so Mr. Genoa Washington, our delegate on the Committee, said—we do not wish to “weaken the moral fibre” of the United Nations by giving more. This attitude would perhaps seem more generous if there were a likelihood that anybody else, except the United Kingdom, would give anything. The British are the only other large donors.

“What we need is less compliments and more money,” Mr. Labouisse said when a man from our staff found him at the house at the foot of East Forty-third Street. Our man had last seen Mr. Labouisse in Beirut, in the spring, when the director was worrying about how UNRWA would get enough money to continue effectively, and he said he was still worrying. “I have probably spent more time worrying about the financial plight of UNRWA than actually running the Agency,” he said in his last report. He isn’t the sort of man who looks or acts worried, though, and this is a quality that has been an asset to him in an area where the neurotic is normal and suspicion is as prevalent as trachoma.

Mr. Labouisse is an easygoing, slow-speaking cigar smoker, medium-sized, florid, and Roman-nosed, who parts his iron-gray hair in the middle, in the Ivy League style of the twenties. He wears quiet, urban lounge suits, vest and all, in the Gaza Strip or in Jericho, as he used to do when he was an associate in the downtown law firm of Taylor, Blanc, Capron & Marsh. (This later became Mitchell, Taylor, Capron & Marsh, and is now Angulo, Cooney, Marsh & Ouchterloney, but he isn’t in it any more.) Mr. Labouisse said he had been in New York since November 18th this time. He comes here on an average of twice a year—the first time to listen to the hearings on his annual report, the second time to beg, when he finds himself facing the possibility of having to close down all the UNRWA schools except the indispensable elementary ones, and can see the bottom of the flour barrel at the month’s end. (Adult refugees get twenty-two pounds of flour a month as their almost



"Pulling out, bud?"

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exclusive sustaining ration.) This year, he is asking for about forty million dollars, which works out to less than twenty-seven dollars a human being a year. There are between nine hundred thousand and a million Palestine refugees—half a million or so in Jordan, two hundred and something thousand in Gaza, and lesser groups in Lebanon and Syria. Of the forty million dollars budgeted, twenty-five million is for relief, which means keeping Labouisse's present clients alive—on seven cents a day, for shelter, medical help, and a ration of fifteen hundred calories. Fifteen million is for rehabilitation, which includes schools and projects to help them become self-supporting. So far, U.N. members have pledged approximately twenty-seven million. Labouisse has small hope of getting the full amount, although, as he says in his report, "in terms of the scope and of the importance of the work to be done, these are not staggering figures." If he does not get it, the resettlement projects, which were halted last year, will have to be suspended indefinitely, and the activities of the vocational schools, most useful in preparing refugee boys for employment, will be curtailed or the schools themselves closed.

Most of the time, Mr. Labouisse and his wife, who is the former Eve Curie, reside in Beirut, where UNRWA has its headquarters. Only about a hundred thousand of the refugees are in Lebanon, but Beirut is the port of entry for Jordan, and is close to Syria by road and to Gaza and Amman by air. Labouisse spends a week of every month visiting his clients and their host governments. Mostly, he flies in UNRWA's only plane, a white DC-3 with U.N. markings. ("Host government" is a term in the ever-growing U.N. patois, which is becoming as much of a language as Government-Washingtonian or analytico-literary.) It is something of a trick to maintain smooth relations with the heads of governments that get on as badly among themselves as Lebanon and Syria, or Jordan and Egypt, but Labouisse manages it. New York is another problem for him. The East River view from the U.N. offices is as different as possible from anything to be seen in Jericho or Gaza, and our man said it occurred to him that it must be conducive to amnesia; he wondered if the Arab and Israeli delegates, in their Madison Avenue clothes, remembered what a refugee camp looks like. (The diplomatic Labouisse would never have allowed such a thought to occur to him.)

While our fellow was still in the UNRWA liaison office (with a river view), where Mr. Labouisse hangs out, Mrs. Labouisse came in to ask her husband if there had been any new pledges. (Greece, in the year just closed, gave thirty tons of raisins, valued at $11,000. The delivery of the raisins at Beirut released $25,667.67 of American funds—a seven-to-three ratio—for UNRWA use. So every little bit helps.) Her husband had no windfall to report.

The road that led to Labouisse's present involvement with the Middle East began in 1941, he told our man. Shortly before Pearl Harbor, he left the friendly shelter of Mitchell, Taylor, Capron & Marsh (destined to be Angulo, Cooney, Marsh & Ouchterloney) to take a job with the State Department Division of Defense Materials, which was stockpiling for the war that looked probable. After that, he didn't get out of government employ until he resigned to accept his present appointment from the United Nations, in 1954. In the long meanwhile, he rose high in the State Department, on the economic side—Minister in Charge of Economic Affairs at the Paris Embassy when it opened again in 1944, head of the Marshall Plan mission to France in 1953. He met Mlle. Curie in Paris in 1951, when he was E.C.A. and she was NATO. He was then a widower, his first wife having died in 1945. In the spring of 1954, he persuaded Mlle. Curie to marry him, but by that time he was in Beirut and she wasn't. They were reunited in New York, in November of that year, when he came here for the same sort of U.N. confab on UNRWA that he is now attending. "We got married at noon, and at three I was back in a meeting," he said.

Mrs. Labouisse, our man reports, looked as pretty and almost as young as when she stumped the neutral United States for Free France in 1941, like a pre-Bergman Joan of Arc. She and her husband have a forty-acre place at Wilton, Connecticut, which Labouisse acquired before the war, but they haven't been able to get out to it on this trip—too busy on Forty-third Street. He said they expected to have finished with the hearings by the beginning of the Christmas holidays at Smith, where his daughter Anne is a sophomore. Then all three will fly off to spend Christmas in Gaza.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Pencilled on one of the posters in the West Seventy-second Street station of the I.R.T. is this encouraging statement: "Mr. Kirshenbaum is a good teacher."

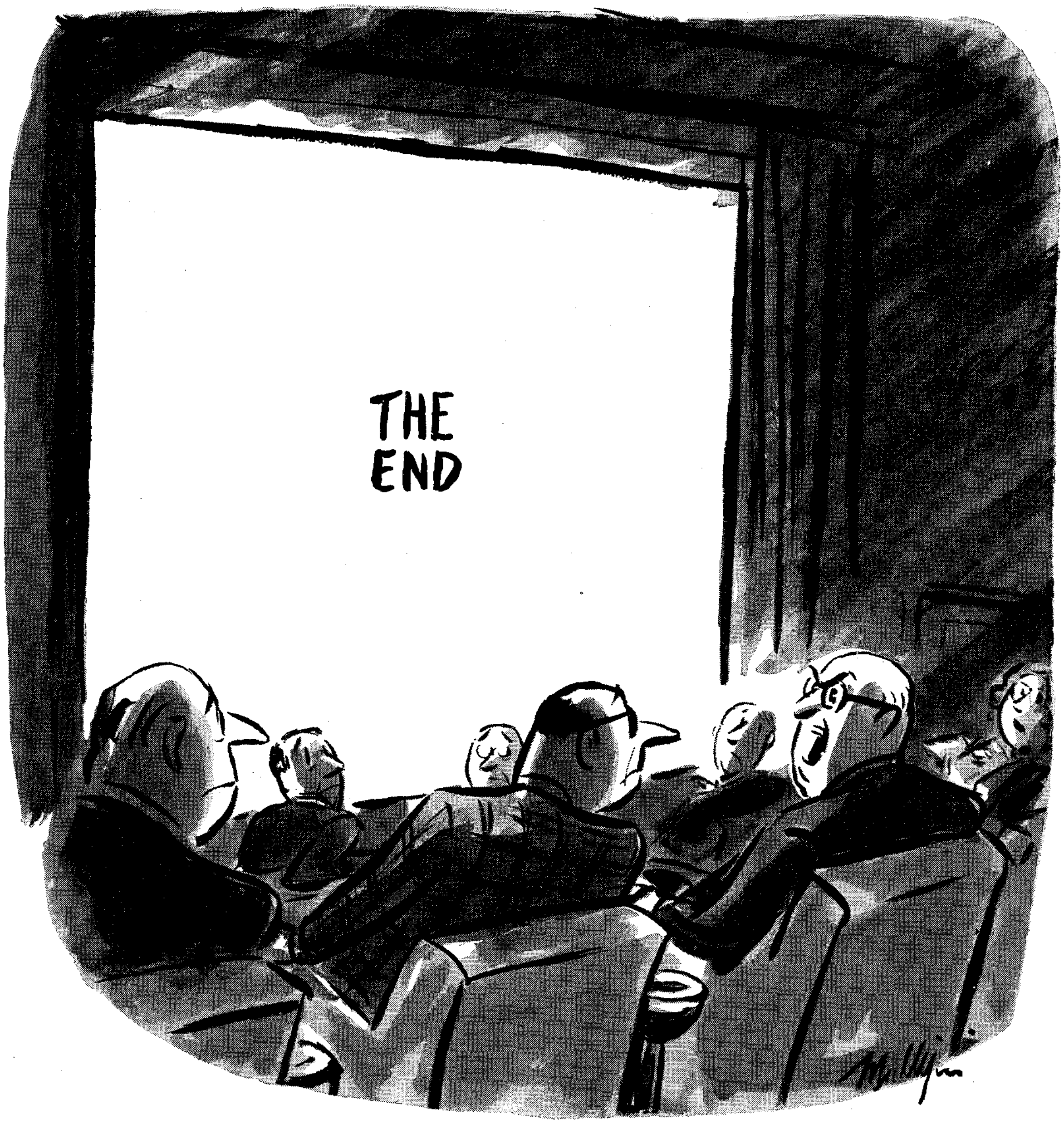
Fittonias and Manihots

ARE American scientists as well treated as their Russian opposite numbers? We don't know, but we do know that the New York Botanical Garden recently did its best to give some American scientists, and their wives, a nice time, at least for an afternoon. The occasion was the annual three-day autumn meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, and the Garden, co-host with the Rockefeller Institute to the visitors, opened its hospitable program with a hundred-and-thirty-six-cover lunch at its Snuff Mill, in which we happily participated. For the occasion, each of the twelve tables in this sylvan eatery was decorated with a different, labelled plant. After being greeted by Mrs. William J. Robbins, wife of the Garden's director, we passed a *Begonia venosa*, a *Brassavola nodosa*, an *Æchmea fulgens discolor*, a *Peperomia* Emerald Ripple, and a *Fittonia Verschaffeltii Pearcei*, and sat down next to a splendid *Saintpaulia* Purple Girl and Mrs. Paul D. Foote, wife of an Assistant Secretary of Defense, a girl in blue and brown.

"We just came from the American Philosophical Society meeting, in Philadelphia," Mrs. Foote said during the fruit cocktail. "My husband, a physicist, is a member of both the Society and the Academy. The two meetings are always held successively, and I always diet for ten days beforehand. The Philosophical Society's lectures are of general interest and I always go to them, but the Academy lectures are technical and abstruse and I *never* go to them. Anyway, they get printed. Some were given at the Rockefeller Institute this morning. There will be a scientific session here—in the Museum Building—after lunch, but I think most of the wives will choose the tour of the Conservatory and the Chrysanthemum Show. Then we'll all meet for tea. My husband and I always stay at the Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, because the Society pays for it. Here, we're on our own. We're staying at the Barclay. Wonderful food. The Philosophical Society serves lunches right in its building—in the basement. Devilled crab the first day, fried oysters the second, and Philadelphia ice cream, which is the best, both days. It's a little richer than other ice cream. Before moving to Washington, we lived in Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, where my husband was director of Gulf Oil research for twenty-seven years. He was president of the Oakmont Rotary Club, and he has an honorary doctorate of science from the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Very rare. I think it was the ninth ever given."

Following chicken potpie and Bronx ice cream, which Mrs. Foote pronounced excellent, Dr. Robbins, a noted plant physiologist and an Academy member himself, gave a brief account of the origins of the Snuff Mill, which once belonged to the Lorillard family. "Dr. Robbins was at Philadelphia, too," Mrs. Foote said. "He's president of the Philosophical Society."

Then off we trundled in a bus to the Museum Building, in a distinguished group that included Dr. Jerome C. Hunsaker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, an aeronautical engineer, who designed the first flying boat (NC-4) to fly the Atlantic; Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, president of the Academy and of the Rockefeller Institute; Dr. Caryl P. Haskins, president of the



"You're all fired!"

Haskins Laboratories; Dr. Roger J. Williams, director of the Biochemical Institute of the University of Texas and president of the American Chemical Society; and Dr. Joseph Kaplan, professor of physics at the University of California and chairman of the United States National Committee for the International Geophysical Year. How do we know all this? We'd table-hopped to Dr. Robbins during lunch, and he, sitting in the shade of a *Stenoglottis longifolia*, had identified a few of the guests.

Debouching at the Museum Building, we let the ladies roll on to the Conservatory, and manfully descended to the lecture hall. There, on a platform covered with palm trees, were given talks by famous men on "High-Accuracy Mechanical Integration by Shear in Viscous Liquids," "Intraspecific Categories of *Manihot esculanta*," "In Vitro Studies on Specificity of Action of Toxicants Which Function As Alkylating Agents," "Studies on 2-Thiouracil and Plant Virus Synthesis," "Permanent Damage Done to Rats by Prolonged Feeding of Several Common Therapeutic Drugs and Hormones," "Axenic Serial Culture in a Cell-Free Medium, *Entamoeba invadens*, a Pathogenic Amoeba of Snakes," and—by our bus companion Dr. Williams—"Identification of Blood Characteristics Common to Alcoholic Males." If we understood this last correctly, it indicated that inherited metabolic patterns might condition potential alcoholism, and that susceptibility to this might be spotted in a subject's pre-saloon days.

"What did you think of Williams?" Dr. Robbins asked us as we made for the tea table. "He discovered pantothenic acid. But why just alcoholic males? Why not females? Ha! Let me introduce you to another famous Williams—Dr. Robert R. Williams, the first man to synthesize Vitamin B_1."

"Well, you certainly made good use of it," Dr. R. R. Williams said to Dr. Robbins, and we left, without asking how.

Wrong Moment

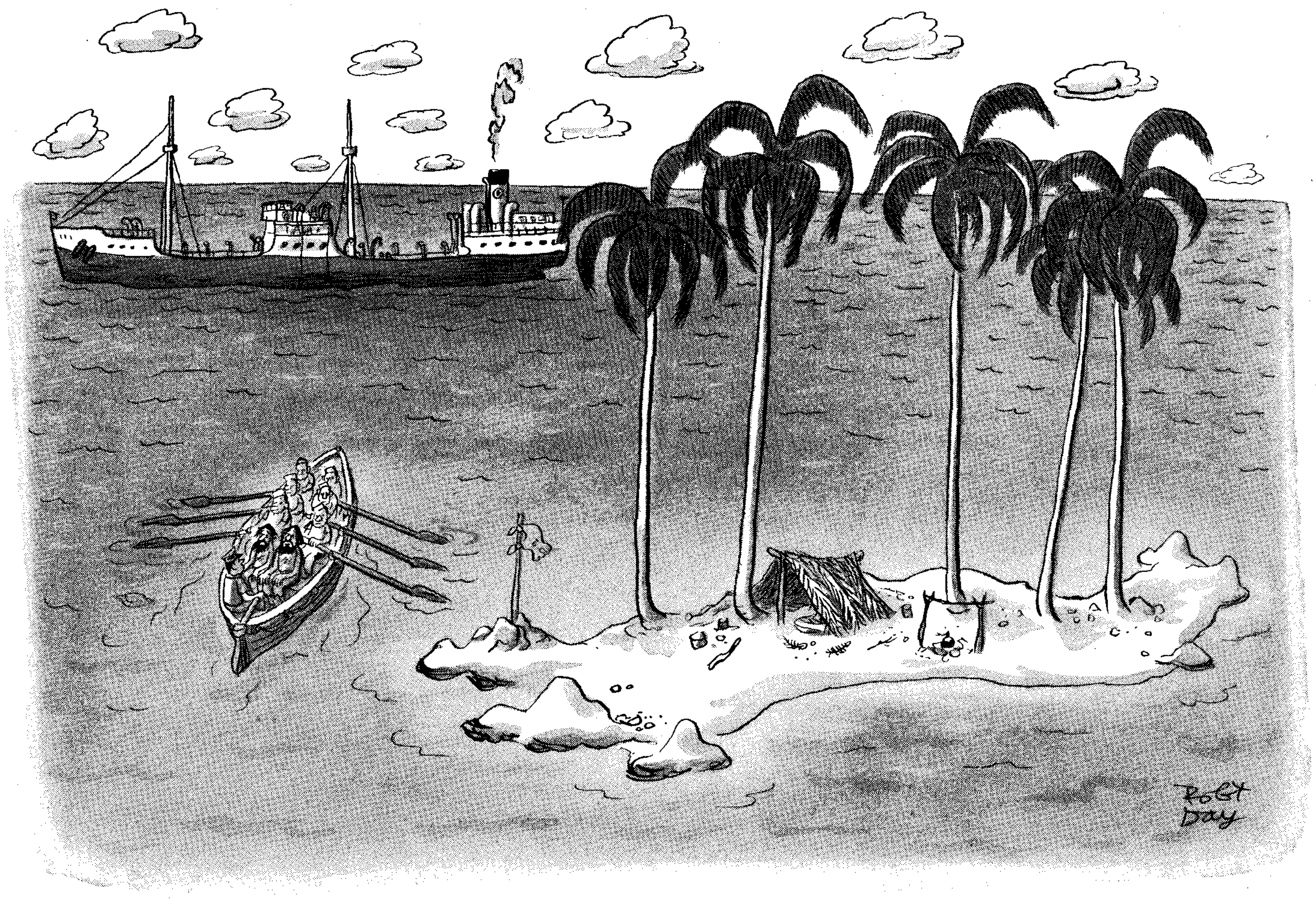
DURING that heavy snowstorm in the middle of last week, a friend of ours driving nervously over the Williamsburg Bridge was shocked to see a car ahead of him hit a very wet stretch of road, slither about in a spectacular figure-eight skid, and bring up dangerously close to the cab of a massive truck. The driver of the truck, an impressive figure, leaned out of his vehicle, removed a large cigar from his mouth, pulled at his lower lip reflectively, and growled, "What's the matter, Mac? Were you thinking this is Sunday?"

Yuletide Tip

WITH Christmas just around the corner, are you still nonplussed about gifts for your loved ones? Well, thanks to the impending move of French & Co., one of the world's largest dealers in antiques and works of art, from its sixty-five thousand square feet in two buildings on East Fifty-seventh and Fifty-sixth Streets to a mere twenty-five thousand in the new top floor and penthouse of the Parke-Bernet Building (which it owns), a mile north and three blocks west, and the concomitant necessity of cutting down on its ten-million-dollar, twelve-thousand-item stock, bargains await you. How about a large oil altarpiece fragment of St. John the Evangelist in a landscape, attributed to the youthful Michelangelo, reduced from $250,000 to $200,000, for your wife? Or, if you *are* a wife, an early-sixteenth-century Spanish retable, formerly in the Cathedral of Toledo, marked down from $200,000 to $150,000, for your husband? Or the panelling of one of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's old drawing rooms, slashed from $40,000 to $32,000, for your Aunt Bella? (Furniture and fixtures extra.) Or a bronze horse, eight inches long, conceivably by Leonardo da Vinci, for your daughter's homework desk? It's now $9,375 an inch, but it used to be more, and it not only shows the animal's muscular articulation but hints at its nervous system. Or Francis Scott Key's mahogany-and-gilt mirror, nineteenth-century American, down from $2,500 to $1,950, for your boy's first efforts to knot a bow tie, or an Empire bed used by Napoleon, reduced from $10,000 to $6,500, for a friend with imperial aspirations? French & Co. is your baby.

We cased this storied emporium (seven stories on Fifty-seventh Street and five on Fifty-sixth, and a hundred and seventeen years of history, under various names, behind it) in the company of its board chairman, Mr. Mitchell Samuels. "I was born in 1880, surrounded by Indians, in Mitchell, South Dakota, the first white child born there, and look at me now," he said as we followed him into a vault that contained the reputed Michelangelo and several paintings by Lucas Cranach the Elder, Frans Hals, and Francisco Pacheco. "Father-in-law of Velázquez," Mr. Samuels said, of Pacheco. "He was court painter to Philip the Fourth before Velázquez. Here's a Francesco Francia 'Madonna and Child with Infant and Angel'—late-fifteenth-century Bolognese—which came from the Clarence Mackay collection. We have seven vaults, or strong rooms, like this. Only two in the new place, alas."

From floor to floor we trudged, passing tapestries, bronzes, fireplaces, church stalls, Renaissance portals, marble busts, majolica, polychrome figures, furniture, rugs, and room after panelled room, and paused in an immense chamber that our guide said he had assembled for a client. "This set of tapestries was made for Louis the Thirteenth and presented by him to Francesco Barberini, a nephew of Maffeo Barberini, who in 1623 became Pope Urban the Eighth," he said. "They tell the story of Rinaldo and Armida, taken from Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered,' a sixteenth-century epic poem. They hung for two hundred and fifty years in the Barberini Palace, in Rome. Now they're going to a museum out West. It would take one person a hundred and fifty years to weave these tapestries. This *cassone*, or carved wedding chest, came from the Martelli family, of Florence. They don't like to give things up. I remember that in 1917 I purchased from them, for Joseph E. Widener, two sculptures—a Desiderio da Settignano and a Donatello. The Martellis were reluctant to sell—Duveen had tried for six months to get those two pieces—and I obtained them by resorting to psychology. I offered to buy them along with another Donatello, which I promised to give to the Italian nation. Mr. Widener later gave the two to the National Gallery. Donatello's mother was a servant in the Martelli house. We used to deal a lot with private collectors—Widener, Mellon, Hearst, Pierpont Morgan, Mortimer Schiff, Henry Walters, Paul and Felix Warburg—but today, because of the tax situation, the important customers are donors to museums. I'm represented in almost every museum in the country, and extensively. The California Palace of the Legion of Honor, a museum in San Francisco, was built and largely adorned by Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, whom I developed as a collector—I introduced her to some of the curators at the Louvre, and, through a friend, to Rodin—and the de Young Museum there has four



"That's a blow. We were hoping World War III would be all over and done with."

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rooms filled with superb works of art that I assembled for the donor. The Minneapolis Museum of Art has a three-hundred-thousand-dollar collection of tapestries that I formed. A Minneapolis woman came in one day to buy a hundred-and-fifty-dollar piece of needlework and ended up by buying the tapestries. I'm now working on a three-room wing—Louis the Sixteenth, with *boiserie* of the period—also to be given to a Midwestern museum. We'll get all the furniture for it. It will cost a million dollars, and it may take a year to do."

We left the Barberini room for the library, already partly dismantled in the process of moving, and Mr. Samuels fell into a pre-surtax reverie. "That tapestried chair you're sitting in once belonged to Joe Widener," he said. "He was a man of fine taste and independent judgment. I once sold him a four-hundred-thousand-dollar tapestry over the telephone—one of forty-six that I purchased, en bloc, from the Morgan collection, for a million four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I'd visit Mr. Mortimer Schiff once a week, to tell him what was new, or old. His things were sold at auction by his estate. He said he'd had a lot of pleasure collecting and wanted to give pleasure to others, so he wanted his things sold after his death. Dr. Preston Pope Satterwhite was a great client. He came from Louisville, which had a museum—the Speed—but nothing in it. After he'd been buying from me for years, we made a model, from photographs, of a projected museum wing to contain all his works of art—tapestries, glass, sculpture, and antique furniture—and he gave the wing to the Speed Museum. I dealt with Mr. Hearst for forty-five years and sold him seven or eight million dollars' worth of stuff. I had to *hide* things from him. He'd have bought everything I had, and I wanted to keep some things for other clients. I'd visit him at San Simeon. Once, when I had got him out into the woods there to have a private chat about tapestries, there was the sound of a bell. He reached down, picked a telephone out of the shrubbery, and began to talk to Europe. He was occasionally forgetful. Once, after he'd instructed me to buy a mantel for him at an auction on lower Broadway, he sent a secretary down to bid for it. I'd been pushed up from the five hundred dollars I'd expected to pay to nineteen hundred before I recognized the secretary."

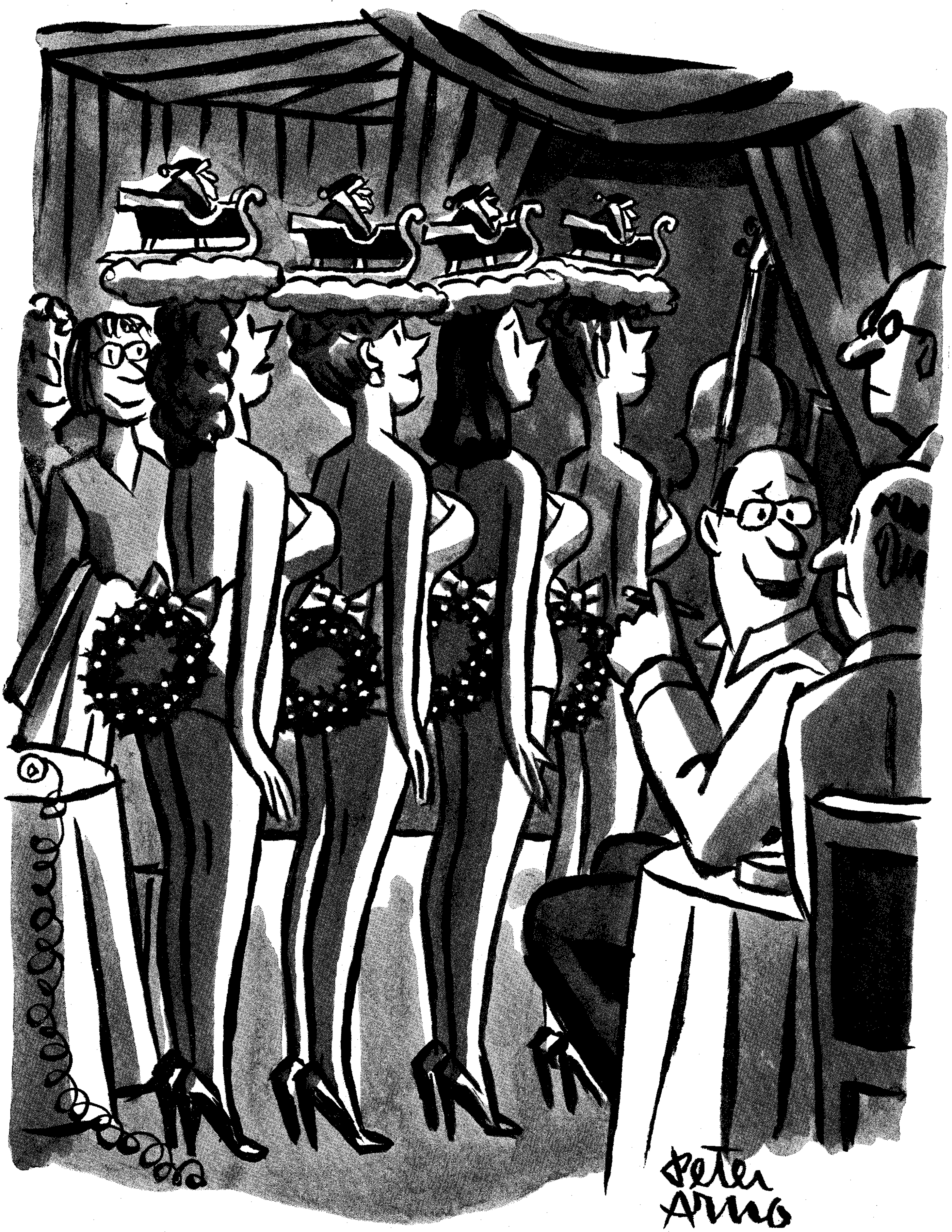
"More," we said.

"Well, when the Collis P. Huntingtons first came to New York, society didn't receive them too well," Mr. Samuels said. "I was showing some tapestries to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid one day, and Mrs. Huntington came in. She and Mrs. Reid didn't greet one another. 'I'll take them,' Mrs. Huntington said as Mrs. Reid turned away. 'Wrap them up.' I wrapped the tapestries up and put them in her car. Forty thousand dollars. When she died and I went to her house to buy some of her things, there in the attic was the package, unopened."

We got out of the Widener chair, wrapped ourself up, and left.

No Distractions

A NEW ENGLAND friend of ours reports that at the opening of the Boston Morning Musicales, the other day, a large placard, prominently displayed, bore the following notice: "In deference to the Artists and to many of our Subscribers, you are respectfully requested not to knit."



"Harry, I think we've got Christmas licked."

THE BANQUET OF CROW

IT was a crazy year, a year when things that should have run on schedule went all which ways. It was a year when snow fell thick and lasting in April, and young ladies clad in shorts were photographed for the tabloids sunbathing in Central Park in January. It was a year when, in the greatest prosperity of the richest nation, you could not walk five city blocks without being besought by beggars; when expensively dressed women loud and lurching in public places were no uncommon sight; when drugstore counters were stacked with tablets to make you tranquil and other tablets to set you leaping. It was a year when wives whose position was only an inch or two below that of the saints—arbiters of etiquette, venerated hostesses, architects of memorable menus—suddenly caught up a travelling bag and a jewel case and flew off to Mexico with ambiguous young men allied with the arts; when husbands who had come home every evening not only at the same hour but at the same minute of the same hour came home one evening more, spoke a few words, and then went out their doors and did not come in by them again.

If Guy Allen had left his wife at another period, she would have held the enduring interest of her friends. But in that year of lunacy so many marital barks were piled up on Norman's Woe that the friends had become overly familiar with tales of shipwreck. At first they flocked to her side and did their practiced best to medicine her wound. They clicked their tongues in sorrow and shook their heads in bewilderment; they diagnosed the case of Guy Allen as one of insanity; they made blistering generalizations about men, considered as a tribe; they assured Maida Allen that no woman could have done more for a man and been more to a man; they pressed her hand and promised her, "Oh, he'll come back—you'll see!"

But time went on, and so did Mrs. Allen, who never in her life before had been known to keep to a subject—on and on with her story of the desperate wrong that had been done her, and she so blameless. Her friends had no energy left to interpolate coos of condolence into the recital, for they were weak with hearing it—it, and others like it; it is the terrible truth that the sagas of the deserted are deplorably lacking in variety. There came a day, indeed, when one lady slammed down her teacup, sprang to her feet, and shrieked, "For Christ's *sake*, Maida, talk about something else!"

Mrs. Allen saw no more of that lady. She began to see less and less of her other friends, too, though that was their doing, not hers. They took no pride in their dereliction; they were troubled by the lurking knowledge that the most ruthless bore may still be genuinely in anguish.

They tried—each tried once—inviting her to pleasant little dinners, to take her out of herself. Mrs. Allen brought her King Charles's head right along with her, and stuck it up, so to say, in the middle of the table, a grisly centerpiece. Several male guests, strangers to her, were provided. In their good humor at meeting a new and pretty woman, they made small flirtatious sorties. Her return was to admit them to her tragedy, going on, past the salad and through the Mocha mousse, with her list of proven talents as wife, chum, and lover, and pointing out, with cynical laughter, just where *those* had got her. When the guests were gone, the hostess miserably accepted the host's ultimatum on who was not to be asked again.

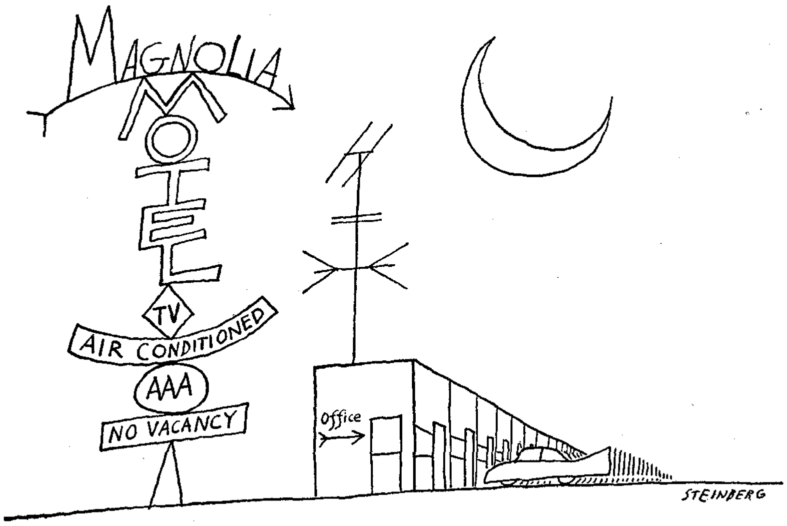
They did invite her, though, to their big cocktail parties, the grand mop-ups of social obligations, thinking that Mrs. Allen could not pit her soft voice against the almighty noise of such galas and so her troubles, unspoken, might be for a while unthought of. Mrs. Allen, on her entrance, went by straight line to acquaintances who had known her and her husband together, and inquired of them if they had seen anything of Guy. If they said they had, she asked them how he was. If they said, "Why, fine," she tendered them a forgiving smile and passed on. Her friends gave up the whole thing.

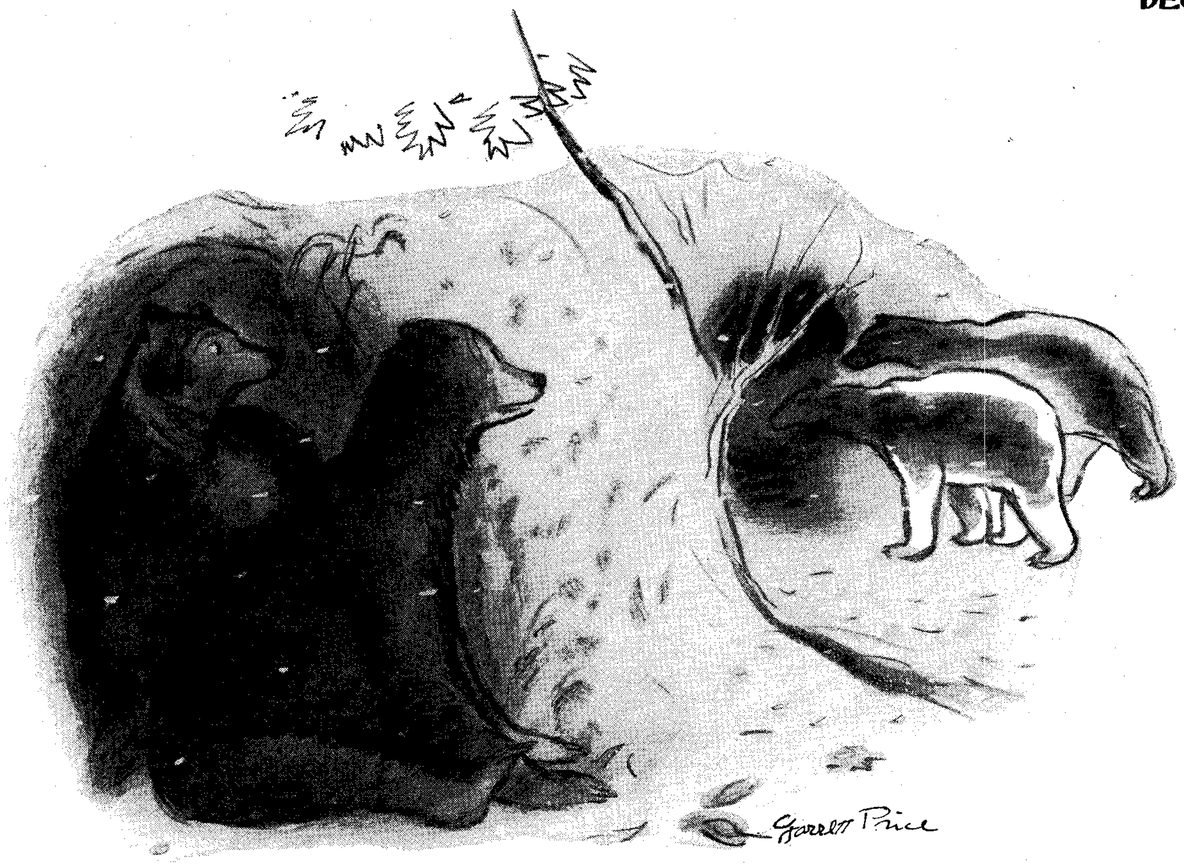
Mrs. Allen resented their behavior. She lumped them all together as creatures who could function in fair weather only, and uttered thanks that she had found them out in time—in time for what, she did not state. But there was no one to question her, for she spoke to herself. She had begun the practice while pacing the silent rooms of her apartment until deep into the night, and presently she carried it with her out to the street, on her daily walk. It was a year when there were many along the sidewalks mouthing soliloquies, and unless they talked loud and made gestures other pedestrians did not turn to look.

It was a month, then two months, then nearly four, and she had had no direct word from Guy Allen. A day or so after his departure, he had telephoned the apartment and, first inquiring about the health of the maid who answered (he was always the ideal of servants), had asked that his mail be forwarded to his club, where he would be staying. Later that day, he sent the club valet to gather his clothes, pack them, and fetch them to him. These incidents occurred while Mrs. Allen was out; there had been no mention of her, either to the maid or through the valet, and that made a bad time for her. Still, she told herself, at least she knew where he was. She did not pursue the further thought that at most she knew where he was.

On the first of each month, she received a check, in the amount it had always been, for household expenses and herself. The rent must have been sent to the owner of the apartment building, for she was never asked for it. The checks did not come to her from Guy Allen; they were enclosed in notes from his banker, a courtly, white-haired gentleman, whose communications gave the effect of having been written with a quill. Aside from the checks, there was nothing to indicate that Guy and Maida Allen were husband and wife.

Her present became intolerable to Mrs. Allen, and she could see





"Oh God, don't tell me we'll have them next to us all winter!"

her future only as a hideous prolonging of it. She turned to the past. She did not let memory lead her; it was she who steered memory back along the sunny bypaths of her marriage. Eleven years of marriage, years of happiness—perfect happiness. Oh, Guy had had a man's little moods sometimes, but she could always smile him out of them, and such minute happenings only brought them more sweetly together; lovers' quarrels wax the way to bed. Mrs. Allen shed April tears for times gone by; and nobody ever came along and explained to her that if she had had eleven years of perfect happiness, she was the only human being who ever did.

But memory is a tacit companion. Silence banged on Mrs. Allen's ears. She wanted to hear gentle voices, especially her own. She wanted to find understanding—that thing so many spend their lives in seeking, though surely it should be easy to come upon, for what is it but mutual praise and pity? Her friends had let her down; then she must collect others. It is surprisingly difficult to assemble a fresh circle. It cost Mrs. Allen time and trouble to track down ladies of old acquaintance, which for years she had succeeded in never bringing to mind, and to trace fellow-travellers once pleasantly met with on shipboard and in planes. However, she had some responses, and there followed intimate sessions at her apartment in the afternoons.

They were unsatisfactory. The ladies brought her not understanding but exhortation. They told her to buck up, to pull herself together, to get on her toes; one of them actually slapped her on the back. The sessions came to take on much of the character of the fight talk in the locker room between the halves of the big game, and when it was finally urged that she tell Guy Allen to go to hell, Mrs. Allen discontinued them.

Yet good came of them, for it was through one of the benighted advisers that Mrs. Allen met Dr. Langham.

THOUGH Dr. Marjorie Langham earned her own living, she had lost none of her femininity—doubtless because she had never trod the bloody halls of medical school or strained her bright eyes studying for an M.D. With one graceful leap she had landed on her slender feet as a healer of troubled minds. It was a year when the couches of such healers had not time to grow cool between patients. Dr. Langham was enormously successful.

She was full of anecdotes about her patients. She had her own way of telling them, so that the case histories not only were killingly comic in themselves but gave you, the listener, the fine feeling that you weren't so crazy after all. On her deeper side, she was a woman of swift comprehensions, and of firm sympathy with the hard lot of sensitive members of her sex. She was made for Mrs. Allen.

Mrs. Allen did not go direct to the couch on her first visit to Dr. Langham. In the office filled with chintzes and cheer, she and the Doctor sat opposite each other, woman and woman; Mrs. Allen found it easier that way to pour forth all. The Doctor, during the relating of Guy Allen's outrageous behavior, nodded repeatedly; when she was told, on request, Guy Allen's age, she wore an amused little smile. "Well, of course, that's what it is," she said. "Oh, those middle forties! That dear old dangerous age! Why, that's all that's the matter with him—he's going through the change."

Mrs. Allen pounded her temples with her fists, for being such a fool as not to have thought of that before. There she had been weeping and wailing because it had completely slipped her mind that men, too, are born into the world with the debt of original sin laid on them; Guy Allen, as must everyone else, had reached the age of paying it; there was the whole matter. (In the last two cases of broken marriages of which Mrs. Allen had heard, that year, one of the outgoing husbands was twenty-nine and the other sixty-two, but she did not recall them to memory.) The Doctor's explanation so relieved Mrs. Allen that she went and lay down on the couch.

"That's the girl—relax," Dr. Langham said. "Oh, all the poor women, the poor idiot women! Tearing their hearts out, beating themselves with their 'Why, why, why?'s, breaking their necks to find a fancy reason for it when their husbands walk out, when it's just the traditional case of temporarily souped-up nerves and the routine change in metabolism."

The Doctor gave Mrs. Allen books

to take home with her, to read before her next appointment; some of their authors, she said, were close friends of hers, women recognized as authorities on their subject. The books were written, as if by one pen, in a fluid, conversational style, comfortable for laymen. There was a sameness about their contents; each was a collection of instances of married men who had rushed out from their beds and boards in mad revolt against middle age. The revolts, as such, were rather touching. The wild-eyed mobs were without plan or direction, the nights were bitter cold, they sickened for home. Back came the revolutionaries, one after one, with hanging heads and supplicating palms, back to their wise, kind wives.

Mrs. Allen was impressed by these works. She came upon many a passage which, if the books had belonged to her, she would have underscored heavily.

She felt that she might properly be listed among those wives who waited at home, so kind, so wise. She could say, in all humility, that many people had told her she was almost too kind for her own good, and she could point to an act of true wisdom. In the first black days of her misery, she had sworn an oath to herself that she would make no move toward Guy Allen: Might her right hand wither and drop off if she employed it to dial his telephone number! No one could count the number of miles she had walked, up and down her carpets, fighting to hold to her vow. She did it, but the sight of her saved right hand, fresh and fair, brought no comfort to her; it simply reminded her of the use to which it might have been put. From there, she thought of another hand on another dial, always with new pain that Guy Allen had never called her.

Dr. Langham gave her high marks for keeping away from the telephone, and brushed aside her grief at Guy Allen's silence.

"Certainly he hasn't called you," she said. "Exactly as I expected—yes, and the best sign we've had that he's doing a little suffering on his own hook. He's afraid to talk to you. He's ashamed of himself. He knows what he did to you—he doesn't know why he did it, the way we do, but he knows what a terrible thing it was. He's doing a lot of thinking about you. His not daring to call you up shows that."

It was a big factor in Dr. Langham's success that she had the ability to make wet straws seem like sturdy logs to the nearly submerged.

Maida Allen's cure was not effected in a day. It was several weeks before she was whole. She gave all credit to her doctor. Dr. Langham, by simply switching the cold light of science on the reason for Guy Allen's apparent desertion, had given her back to herself. She was no more the lone, lorn creature, rejected like a faded flower, a worn glove, a stretched garter. She was a woman brave and humane, waiting, with the patience that was her crown jewel, for her poor, muddled man to get through his little indisposition and come home to her to be cheered through convalescence and speeded to recovery. Daily, on Dr. Langham's couch, talking and listening, she gained in strength. She slept through the nights, and when she went out to the street, her straight back and her calm, bright face made her seem like a visitor from a fairer planet, among those of the bowed shoulders and the twitching mouths who thronged the pavements.

The miracle happened. Her husband telephoned to her. He asked if he might come to the apartment that evening to pick up a suitcase that he wanted. She suggested that he come to dinner. He was afraid he couldn't do that; he had to dine early with a client, but he would come about nine o'clock. If she was not going to be at home, would she please to leave the suitcase with Jessie, the maid. She said it was the one night in she didn't know how long that she was not going out. Fine, he said, then he'd see her later; and rang off.

Mrs. Allen was early for her doctor's appointment. She gave Dr. Langham the news in a sort of carol. The Doctor nodded, and her amused smile broadened until virtually all of her exceptionally handsome teeth showed.

"So there you are," she said. "And there he is. And who is the one that told you so? Now listen to me. This is important—maybe the most important part of your whole treatment. Don't lose your head tonight. Remember that this man has put one of the most sensitive creatures I ever saw in my life through hell. Don't soften up. Don't fall all over him, as if he was doing you a favor coming back to you. Don't be too easy on him."

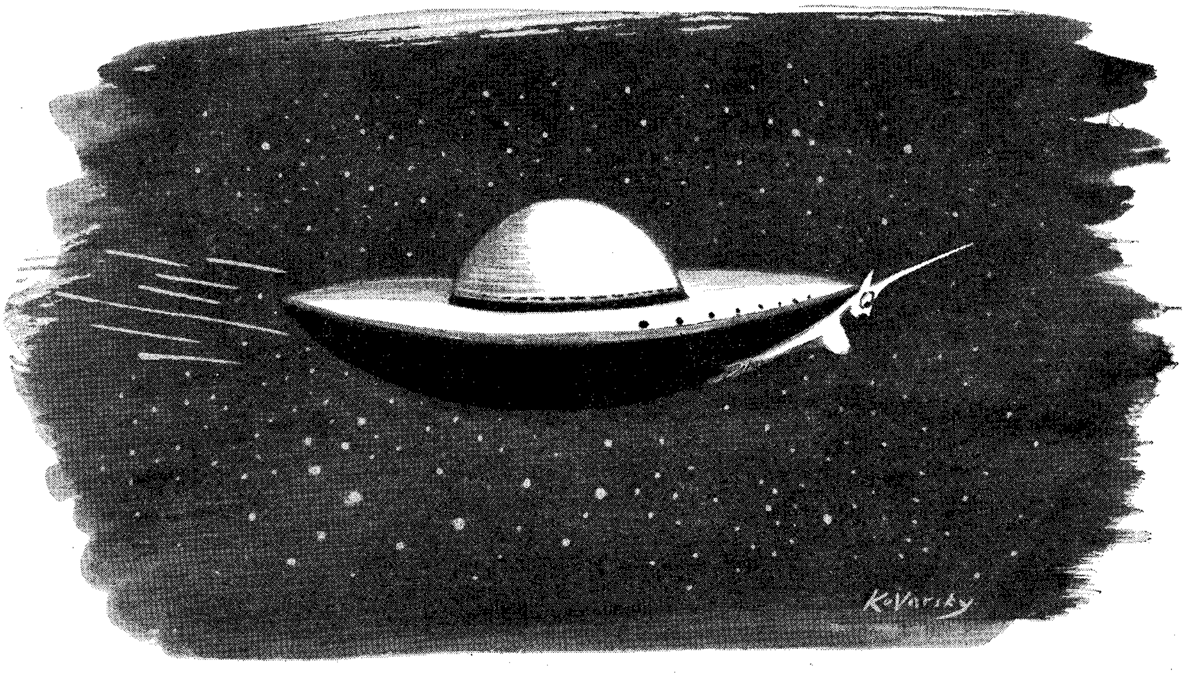
"Oh-h-h, I won't!" Mrs. Allen said. "Guy Allen will eat crow!"

"That's the girl," Dr. Langham said. "Don't make any scene, you know; but don't let him think that all is forgiven. Just be cool and sweet. Don't let him know that you've missed him for a moment. Just let him see what *he's* been missing. And for God's sake, don't ask him to stay all night."

"Not for anything on this earth," Mrs. Allen said. "If that's what he wants, he'll ask me. Yes, and on his knees!"

THE apartment looked charming; Mrs. Allen saw to it that it did, and saw that she did herself. She bought masses of flowers on her way home from the Doctor's, and arranged them exquisitely—she had always been good at that—all about the living room.

He rang the bell at three minutes past nine. Mrs. Allen had let the maid



off that evening. She opened the door to him herself.

"Hi!" she said.

"Hello, there," he said. "How are you?"

"Oh, simply fine," she said. "Come on in. I think you know the way, don't you?"

He followed her into the living room. He held his hat in his hand, and carried his coat over his arm.

"You've got a lot of flowers," he said. "Pretty."

"Yes, aren't they lovely?" she said. "Everybody's been so kind to me. Let me take your things."

"I can stay just a minute," he said. "I'm meeting a man at the club."

"Oh, that's too bad," she said.

There was a pause. He said, "You're looking fine, Maida."

"I can't imagine why," she said. "I'm about to drop in my tracks. I've been going out day and night."

"It agrees with you," he said.

"Notice anything new in this room?" she said.

"Why—I said about all the flowers," he said. "Is there something else?"

"The curtains, the curtains," she said. "New last week."

"Oh, yes," he said. "They look great. Pink."

"Rose," she said. "The room does look nice with them, don't you think?"

"Great," he said.

"How's your room at the club?" she said.

"It's all right," he said. "I have everything I want."

"*Everything?*" she said.

"Oh, sure," he said.

"How's the food?" she said.

"Pretty good now," he said. "Much better than it used to be. They've got a new chef."

"What fun!" she said. "So you really like it, living at the club?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I'm very comfortable there."

"Why don't you sit down," she said, "and tell me what was the matter with it here? Food? Shaving mirror? What?"

"Why, everything was fine," he said. "Look, Maida, I've really got to run. Is my bag here?"

"It's in your closet in the bedroom, where it always was," she said. "Sit down—I'll get it for you."

"No, don't you bother," he said. "I'll get it."

He went toward the bedroom. Mrs. Allen started to follow, then thought of Dr. Langham and stayed where she was. The Doctor would surely consider it somewhat lenient, to go into the bedroom with him, the minute he came back.

He returned, carrying the suitcase.

"Surely you can sit down and have a drink, can't you?" she said.

"I wish I could, but I've really got to go," he said.

"I thought we might exchange just a few gracious words," she said. "The last time I heard your voice, it was not saying anything very agreeable."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"You stood right there, by the door—and very attractive you looked," she said. "I've never seen you awkward in your life. If you were ever going to be, that was the time to be it. Saying what you did. Do you remember?"

"Do you?" he said.

"I do indeed," she said. " 'I don't want to do this any more, Maida. I'm through.' Do you really feel that was a pretty thing to say to me? It seemed to me rather abrupt, after eleven years."

ALL'S NOËL THAT ENDS NOËL,

OR, INCOMPATIBILITY IS THE SPICE OF CHRISTMAS

Do you know Mrs. Millard Fillmore Revere?
On her calendar, Christmas comes three hundred and sixty-five times a year.
Consider Mrs. Revere's Christmas spirit; no one can match it—
No, not Tiny Tim or big Bob Cratchit.
Even on December 26th it reveals no rifts;
She is already compiling her list of next year's gifts.
Her actions during the winter are conscientious and methodical,
Now snipping an advertisement from a newspaper, now clipping a coupon from a periodical.
In the spring she is occupied with mail-order catalogues from Racine and Provincetown and Richmond and Walla Walla,
Which offer a gallimaufry of gewgaws, gadgets, widgets, jiggers, trinkets, and baubles, postpaid for a dollar.
Midsummer evenings find her trudging home from clearance sales, balancing parcel upon parcel,
With blithe heart and weary metatarsal.
Soon appear the rolls of garish paper and the spools of gaudy ribbon,
And to describe the decline and fall of Mr. Revere it would take the pen of a Gibbon.
Poor Mr. Revere—such harbingers of Christmas do not brighten him,
They simply frighten him.
He cringes like a timid hobo when a fierce dog raises its hackles at him;
Wherever he steps, ribbons wind around his ankles and paper crackles at him.
He feels himself threatened by Christmas on all fronts;
Shakespeare had Mr. Revere in mind when he wrote, "Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once."
These are the progressively ominous hints of impending doom:
First, he is forbidden to open a certain drawer, then a certain closet, and, finally, a certain room.
If Mr. Revere looks slightly seedy as he goes his daily rounds
It's because his clean shirts and socks are now out of bounds.
Indeed, the only reason he gets by,
He remembers previous years and has provided himself with haberdashery he can drip and dry.
The days of September, October, November are like globules of water on the forehead of a tortured prisoner dropping;
Each is another day on which he has done no Christmas shopping.
At this point the Devil whispers that if he puts it off until Christmas Eve the shops will be emptier,
A thought than which nothing could be temptier,
But Christmas Eve finds him bedridden with a fever of nearly ninety-nine degrees, and swaddled in blankets up to his neck,
So on Christmas morn he has nothing for Mrs. Revere but a kiss and a check,
Which somehow works out fine, because she enjoys being kissed
And the check is a great comfort when she sits down on December 26th to compile her next year's list.

—OGDEN NASH

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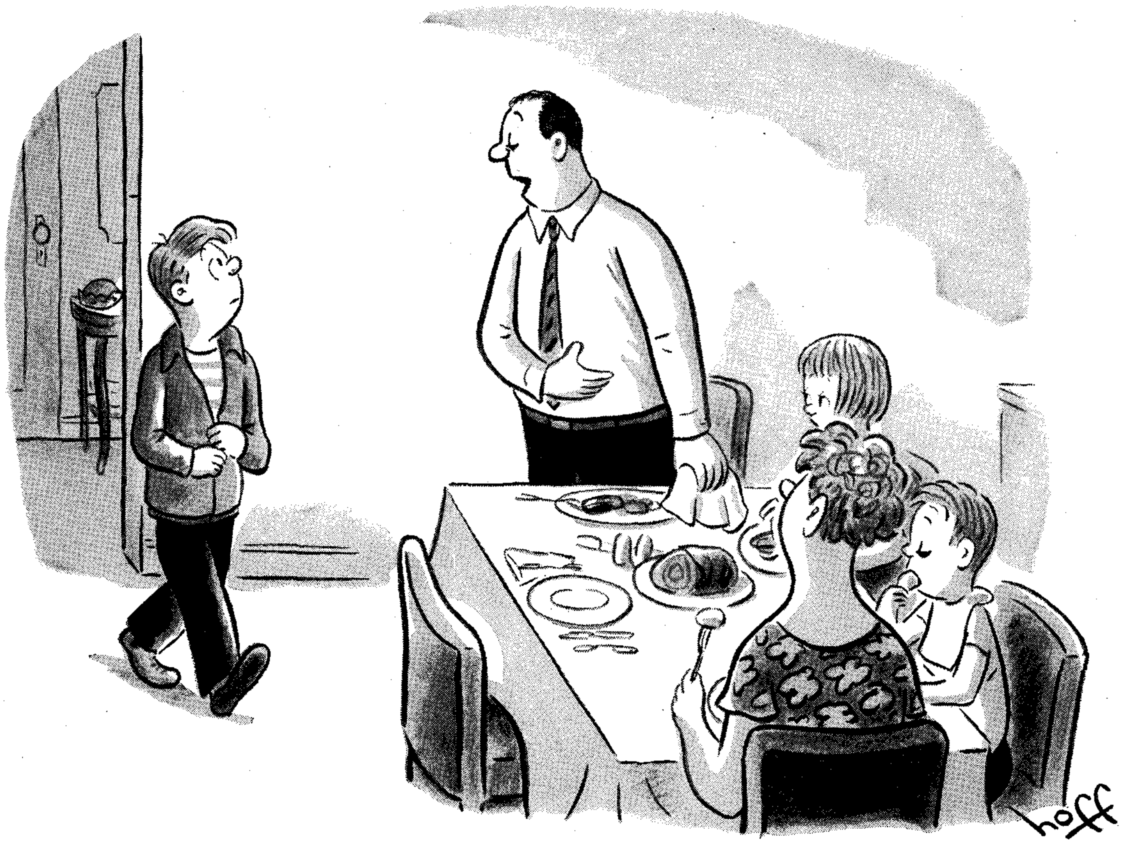

"I think you know everybody here."

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"No. It wasn't abrupt," he said. "I'd been saying it to you for six of those eleven years."

"I never heard you," she said.

"Yes, you did, my dear," he said. "You interpreted it as a cry of 'Wolf,' but you heard me."

"Could it be possibly that you had been planning this dramatic exit for six years?" she said.

"Not planning," he said. "Just *thinking*. I had no plans. Not even when I spoke those doubtless ill-chosen words of farewell."

"And have you now?" she said.

"I'm going to San Francisco in the morning," he said.

"How nice of you to confide in me," she said. "How long will you be away?"

"I really don't know," he said. "We opened that branch office out there—you know. Things got rather messed up, and I've got to go do some straightening. I can't tell how long it will take."

"You like San Francisco, don't you?" she said.

"Oh, sure," he said. "Good town."

"And so nice and far away, too," she said. "You really couldn't get any farther off and still stay in America the Beautiful, could you?"

"That's right, at that," he said. "Look, I've really got to dash. I'm late."

"Couldn't you give me a quick idea of what you've been doing with yourself?" she said.

"Working all day and most nights," he said.

"That interests you?" she said.

"Yes, I like it fine," he said.

"Well, good for you," she said. "I'm not trying to keep you from your date. I just would like to see a very small gleam of why you've done what you have. Were you that unhappy?"

"Yes, I was, really," he said. "You needn't have made me say it. You knew it."

"Why were you unhappy?" she said.

"Because *two* people can't go on and on and on, doing the same things year after year, when only one of them likes doing them," he said, "and still be happy."

"Do you think *I* can be happy, like this?" she said.

"I do," he said. "I think you will. I wish there were some prettier way of doing it, but I think that after a while—and not a long while, either—you will be better than you've ever been."

"Oh, you think so?" she said. "I see, you can't believe I'm a sensitive person."

"That's not for the lack of your telling me—eleven years' worth," he said. "Look, this is no use. Goodbye, Maida. Take care of yourself."

"I will," she said. "Promise."

He went out the door, down the hall, and rang the elevator bell. She stood holding the door open looking after him.

"You know what, my dear?" she said. "You know what's the matter with you? You're middle-aged. That's why you've got these ideas."

The elevator stopped at the floor, and the attendant slid the door back.

Guy Allen looked back, before he entered the car. "I wasn't middle-aged six years ago," he said. "And I had them then. Goodbye, Maida. Good luck."

"Have a nice trip," she said. "Send me a picture postcard of the Presidio."

Mrs. Allen closed the door and went back into the living room. She stood quite still in the middle of the floor. She did not feel as she had thought she would.

Well. She had behaved with perfect coolness and sweetness. It must have been that Guy was still not over his common illness. He'd get over it; yes, he would. Yes, he would. When he got out there, stumbling up and down those San Francisco hills, he would come to his well senses. She tried a little fantasy; he would come back, and his hair would have gone gray all in a night—the night he realized the anguish of his folly—and gray hair would not be becoming to him. He'd come back to eat crow, yes, and she'd see that he did. She made a little picture of him, gray and shabby and broken down, gnawing at a leg of cold crow, which she saw with all its feathers left on it, black and shining and disgusting.

No. Fantasy was no good.

She went to the telephone and called Dr. Langham. —DOROTHY PARKER

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CATANIA, SICILY, Nov. 19 (Reuters)—The northeast crater of Mount Etna erupted today, hurling bounders 1,000 feet into the air at one minute intervals.—*The Times.*

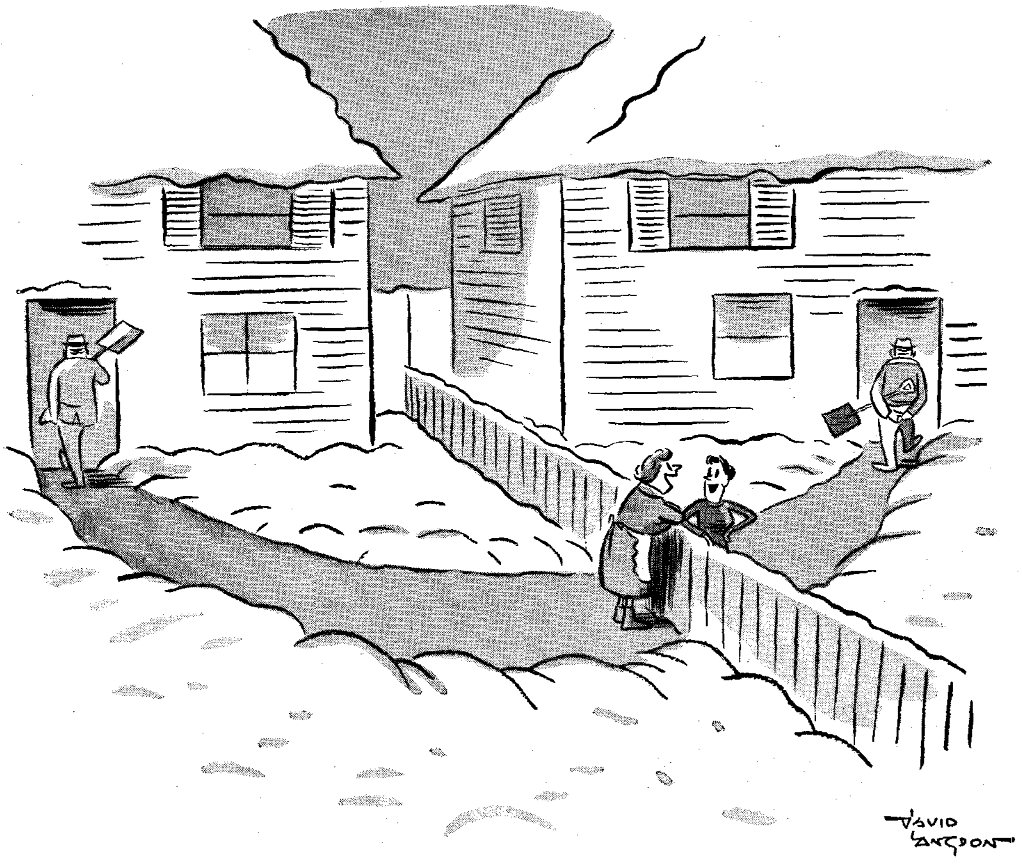
There's no substitute for Mother Nature.

THE PARTY

OLD Johnny, one of the Gas Company's watchmen, was a man with a real appreciation of his job. Most of the time, of course, it was a cold, comfortless job, with no one to talk to, and he envied his younger friend Tim Coakley, the postman. Postmen had a cushy time of it—always watched and waited for, bringing good news or bad news, often called in to advise, and (according to Tim, at least) occasionally called in for more intimate purposes. Tim, of course, was an excitable man, and he could be imagining a lot of that, though Johnny gave him the benefit of the doubt. At the same time, queer things happened to Johnny now and again that were stranger than anything Tim could tell. As it seemed to Johnny, people got it worse at night; the wild ones grew wilder, the gloomy ones gloomier. Whatever it was in them that had light in it burned more clearly, the way the stars and moon did when the sun went down. It was the darkness that did it. Johnny would be sitting in his hut for hours in the daylight and no one even gave him a second glance, but once darkness fell, people would cross the street to look at his brazier, and even stop to speak to him.

One night, for instance, in the week before Christmas, he was watching in a big Dublin square, with a railed-off park in the middle of it and doctors' and lawyers' houses on all the streets about it. That suited Johnny fine, particularly at that time of year, when there was lots of visiting and entertaining. He liked to be at the center of things, and he always appreciated the touch of elegance: the stone steps leading up to the tall door, with the figures entering and leaving looking small in the lighted doorway, and the slight voices echoing on the great brick sounding board of the square.

One house in particular attracted him. It was all lit up as if for a party, and the curtains were pulled back to reveal the tall handsome rooms with decorated plaster ceilings. A boy with a basket came and rang, and a young man in evening dress leaned out of the window and told the boy to leave the stuff in the basement. As he did so, a girl came and rested her hand on his shoulder, and she was in evening dress, too. Johnny liked that. He liked people with a bit of style. If he had had the good fortune to grow up in a house like that, he would have done the right thing, too. And even though he hadn't, it pleased him to watch the show. Johnny, who came of a generation before trade unions, knew that in many ways it is pleasanter to observe than to participate. He only hoped there would be singing; he was very partial to a bit of music.



But this night a thing happened the like of which had never happened to Johnny before. The door of the house opened and closed, and a man in a big cloth coat like fur came across the road to him. When he came closer, Johnny saw that he was a tall, thin man with graying hair and a pale discontented face.

"Like to go home to bed for a couple of hours?" the man asked in a low voice.

"What's that?" said Johnny, in astonishment.

"I'll stay here and mind your box."

"Oh, you would, would you?" Johnny said, under the impression that the man must have drink taken.

"I'm not joking," said the man shortly.

The grin faded on Johnny's face, and he hoped God would direct him to say the right thing. This could be dangerous. It suggested only one thing—a checkup—though in this season of good will you'd think people would be a bit more charitable, even if a man had slipped away for a few minutes for a drink. But that was the way of bosses everywhere. Even Christmas wasn't sacred to them. Johnny put on an appearance of great sternness. "Oho," he said. "I can't afford to do things like that. There's valuable property here belonging to the Gas Company. I could lose my job over a thing like that."

"You won't lose your job," the man said. "I won't leave here till you come back. If there's any trouble about it, I'll get you another job. I suppose it's money you want."

"I never asked you for anything," Johnny replied indignantly. "And I can't go home at this hour, with no bus to bring me back."

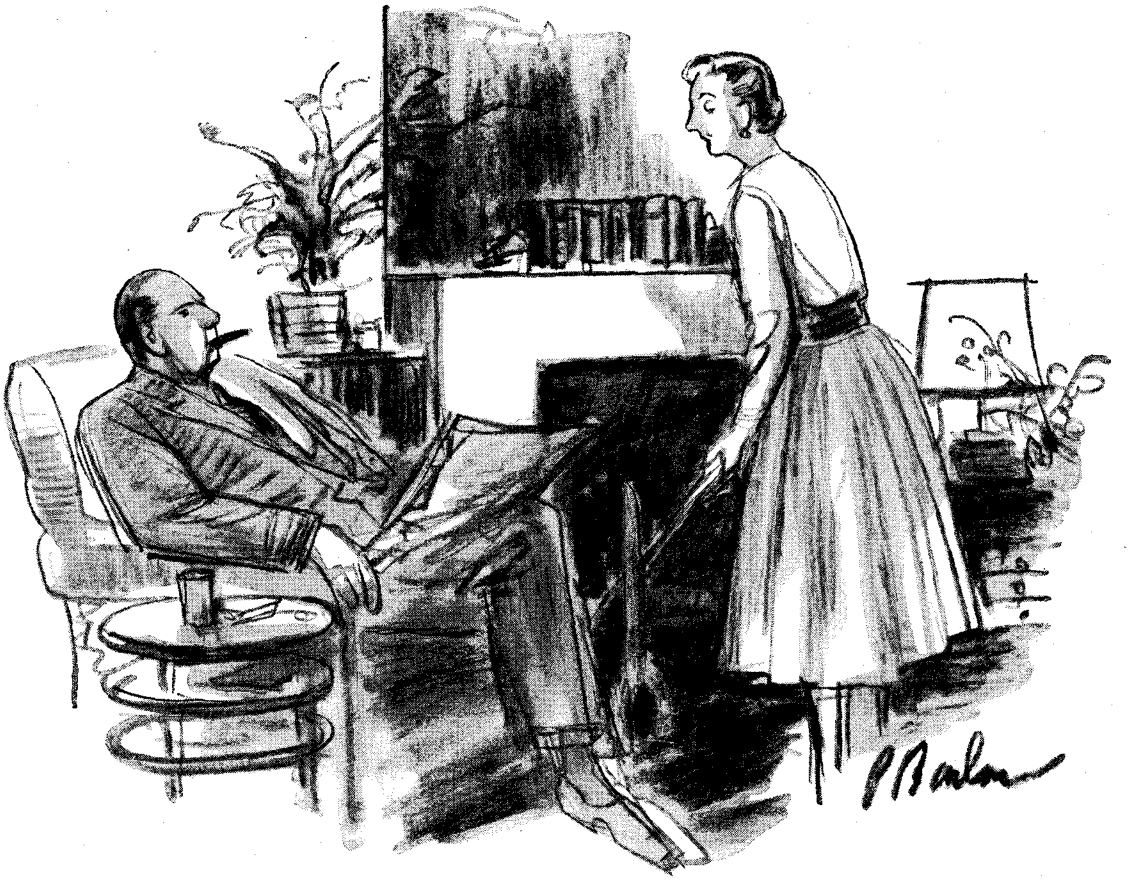
"I suppose there's other places you can go," the man replied. "There's a quid, and I won't expect you till two."

The sight of the money changed Johnny's view of the matter. If a rich man wanted to amuse himself doing Johnny's job for a while—a little weakness of rich men that Johnny had heard of in other connections—and was willing to pay for it, that was all right. Rich men had to have their little jokes. Or, of course, it could be a bet.

"Oh, well," he said, rising and giving himself a shake, "so long as there's no harm in it!" He hadn't seen the man go into the house where they were having the party, so he must live there. "I suppose it's a joke?" he added, looking at the man out of the corner of his eye.

"It's no joke to me," the man said gloomily.

"Oh, I wasn't being inquisitive, of



"I can't understand why you keep fretting, John. Automation or no automation, there will always be a Chairman of the Board."

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course," Johnny said hastily. "But I see there was to be a party in the house. I thought it might be something to do with that."

"There's your quid," said the man. "You needn't be back till three unless you want to. I won't get much sleep anyway."

Johnny thanked him profusely and left in high good humor. He foresaw that the man would probably be of great use to him sometime. A man who could offer to get you a job just like that was not to be slighted. And besides he had an idea of how he was going to spend the next hour or so, at least, and a very pleasant way it was. He took a bus to Ringsend to the house of Tim Coakley, the postman. Tim, though a good deal younger, was very friendly with him, and he was an expansive man who loved any excuse for a party.

As Johnny expected, Tim, already on his way to bed, welcomed him with his two arms out and a great shout of laughter. He was bald and fat, with a high-pitched voice. Johnny showed Tim and his wife the money, and announced that he was treating them to a dozen of stout. Like the decent man he was, Tim didn't want to take the money for the stout from Johnny, but Johnny insisted. "Wait till I tell you, man!" he said triumphantly. "The like of it never happened before in the whole history of the Gas Company."

AS Johnny told the story, it took close on half an hour, though this included Mrs. Coakley's departure and return with the dozen of stout. And then the real pleasure began, because the three of them had to discuss what it all meant. Why was the gentleman in the big coat sitting in the cold of the square looking at the lights and listening to the noise of the party in his own home? It was a real joy to Johnny to hear his friend analyze it, for Tim had a powerful intellect, full of novel ideas, and in no time what had begun as a curious incident in a watchman's life was beginning to expand into a romance, a newspaper case. Tim at once ruled out the idea of a joke. What would be the point in a joke like that? A bet was the more likely possibility. It could be that the man had bet someone he could take the watchman's place for the best part of the night without being detected, but in Tim's view there was one fatal flaw in this explanation. Why would the man wear a coat as conspicuous as the one that Johnny had described? There would be big money on a wager like that, and the man would be bound to try and disguise himself better. No, there must be another explanation, and as Tim drank more stout, his imagination played over the theme with greater audacity and logic, till Johnny himself began to feel uncomfortable. He began to perceive that it might be a more serious matter than he had thought.

"We've agreed that it isn't a joke," said Tim, holding up one finger. "We've agreed that it isn't a bet," he added, holding up another finger. "There is only one explanation that covers the whole facts," he said, holding up his open hand. "The man is watching the house."

"Watching his own house?" Johnny asked incredulously.

"Exactly. Why else would he pay you good money to sit in your box? A man like that, that could go to his club and be drinking champagne and playing cards all night in the best of company? Isn't it plain that he's doing it only to have cover?"

"So 'twould seem," said Johnny meekly, like any interlocutor of Socrates.

"Now, the next question is: Who is he watching?" said Tim.

"Just so," said Johnny with a mystified air.

"So we ask ourselves: Who would a man like that be watching?" Tim went on triumphantly.

"Burglars," said Mrs. Coakley.

"Burglars?" her husband asked with quiet scorn. "I suppose they'd walk in the front door?"

"He might be watching the cars, though," Johnny said. "There's a lot of them young hooligans around, breaking into cars. I seen them."

"Ah, Johnny, will you have sense?" Tim asked wearily. "Look, if that was all the man wanted, couldn't he give you a couple of bob to keep an eye on the cars? For the matter of that, couldn't he have a couple of plainclothesmen round the square? Not at all, man! He's watching somebody, and

WRITING

The cursive crawl, the squared-off characters,
these by themselves delight, even without
a meaning, in a foreign language, in
Chinese, for instance, or when skaters curve
all day across the lake, scoring their white
records in ice. Being intelligible,
these winding ways with their audacities
and delicate hesitations, they become
miraculous, so intimately—out there
at the pen's point or brush's tip—do world
and spirit wed. The small bones of the wrist
balance against great skeletons of stars
exactly; the blind bat surveys his way
by echo alone. Still, the point of style
is character. The universe induces
a different tremor in every hand, from the
check forger's to that of the Emperor
Hui Tsung, who called his own calligraphy
the "Slender Gold." A nervous man
writes nervously of a nervous world, and so on.

Miraculous. It is as though the world
were a great writing. Having said so much,
let us allow there is more to the world
than writing; continental faults are not
bare convoluted fissures in the brain.
Not only must the skaters soon go home;
also the hard inscription of their skates
is scored across the open water, which long
remembers nothing, neither wind nor wake.

—Howard Nemerov

• •

what I say is, the one he's watching is his own wife."

"His wife?" Johnny exclaimed, aghast. "What would he want to watch his wife for?"

"Because he thinks someone is going to that house tonight that should not be there. Someone that wouldn't come at all unless he knew the husband was out. So what does the husband do? He pretends to go out, but instead of that he hides in a watchman's box across the road and waits for him. What other explanation is there?"

"Now, couldn't it be someone after his daughter?" said Johnny.

"What daughter?" Tim asked, hurt at Johnny's lack of logic. "What would a well-to-do man like that do if his daughter was going with a fellow he considered unsuitable? First, he would give the daughter a clock in the jaw, and then he would say to the maid or butler or whoever he have, 'If a Mr. Murphy comes to this house again looking for Miss Alice, kindly tell him she is not at home.' That's all he'd do, and that would be the end of your man. No, Johnny, the one he's watching is the wife, and I can only hope it won't get you into any trouble."

"You don't think I should tell the bobbies about it?" Johnny asked in alarm.

"What *could* you tell the bobbies, though?" Tim asked. "That there was a man in your box that paid you a quid to let him use it? What proof have you that a crime is going to be committed? None! All this is only suspicion. There's nothing you can do now, only let things take their course till two o'clock, and then I'll go round with you and see what really happened."

"But what could happen?" Johnny asked irritably.

"He sounds to me like a desperate man," Tim said gravely.

"Oh, desperate entirely," agreed his wife, who was swallowing it all like a box of creams.

"You don't mean you think he might do him in?" asked Johnny.

"Him, or the wife, Johnny," said Tim. "Or both. Of course, it's nothing to do with you what he does," he added comfortingly. "Whatever it is, you had neither hand, act, nor part in it. It is only the annoyance of seeing your name in the papers."

"A man should never take advice from anybody," Johnny commented bitterly, opening another bottle of stout. Johnny was not a drinking man, but he was worried. He valued his own blameless character, and he knew there were people bad enough to pretend he ought not to have left his post for a couple of hours, even at Christmastime, when everybody was visiting friends. He was not a scholar like Tim, and nobody had warned him of the desperate steps that rich men took when their wives acted flighty.

"Come on," Tim said, putting on his coat. "I'm coming with you."

"Now, I don't want your name dragged into this," Johnny protested. "You have a family to think of, too."

"I'm coming with you, Johnny," Tim said in a deep voice, laying his hand on Johnny's arm. "We're old friends, and friends stick together. Besides, as a postman, I'm more accustomed to this sort of thing than you are. You're a simple man. You might say the wrong thing. Leave it to me to answer the questions."

Johnny was grateful and said so. He was a simple man, as Tim said, and, walking back through the sleeping town, expecting to see police cordons and dead bodies all over the place, he was relieved to have a levelheaded fellow like Tim along with him. As they approached the square and their steps perceptibly slowed, Tim suggested in a low voice that Johnny should stand at the corner of the square while he himself scouted round to see if everything was all right. Johnny agreed, and stopped at the corner. Everything seemed quiet enough. There were only two cars outside the house. There were lights still burning in it, but though the windows were open, as though to clear the air, there was no sound from within. His brazier still burned bright and even in the darkness under the trees of the park. Johnny wished he had never left it.

He saw Tim cross to the other side of the road and go slowly by the brazier. Then Tim stopped and said something, but Johnny could not catch the words. After a few moments, Tim went on, turned the corner, and came back round the square. It took him close on ten minutes, and when he reached Johnny it was clear that something was wrong.

"What is it?" Johnny asked in agony.

"Nothing, Johnny," Tim said sadly. "But do you know who that man is?"

"Sure I told you I never saw him before," said Johnny.

"I know him," said Tim. "That's Hardy that owns the big stores in George's Street. It's his house. The man must be worth hundreds of thousands."

"But what about his wife, man?" asked Johnny.

"Ah, his wife died ten years ago. He's a most respectable man. I don't know what he's doing here, but it's nothing for you to fret about. I'm glad for everyone's sake. Good night, Johnny."

"Good night, Tim, and thanks, thanks!" cried Johnny, his heart already lighter.

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

". . . and I wanna set of matched clubs, and a hi-fi set, and a Jaguar, and a case of bourbon, and a power mower, and a . . ."

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THE Gas Company's property and his reputation were both secure. The strange man had not killed his wife or his wife's admirer, because the poor soul, having been dead for ten years, couldn't have an admirer for her husband or anyone else to kill. And now he could sit in peace by his brazier and watch the dawn come up over the decent city of Dublin. The relief was so sharp that he felt himself superior to Tim. It was all very well for postmen to talk about the interesting life they led, but they hadn't the same experiences as watchmen. Watchmen might seem simple to postmen, but they had a wisdom of their own, a wisdom that came of the silence and darkness when a man is left alone with his thoughts, like a sailor aboard ship. Thinking of the poor man sitting like that in the cold under the stars watching a party at his own house, Johnny wondered that he could ever have paid attention to Tim. He approached his brazier smiling.

"Everything nice and quiet for you?" he asked.

"Except for some gasbag that stopped for a chat five minutes ago," the other replied with rancor. Johnny felt rather pleased to hear Tim described as a gasbag.

"I know the very man you mean," he said with a nod. "He's a nice poor fellow but he talks too much. Party all over?"

"Except for one couple," the other man said, rising from his box. "It's no use waiting for them. They'll probably be at it till morning."

"I daresay," said Johnny. "Why wouldn't you go in and have a chat with them yourself? You could do with a drink by this time, I suppose."

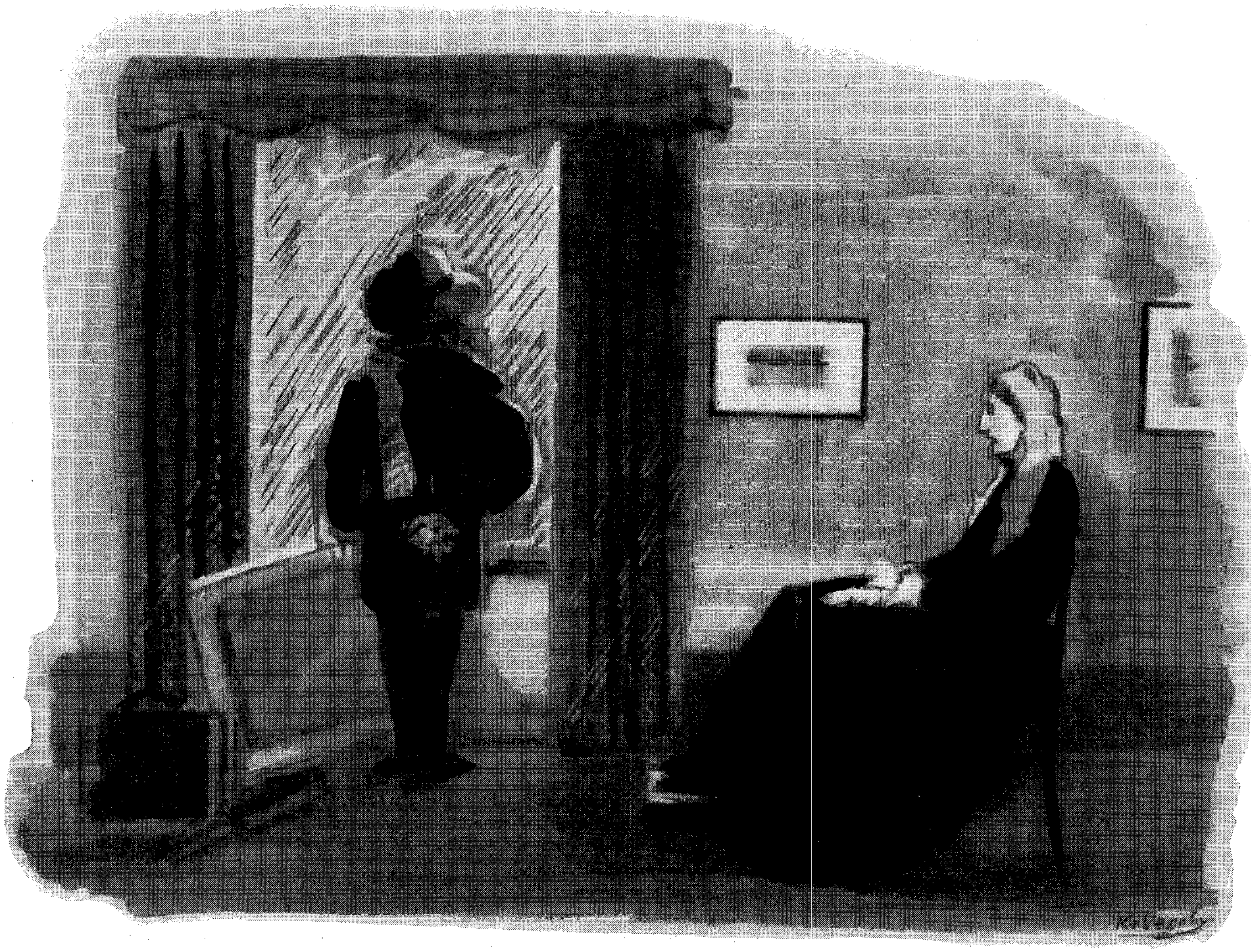
"A lot they care whether I could or not," the man said bitterly. "All that would happen is that they'd say 'Delighted to see you, Mr. Hardy' and then wait for me to go to bed."

"Ah, now, I wouldn't say that," said Johnny.

"I'm not asking whether you'd say it or not," said the other savagely. "I know it. Here I am, that paid for the party, sitting out here all night, getting my death of cold, and did my daughter or my son as much as come to the door to look for me? Did they even notice I wasn't there?"

"Oh, no, no," Johnny said politely, talking to him as if he were a ten-year-old in a tantrum—which, in a sense, Johnny felt he was. The man might have hundreds of thousands, as Tim said, but there was no difference in the world between him and a little boy sitting out in the back on a frosty night, deliberately trying to give himself pneumonia because his younger brother had got a penny and he hadn't. It was no use being hard on a man like that. "Children are very selfish, of course, but what you must remember is that fathers are selfish, too."

"Selfish?" the other exclaimed an-



"Surely, Son, you can find something to paint indoors."

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grily. "Do you know what those two cost me between private schools and colleges? Do you know what that one party tonight cost me? As much as you'd earn in a year!"

"Oh, I know, I know!" said Johnny, holding his hands up in distress. "I used to feel the same myself, after the wife died. I'd look at the son putting grease on his hair in front of the mirror, and I'd say to myself, 'That's my grease and that's my mirror, and he's going out to amuse himself with some little piece from the lanes, not caring whether I'm alive or dead!' And daughters are worse. You'd expect more from a daughter somehow."

"You'd expect what you wouldn't get," the other said gloomily. "There's that girl inside that I gave everything to, and she'd think more of some spotty college boy that never earned a pound in his life. And if I open my mouth, my children look at me as if they didn't know was I a fool or a lunatic."

"They think you're old-fashioned, of course," said Johnny. "I know. But all the same you're not being fair to them. Children can be fond enough of you, only you'd never see it till you didn't care whether they were or not. That was the mistake I made. If I might have got an old woman for myself after the Missis died, I'd have enjoyed myself more and seen it sooner. That's what you should do. You're a well-to-do man. You could knock down a very good time for yourself. Get some lively little piece to spend your money on who'll make a fuss over you, and then you won't begrudge it to them so much."

"Yes," said the other, "to have more of them wishing I was dead so that they could get at the rest of it."

He strode across the street without even a good night, and Johnny saw the flood of light on the high steps and heard the dull thud of the big door behind him.

Sitting by his brazier, waiting for the dawn over the city square, Johnny felt very fortunate, wise, and good. If ever the man listened to what he had said, he might be very good to Johnny: he might get him a proper job as an indoor watchman; he might even give him a little pension to show his appreciation. If only he took the advice—and it might sink in after a time—it would be worth every penny of it to him. Anyway, if only the job continued for another couple of days, the man would be bound to give him a Christmas box. Five bob. Ten bob. Even a quid. It would be nothing to a man like that.

Though a realist by conviction, Johnny, too, had his dreams.

—Frank O'Connor

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Loring Jensen, 32, 1714 5th St., Puyallup, was being held in Pierce county jail Wednesday on charges of driving while his license was revoked and using a falsified driver's license. Jensen was arrested by the state patrol at 84th and Portland Ave. Bail was set at $500.

Our food does not slide down when we swallow. It is carried to the stomach by a most complicated transportation system.

—*Tacoma News-Tribune.*

So is Jensen, for that matter. So are all of us.

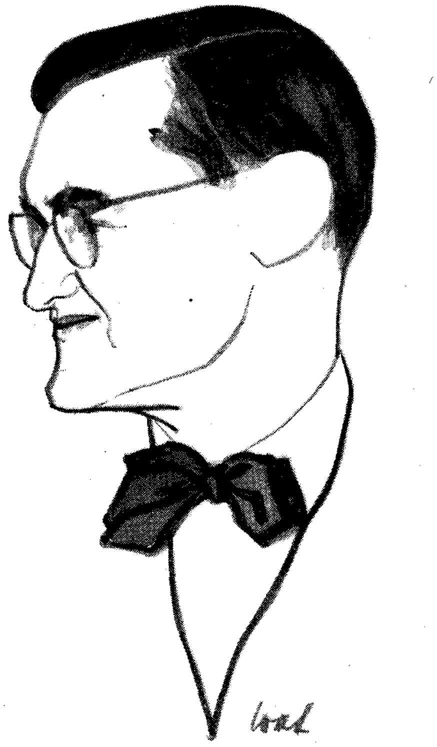
PROFILES

THE RESTLESS BAKER

PAUL DEAN ARNOLD, a lean, vibrant man of exhausting velocity, is at present regarded, with some awe, as the foremost phenomenon of the baking industry. By placing his trust in quality (a word still in good standing, though grievously buffeted by hucksters) and by sticking honey and eggs in his bread, he has built up a ten-million-dollar-a-year business—Arnold Bakers, Inc., in Port Chester—in the comparatively brief span of seventeen years. Arnold's companion in this venture has been his wife, a handsome, lively, quick-witted blonde named Betty, who acts as a brake, or steadying influence, on her husband's highly volatile energies. Besides serving as a member of the company's board of directors, Mrs. Arnold is its secretary and treasurer, and when she attends board meetings, she sits at one end of the directors' long conference table, holding a checkbook in an attitude of quiet defense, like an armed knight on a field where all others have been denuded of weapons. At the meetings, Arnold, as chairman of the board, does the great bulk of the talking, and ordinarily he puts forth two or three dozen suggestions for branching out, a couple of them bearing authentic marks of bakery genius and the others financially suicidal. After each of Arnold's more palpable miscues, the other board members, most of whom are prominent businessmen of one kind or another, fall uneasily silent, then turn, in unison, toward the treasurer, in the manner of spectators following the ball at a tennis match. Without speaking, Mrs. Arnold shakes her head, her expression slightly tinctured with pity, to signify that the subject is closed. "Well, then," cries Arnold, who is no man to be daunted by a rebuff, even from his wife, "let's take up the next item of business!"

It seems fair to say that in the last few years Arnold has shaken the town of Port Chester to its foundations. He is the leading spirit of nearly every civic and charitable organization in the area, and he has launched, and fought through to completion, so many programs of betterment that the residents, though certainly bettered, are suffering from a mild form of battle fatigue. At one time or another, he has been the principal officer, or the power behind the throne, of Port Chester's Rotary Club, Carver Center, United Hospital, Middle Income Housing Commission, Urban League of Westchester, Junior Achievement Program, Community Chest, Red Cross Fund Campaign, and Boy Scout Siwanoy Council, along with a variety of other activities. As a member of the Special Gifts Committee for the National Conference of Christians and Jews, he pitched in with such fury that, in 1950, the Port Chester B'nai B'rith awarded him its first plaque for "outstanding contribution to public service and unselfish devotion to the improvement of inter-faith and inter-racial relations." Arnold thanked the group, and then, feeling that a condition of hands-across-the-religions had been sufficiently well established, at least on the local level, set out with celerity to organize a campaign to raise money for the Boy Scouts.

In his office at the bakery, Arnold maintains two secretaries, one for corporate business and the other for civic affairs. He dictates to them alternately, at a dead run, and when important events are popping in both departments he is apt to get things snarled. By now, the girls are alert for crossed wires, and if the secretary typing a plea for the Urban League comes across a recipe for barbecue buns, she holds a discreet conference with her colleague, who may have some observations on middle-income housing in a letter to a Boston bakery-goods distributor. One of Arnold's warmest admirers is Anthony Posillipo, the town supervisor of Rye—a township whose geographic and political confines include the village of Port Chester. Posillipo has worked with Arnold on any number of civic drives, and this experience has taught him to be exceedingly wary about making commitments. "Dean always wants to do everything *right now*," Posillipo says, referring to Arnold—as his friends and family have always done—by his middle name. "You've got to be careful. One time, he was sitting in my office and I remarked, in some connection or other, 'Yes, we ought to conduct a survey on that.' Dean jumped up and said, 'Excellent! You take one side of the street and I'll take the other.' Well, we plodded around Port Chester for three solid days, and then I threw in the towel. I said, 'See here, Dean, I've got some other things to do. Haven't you?' He drew himself up a little stiffly and said, 'Right now I have nothing more pressing than to make this survey. Never mind. I'll canvass *both* sides.' "



Paul Dean Arnold

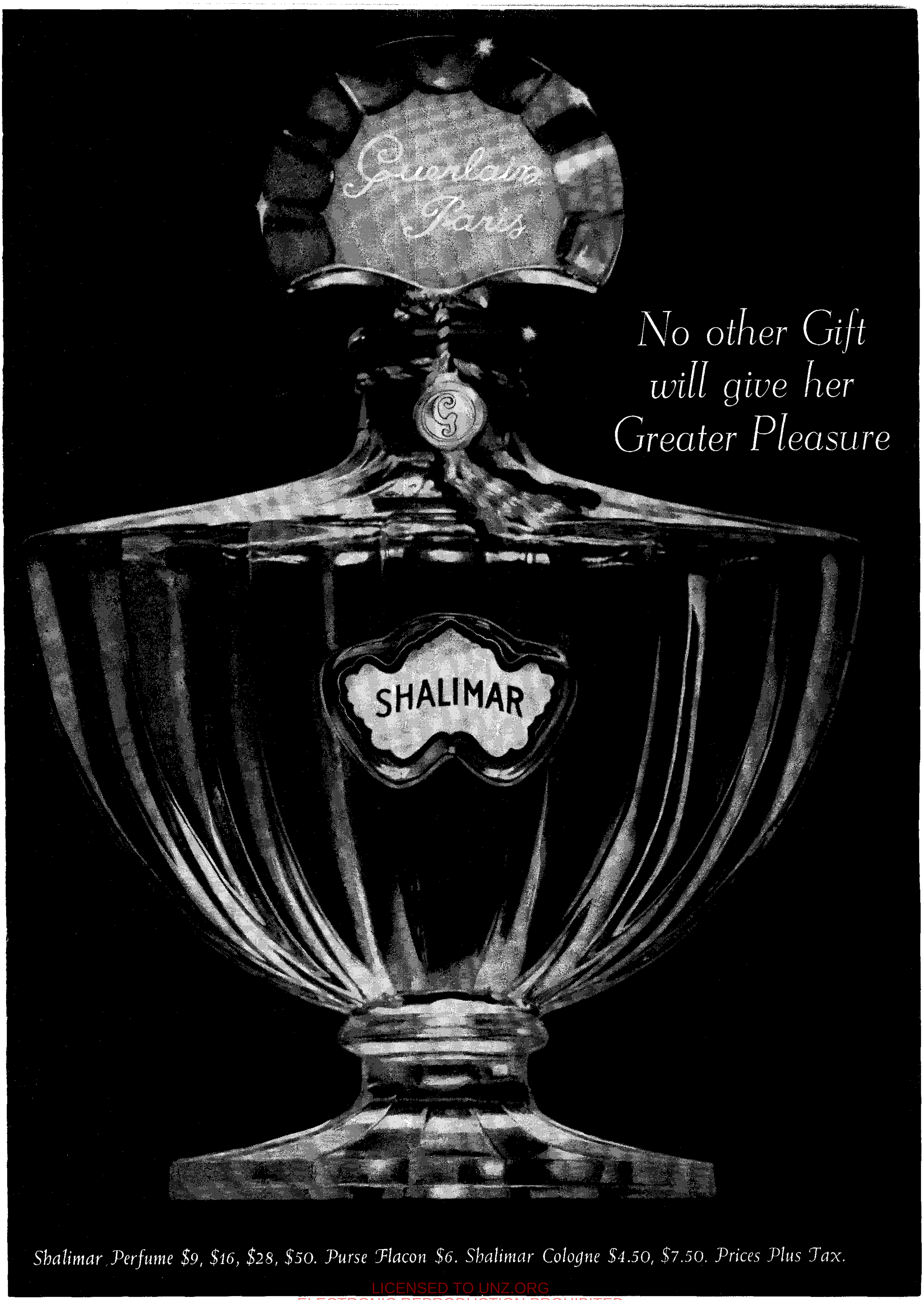
Arnold, who is now in his late forties, appears uncommonly youthful, possibly because the variety of his life, what with running a big baking company and straightening out Port Chester, leaves him no time in which to be bored. Civic betterment is, of course, a limitless field for action, and on the bakery side Arnold's uneasy search for perfection has opened surprising new vistas for bread. At the moment, the company is charging forward with a quick-freezing program that may well revolutionize the industry. In December, 1953, *Nation's Business*, in an article called "Cold Bread Is Hot News," remarked of the Port Chester outfit in general that it "bakes products of such unusually high quality that people are willing to pay several pennies extra per loaf," and went on to say that Arnold's quick-frozen bread, in particular, "has a fresher flavor 1,000 miles away from the bakery than an unfrozen loaf purchased a mile away," adding, "Arnold bread held for six months in a freezer tastes as buttery as when it was freshly baked." The hullabaloo over this frosty research is bringing Arnold a great deal of personal notice, but he modestly gives most of the credit to the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Arnold decided to freeze bread after reading Byrd's book "Discovery," which had to do with the explorer's second trip to Little America, in the early nineteen-thirties. Arnold got around to the book a bit tardily, but he was at once electrified by its implications, and especially by an anecdote Byrd related about dining in sub-zero temperatures. When the members of Byrd's first expedition, chilled to the bone, were preparing to vacate in 1930, they sat down in their hut to a hurried last meal of freshly baked bread. But the cold grew so bitter that they elected to scramble out only partly fed, lest they all freeze to death and thereby remove some of the gloss from the expedition's thus far worthy and well-publicized results. In 1934, when Byrd returned to Antarctica, he and his associates located their old hut, chopped away the ice, and found the leftover meal, seemingly intact. Logically enough, upon warming up the hut they resumed their dinner at the exact point where they had broken it off four years before, or, roughly, in mid-loaf. The significant fact here, from the bakery standpoint, was that Byrd pronounced the bread to be in Grade A condition.

After reading the book, Arnold began to organize a kind of polar expedition of his own. He installed a gigantic quick-freezer and storage plant in Port Chester, boned up on the techniques involved, and then, with an inspiration almost dazzling in its simplicity, hired Admiral Byrd. In 1953, the noted explorer became Arnold Bakers' vice-president in charge of the Frozen Products Division, a position he held until his death last March. A characteristic footnote to this gelid expansion of Arnold's is that once he had set up his exciting new program, he could scarcely wait to give it away. He mimeographed detailed instructions for the freezing process, together with drawings of his plant, and mailed them to bakers all over the world. And Admiral Byrd, encouraged by his boss, spent much of his corporate energy singling out distress areas to which frozen bread could be rushed with the best charitable effect. All in all, he and Arnold had a ripping good time, at considerable expense to the company. For one example, they sent, in the freezers of transatlantic ships, twenty thousand loaves to West Germany for refugees from the Russian Zone.

ARNOLD established a baking business of his own because he had—as he still has—a very serious allergy to flour.

PEACE ON EARTH
GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN
Cem

The full story of his triumphant contention, in partnership with his wife, against adversity is a success epic in the finest American tradition, though it has a number of atypical variations. For one thing, both Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, as children, suffered from the handicap of living in a milieu of substantial wealth. It has been remarked by psychologists that the offspring of the rich are apt to blossom without initiative and, to go a step further, that many second- and third-generation Americans of means behave in public like candidates for observation. An onward-and-upward thriller with the Arnolds as its raw material would have to be presented under the title "From Riches to Rags and Back." Arnold, the dynamo of the husband-and-wife team, was born on Staten Island in 1908, a member of a pioneer family that includes among its forebears a seventeenth-century Colonial Governor of Rhode Island named Benedict Arnold, and also *the* Benedict Arnold, who, before his memorable defection, was quite possibly America's second-best combat general. Dean's father, William Arnold, was a former Syracuse lawyer who performed feats of strength as a hobby and who took quiet pride in having starred at halfback for five years at Syracuse University. The stint, so Arnold's father always said, included his senior year in high school, and produced, altogether, an uncommon situation even for a period when athletic rules were slack. In his first, or sub-freshman, year, he would wind up his high-school studies for the week, then hop on his bike, ride out to the U., and lead Syracuse to victory over somebody like Princeton or Cornell. At the end of an afternoon of listening, with an understandable glow, to cheers affirming his unique popularity at the university, he would be demoted to high school again. The only person to view this arrangement sourly was the high school's coach, who felt that with Ar-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nold at halfback on *his* squad he could easily have beaten any other school around, and probably, in a pinch, Syracuse.

Dean's mother, born Olga Mildeberger Little, had been orphaned at an early age, with nothing to console her but a thick sheaf of inherited gold-mining stock, which was thought to be worthless—though beautifully engraved—and the kindly hospitality of wealthy relatives in Greenwich, which she accepted. She was a New Yorker by birth; the Flatiron Building stands on the old Mildeberger farm, once her family's acres. When Miss Little was a young woman, the gold stock turned out to be a bonanza and she found herself a near-millionairess. Dean's father met and married her in 1906, when he moved from Syracuse to New York to go into the insurance business. It should be noted that Dean's mother was one of those rare and fortunate persons who possess what the late Alva Johnston described, in reference to W. C. Fields, as inborn, or legitimate, nonchalance. For instance, nearly all her dispositions of money inclined to the bizarre. She acted on impulse, and was obliged to take the consequences, which she did with supreme indifference. At one point, for reasons lost to posterity (and certainly in no way connected with her son's present calling), she decided to finance her husband and two of his Syracuse friends in the establishment of a yeast business on Staten Island, and no sooner had she spent ninety thousand dollars on a factory than vandals, believed to be in the hire of a rival company, blew it up with dynamite. The loss was total.

Dean grew up in Greenwich and New Rochelle, attending public schools, and then went on to Columbia, enrolling in the School of Business. One of the boy's chief aims at college was to play football in the style made memorable by his father at Syracuse, but he never advanced beyond center on the third team. His teammates recall that it was not for lack of trying. The truth is that his zeal—the kind of passion he eventually focussed on bread—was the very thing that unhorsed him. One afternoon, having brought off the noteworthy accomplishment of sprinting a hundred yards in ten seconds while wearing a football suit, he attempted to better it, and fell down in a heap, with a grinding pain in his legs. "What is it, Doc? Which tendon did I pull?" he asked an examining physician in the dressing room. "To the best of my belief, all of them," the doctor re-

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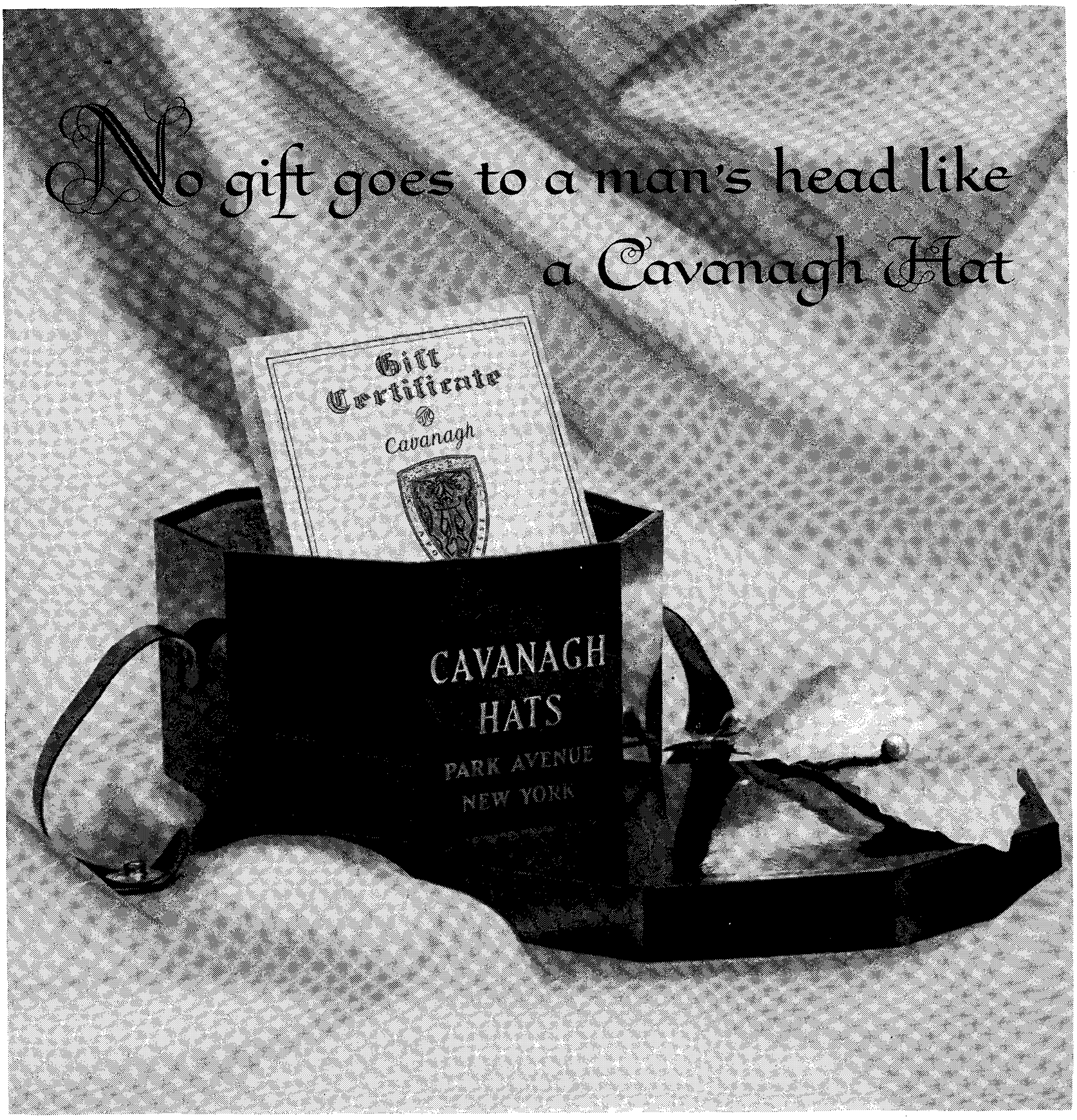
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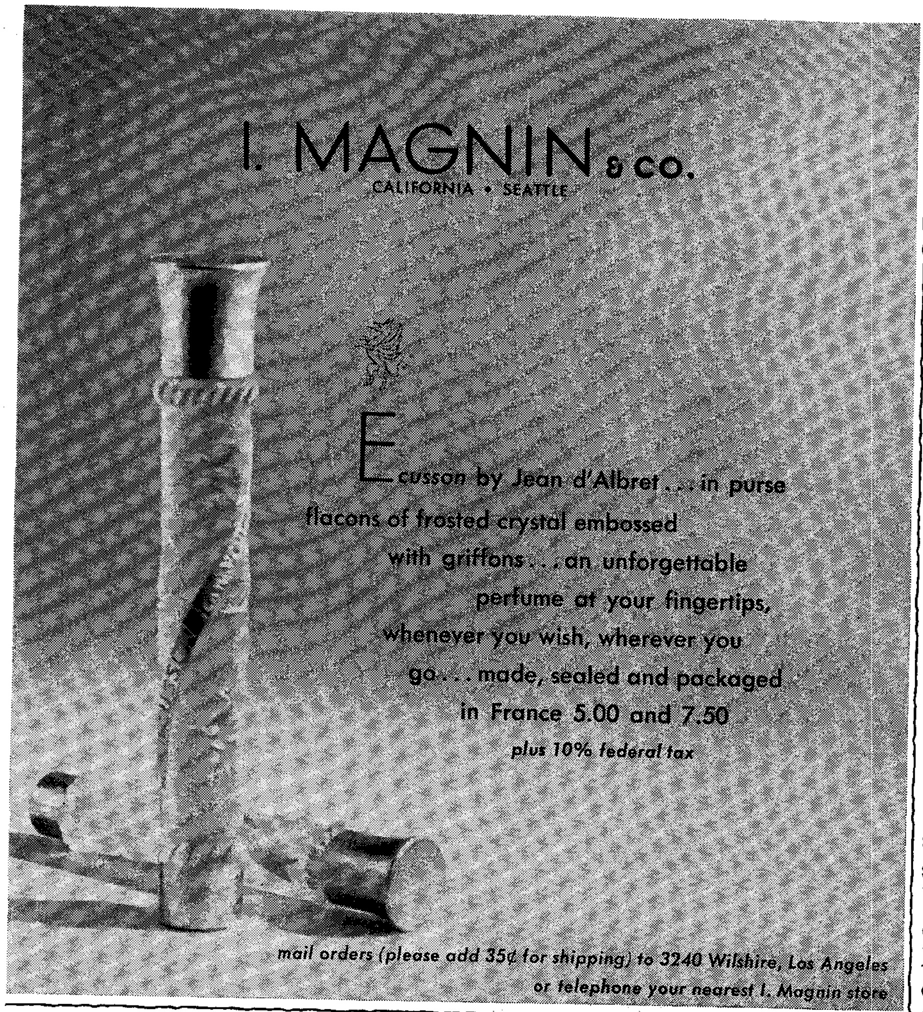

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plied. After that, the youth's football career levelled off on a semi-crippled plateau; he played, but if he ran too fast, he was apt to start coming unglued. This was seen as a shame around Columbia, because Dean, though he weighed only a little over a hundred and sixty pounds, had an explosive approach to football, and to sports generally, that might well have enabled him to carry on his father's tradition. Indeed, it was a harkback to his father's old feats of strength that first won Dean notice in his professional life after college. He emerged from Columbia in 1930, with the black cloud of depression hanging over the land. He had learned a lot about business administration, but it seemed likely that there would soon be very few businesses left to administer. So when a New Rochelle neighbor—Frederick Beers, president of the National Biscuit Company—offered him a job in Nabisco's Manhattan baking plant, he grabbed it, on the theory that, with bread lines enjoying an unprecedented boom, baking was one of the surest bets extant. The young graduate started off in fig newtons, but when it became known that he was the only man on the premises who could (with a little help from a colleague) lift a six-hundred-pound tin of muscat raisins comfortably clear of the floor, he was quickly promoted to fruitcakes.

Though Arnold is a modest man, he freely admits that he established a legend at National Biscuit—as the most miserable employee in the long history of the company. He had scarcely settled down in the job when his allergy to flour became manifest. From then on, he suffered, with regularity, sneezing and coughing fits, inflamed eyes, congestion of the lungs, and other symptoms, and often they endured for hours after he had left the plant. The situation was both baffling and distressing, particularly since Arnold quickly showed high promise as a baker. After a couple of years of working his way through various departments, he helped solve a fermentation problem having to do with "greenness," or lack of development, in "the sponge"—as the basic mixture of dough (flour, water, and yeast) in its early, unseasoned stage is called—that had plagued the cracker industry since its inception. Also, he mastered the subtle and difficult art of "cracker-peeling"—an accomplishment that in baking circles more or less separates the sheep from the goats. A competent peeler adroitly thrusts a wooden paddle under a sheet of crackers—in the dough form, as they come down a conveyor

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belt—and pops them into a "reel," or revolving oven, without spilling any. The secret lies in the wrist.

ALTOGETHER, Arnold's progress was so satisfactory that late in 1932, after only two years at National Biscuit, he resolved to get married to Miss Betty Wells, whom he had met as a blind date at a time when she was working for a New Rochelle stockbroker. Though momentarily in trade, Miss Wells was residing with an aunt in a mansion on the Sound. Moreover, her family, on her mother's side, was in a position to lay claim to the Camden-Philadelphia bridge, which had been built across the Delaware in 1926, after a controversy of sorts. Her father, Charles Foss Wells, was a buyer for Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, and her mother, Bessie Elsie Miller, was a distant relative of Marie Antoinette. It was through this connection that the bridge ruckus began. A niece of the French Queen—Marie Ferrera Benoit, who was Miss Wells' great-great-grandmother—came to America in 1825 and somehow or other came into possession of deeds to a great deal of land along the New Jersey-Pennsylvania border. When it was proposed that the bridge be built, things were held up a considerable while over clouded property rights; then the work went ahead, even though nothing had been settled in very clear-cut fashion. Some members of Mrs. Arnold's family feel today that they could close the bridge if they wished to bear down with all legal batteries firing, but they have no immediate plans for doing so—a tolerant attitude not wholly consistent with the outlook of their high-flown ancestor. Arnold, during his courtship, was not aware of Miss Wells' kinship to Marie Antoinette, who, it will be recalled, had a mild anti-bread bias, in favor of cake, but he believes that it would have made no difference if he had been. Miss Wells, for her part, was inclined to view his suit with approval only after his family underwent ruinous financial reverses. His mother, not content with the collapse of her Staten Island venture into yeast, had shifted the rest of her fortune into an insurance stock that was scheduled to go up, but it went down and she lost everything. "I thought them very silly when they were rich, but when they got poor I liked the way they all pitched in," Mrs. Arnold has since said of her in-laws. She agreed to review Dean's case.

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mother—who in 1918 had divorced her first husband and married a Bostonian, Harry Reeves Wood—took the insurance-stock blow with commendable aplomb. "Just how bad is it?" asked Dean, who was living at home, along with a younger brother, Ted, and a half sister, Joan. "I have the impression that we still own the furniture," his mother replied. "But I expect we'll have to move."

Dean and Ted borrowed a truck from a woodcutter, tossed in several elegant period pieces, and drove to the home of an uncle, Herbert Nichols, who was a gentleman farmer in Armonk. "Hello, Uncle Bert. Mother's gone bust. Can you put us up?" Dean said. "Oh, that's all right," Uncle Bert replied. "There's a gardener's cottage, or something, down that far drive. Just make yourselves comfortable." In numerous trips, Dean and Ted moved the furnishings of the New Rochelle house—fifteen roomfuls of them—to the gardener's cottage, and then installed their mother, Mr. Wood, Joan, a nurse from their childhood days named Mary, and themselves, along with three Great Danes and a scattering of lesser animals.

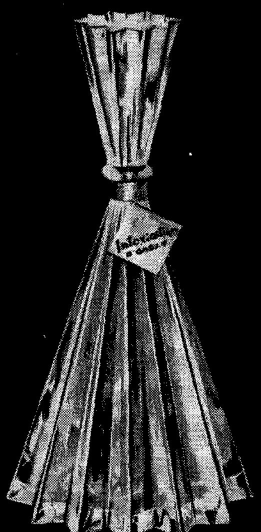
It was a tight squeeze and the times were tough, but no one complained about the departed fortune. Arnold is not convinced that Mr. Wood ever knew the money was gone; he was a dreamer and absent-minded, and he disliked fixing his mind on mundane trivialities. He knew they had moved, all right, but nobody bothered to tell him why. Fortunately, Ted was able to supplement Dean's income from National Biscuit by digging up Uncle Bert's topsoil and selling it to golf courses. One of the first things Dean did after the move was to invite Miss Wells to Armonk for an extended visit. She stayed long enough to accept her host's proposal of marriage. The young couple selected a pastor—in Wilmington, Delaware—who was related to the bride, on the understanding that he would make them a present of the wedding fee; then, borrowing Uncle Bert's old Cadillac, they drove to his home for the ceremony, taking all the Armonk crowd except Mr. Wood, having asked Dean's father instead.

NOW began Arnold's first serious essays at baking on his own. With his bride, he built a brick oven in the yard at Armonk and began to experiment with old-fashioned, "hearthstone" methods and ingredients. He refined the recipes, adding this and subtracting that, and was coming on splendidly when, in 1935, National Biscuit transferred him to Portland, Maine, as baking superintendent of its plant there, and jumped his salary from a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to fifty dollars a week. The transfer was, he acknowledges, an expression of confidence in his leadership, and it was with a feeling of great pride that, after he and his wife had gone up to Portland and found an apartment, he mounted a rostrum in the plant and prepared to address his eighty employees. To his dismay, he found that the floury atmosphere had caused him to lose his voice entirely; nothing came out but a thin, incoherent wheeze. He was obliged to conduct the meeting by scribbling down notes, which another man—a baker in the chocolate-cookie division—read off. Taking a dispatch from the (as it were) speaker, the baker would call out, "New superintendent says he's glad to see us and knows we'll get along fine," and there would be an answering round of applause, which Arnold viewed as a tribute more to his text than to his delivery.

This was only the start of Arnold's trouble in Portland. His allergy soon set in with poisonous effect. The plant's old timecards show that he worked an average of eighty-four hours a week, and on many occasions he literally collapsed on the job. He bought a carton of Cubebs, a medicated cigarette thought to be a kind of foggy specific for asthma and hay fever, and smoked them incessantly, but there was only slight improvement. The Arnolds' apartment was within view of the plant, and Mrs. Arnold made a practice of watching her husband's office window in the evenings. When his light went off, she would wait a suitable interval and then, if he had failed to show up, go out on the street to look for him. Usually, she would spot him sitting on the curb, coughing. She would lug him home, prop him up in bed, and tend him through the night as he fought for breath. Finally, in high dudgeon, she sat down and wrote to Arnold's former neighbor and benefactor—Beers, the company president. "Dear Fred," her letter went, Beers being an old friend of hers, too. "If you can't put Dean in a position where he won't breathe flour, kindly fire him. With best regards, Betty Arnold." After thinking it all over, Beers reluctantly fired Arnold, in January, 1940, and thereby did him a good turn of incalculable worth. With six hundred dollars in severance pay—which represented their

MONA LISA HAD A SMILE

BUT...YOU HAVE



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total resources—the Arnolds drove back to Armonk in a third-hand Pierce-Arrow they'd acquired, stoked up their experimental brick oven, and prepared to go into business on their own. They hoped that by operating on a small scale, with a comparatively tiny amount of flour, they could stave off the disruptive allergy; in any case, Arnold, voicing what has come to be his basic philosophy, said at the time, "All I know is baking, and a baker's got to bake."

After a few weeks of further practice (and of settling on the recipes they meant to use), the Arnolds were ready to find a proper center of operations. They decided—correctly, as it developed—that Arnold's old stamping ground of Greenwich and environs would serve them best, as the region where he had been well known to storekeepers in the palmy days before the insurance-stock disaster. They tramped the streets of town after town in the vicinity in search of an abandoned bakery, and eventually found a moldering brick oven, two stories high and lined with English tile, in the rear of a stucco house at 9 Finney Lane, in the Italian section of Stamford. They struck a bargain with the owner, Dominick Telesco—twenty dollars a month for the oven, the money to come out of any possible earnings. Then the entire Armonk ménage—Arnold's mother, Ted, Joan, Mary, and even Mr. Wood (who, as usual, seemed a little vague about where he was going and why)—came down and gave the bakery two coats of whitewash. There now began the tedious chore of bringing the oven up to heat—at the rate of only ten degrees a day, to avoid cracking it. Besides the painting, there were, of course, numberless trifling odd jobs to do in preparation for baking, and Arnold and his wife selected from among the many idly curious that their hubbub drew an eleven-year-old boy, Tony Lupinacci, to serve as errand-runner and all-round helper. Lupinacci today, at twenty-eight, is the high-salaried superintendent of the Arnold warehouse and the oldest employee of the company in point of service.

One day in March, 1940, the first Arnold bread—two dozen loaves, precursors of the hundred and twenty-five thousand loaves the company now bakes every day—came out of the oven, somewhat prematurely; that is, viewing it, the Arnolds were suddenly aware that they hadn't the least notion what to do with it. Though once wealthy, Arnold's family had never been thought acute in a business way; the explosion in his father's Staten Island yeast plant was a

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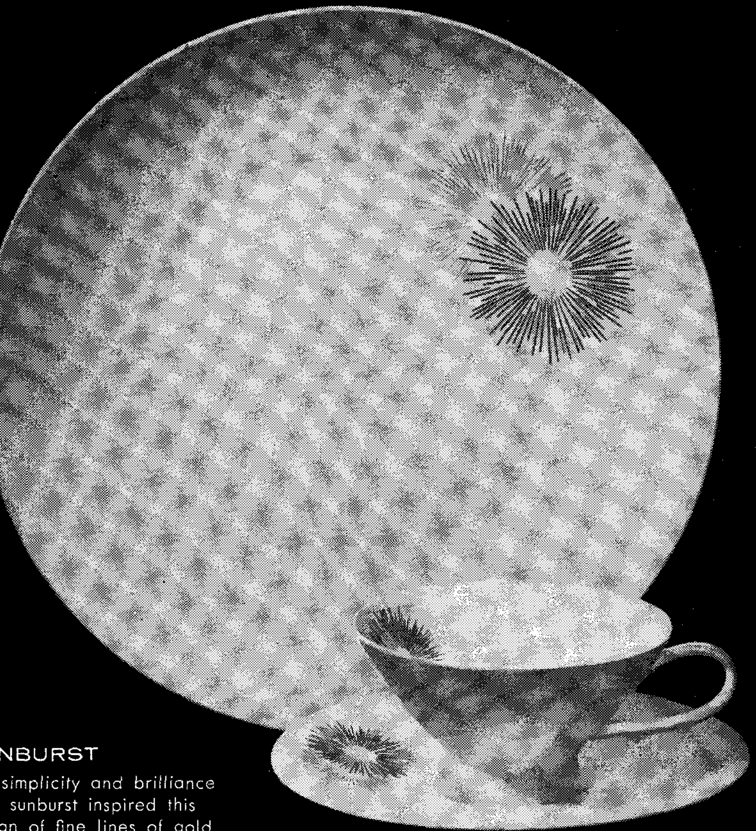

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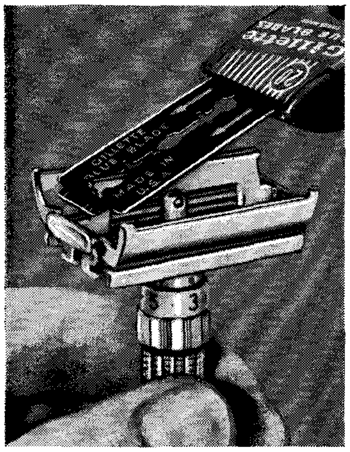

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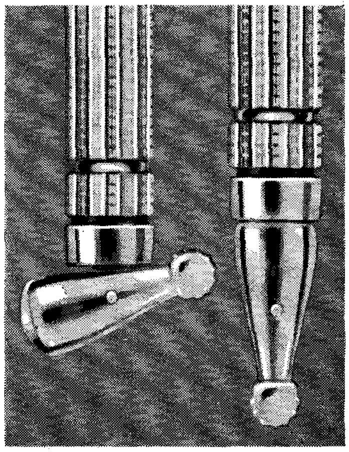
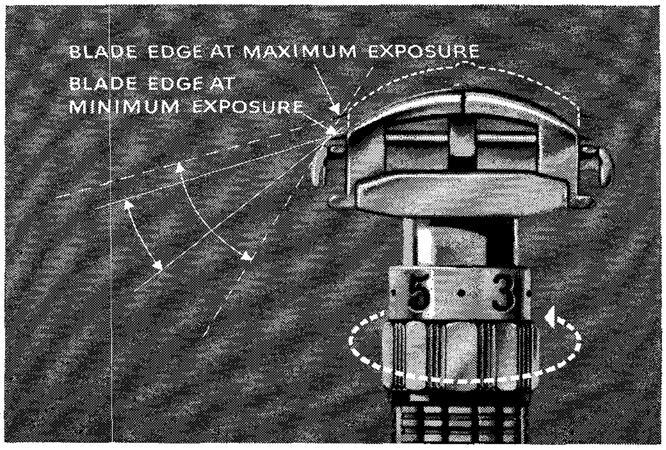


CONVENIENT! You just flick end of handle to open razor—part way for instant cleaning, all the way for fast blade changing.


BLADE EDGE AT MAXIMUM EXPOSURE
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case in point. Even so, it fell to Mrs. Wood to ring the tocsin with what everybody agreed was a luminous observation. "You know," she said, "I think we ought to try and sell it. I mean, we can hardly be expected to eat two dozen loaves ourselves." Arnold, his wife, Mrs. Wood, Ted, and Joan thereupon fanned out to peddle the bread in the Strawberry Hill district of Stamford. Of the group, Mrs. Wood disposed of the largest amount—five loaves. She was costumed very expensively, in a getup that included a broadtail coat, and there was unanimous agreement that she made an incongruous picture, particularly in view of her sales talk, which went (after a rap on a door): "I say, would you care to buy some freshly baked bread? It's rather dearer than the common run." Ordinary bread was then selling for ten cents a loaf; Arnold and his wife charged fifteen cents each for their loaves, which were baked slowly, in accordance with his almost fanatic beliefs on the subject, and, unprecedentedly, had as their main ingredients unbleached flour, milk, eggs, honey, and table butter.

Not all the first loaves sold; the remainder were taken, on consignment, by a sympathetic grocer on Main Street, Ernest Granelli, who made a point of pushing them over the weekend. One of the reasons for Arnold's present raging civic spirit is his conviction that in the early days everybody he met helped him get started. As the baking continued, and the sales routes lengthened, the family ran into many old acquaintances. In Greenwich, calling on Mayer Cohen, who ran a grocery store, Arnold had his spiel interrupted when the proprietor came out from behind the counter and said, "Aren't you Olga Little's son? I used to braid her hair when she was on the way to school. Leave the bread." During the Arnolds' first months in business, all their operations were primitive. Mrs. Arnold wrapped the loaves in wax paper, sealing its edges together with an ordinary electric iron; since bread is mostly baked at night, to insure its freshness for the next day's consumption, she ironed from six in the evening until daylight the next morning, ultimately working up—or down—to the point where she was ironing nineteen hundred loaves nightly. "Our first modernization came when a flour salesman bought Betty a small travel iron, which was easier to use because it was lighter," Arnold says. For a while, the whole family put in about twenty-two hours a day at the

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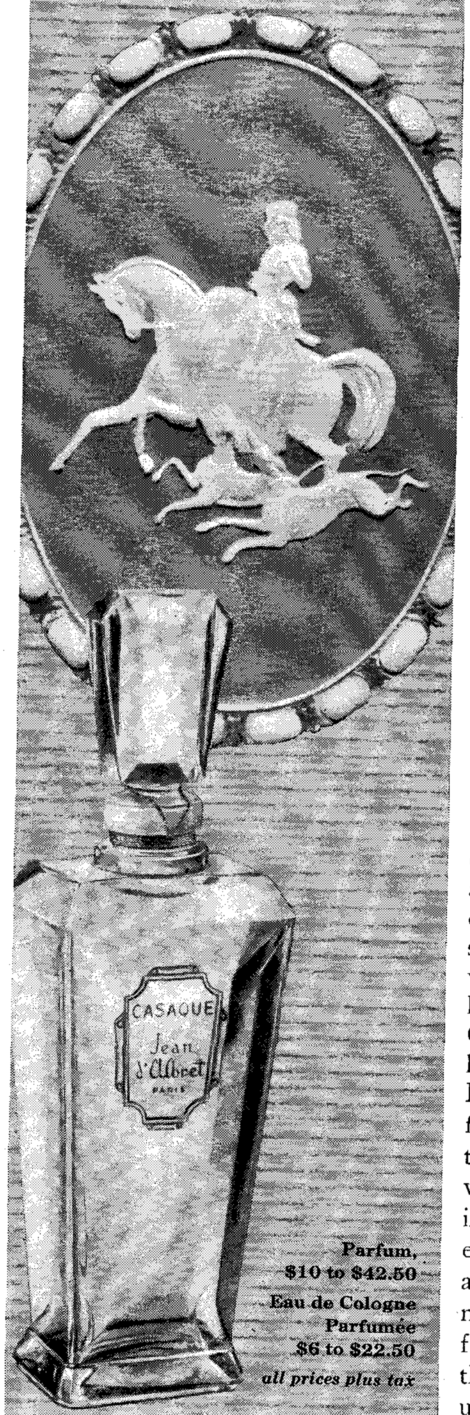

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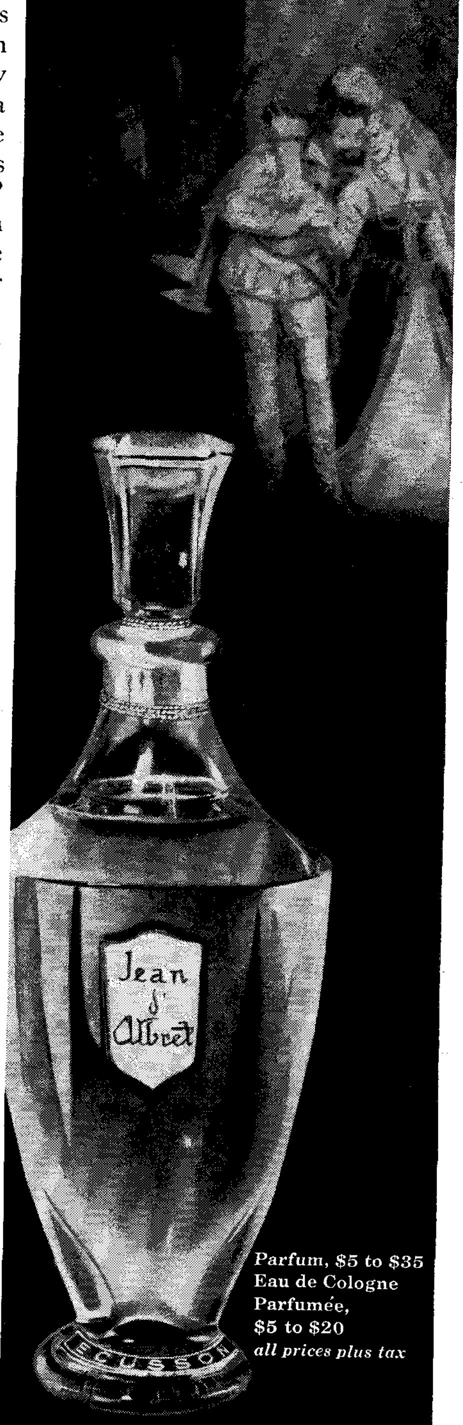

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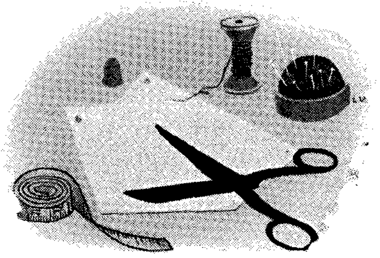
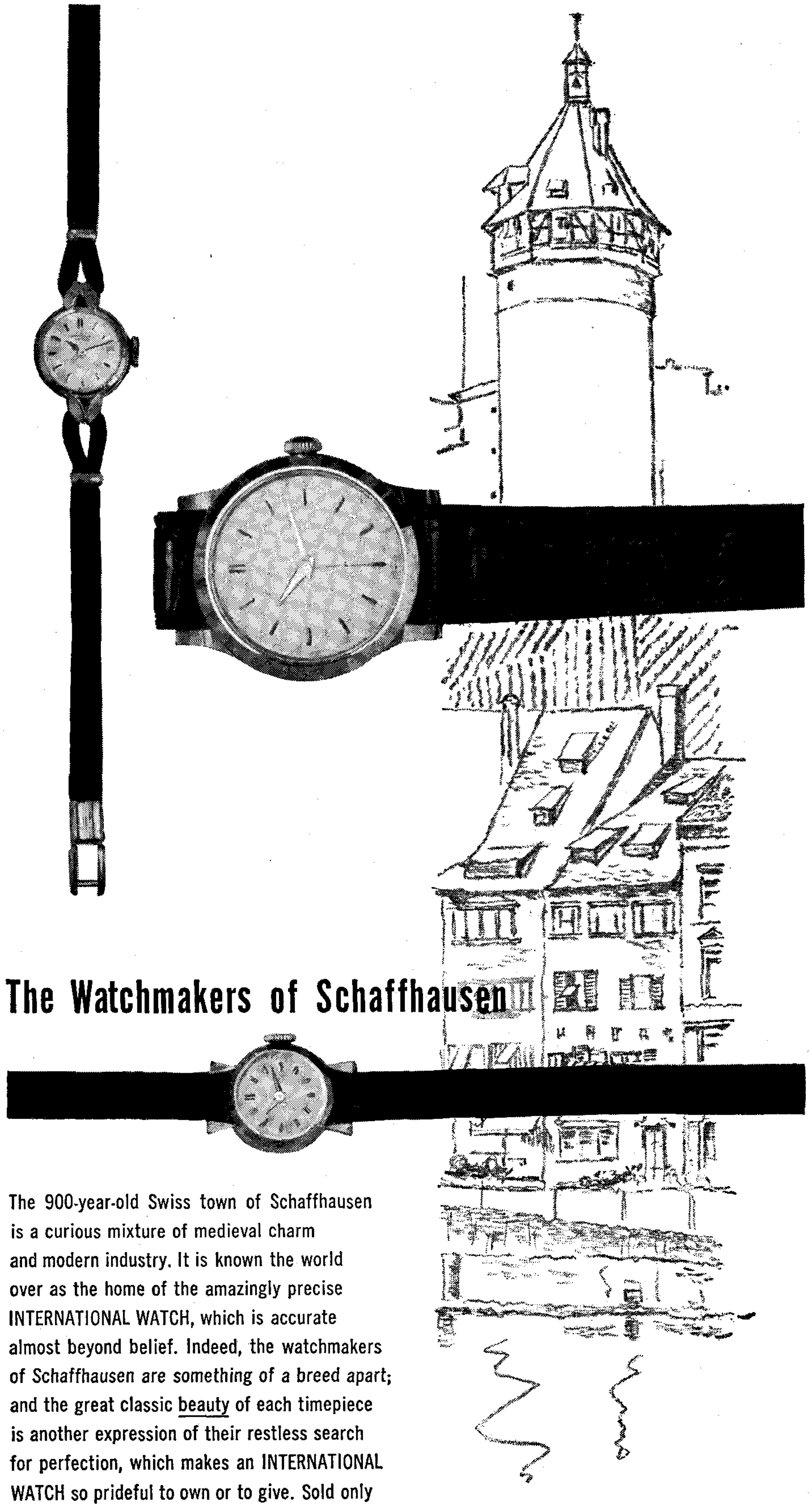
bakery, now and then taking a few minutes off, in rotation, to go out and sleep in the elderly Pierce-Arrow. Watching them, and noting that they were eating little or nothing, the Italian wives of the neighborhood started bringing in pots of spaghetti at odd hours of the night; also, they frequently pitched in and helped with the chores. The problem of sleep at length became so onerous that a family called Sabia, who had an apartment in the same building, insisted on renting them a room there, for a nominal sum; even so, at one time the payments were eighteen weeks in arrears. Between four and five each morning, after the bread was ready and the oven was banked, the family would pile the loaves on the rear seat of the Pierce-Arrow and start delivering them, getting out to regroup them each time the car stopped abruptly at a light.

Financially, things were touch and go. Once, when the Arnolds ran out of butter (having been out of money for days), Mrs. Wood telephoned her former attorney in New Rochelle, Frank Schrenkeisen, hauling him out of bed long after midnight. "What is it, Olga? You in some kind of legal jam?" he asked, mildly befogged by sleep. "I am indeed," Mrs. Wood replied. "We're just about at the end of our rope. We have no butter to start tomorrow's baking." Perhaps as a testimonial to the old-fashioned variety of family solicitor, Schrenkeisen sent them a tub of butter within a few hours. At the end of their first six weeks in business, the Arnolds took five dollars apiece out of receipts to blow on personal fripperies. Then they hired a part-time baker. But this reckless expansion was no sooner accomplished than they were in hot water again; as before, their funds played out. Disconsolate, Arnold sat down near the oven, idly clutching a newspaper; then he saw in an ad that the Ringling Brothers circus was just pulling into town. He was up and off like a shot. When he reached the circus lot, he cornered the concession people and made an address of paralyzing eloquence, surpassing even his non-oral greeting to the Nabisco bakers in Portland. His message centered on the





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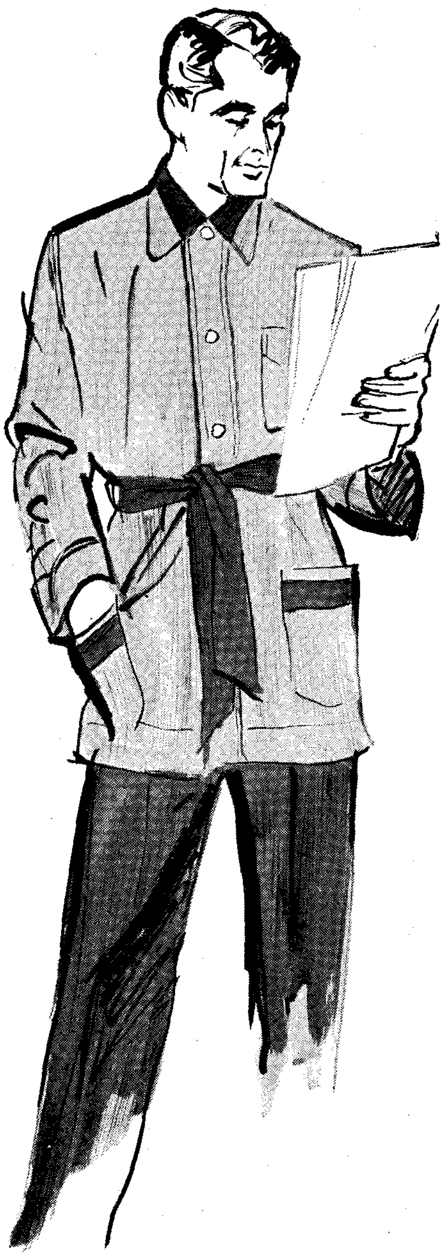

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incomparable hot-dog buns that his old, well-established company could supply Ringling's; then he ran back to the plant, collared his baker, and asked, "Say, can we bake hot-dog buns in this thing?" "I'm perfectly willing to try," the baker replied. As a result of this incident, Arnold picked up a very nice piece of change from Ringling's, and thus rode out the storm. "It was uncanny," he says. "Nobody ever turned us down on anything in those days." Other sources of help included a Scottish baker in the neighborhood who lent the Arnolds money to buy a delivery truck and let them repay him in bread, and an old accountant friend, who dropped in, unsolicited, to set up a system of bookkeeping for the company, throwing the ledgers in free. Also—supremely important—the Arnolds made a deal with an eccentric who kept a large herd of goats; in exchange for bread, he agreed to provide them with two buckets of goat's milk daily. For some months, the couple lived almost exclusively on goat's milk and the products of their oven.

IN his time, Arnold has contrived some singular feats of financing, but nothing else in the company's annals to date has approached his coup in 1942, at the Fidelity Title & Trust Co. of Stamford. The bakery, after two years, had progressed to the point where it needed more room, and in Port Chester he had found a three-oven shop—unused for nearly a decade, and under floodwaters during a part of that period—that could be rented with an option to buy. The only hitch was that he had only a few pennies over thirteen dollars, cash. Filling a basket with hot bread, Arnold walked to the bank and, making the rounds inside, left a loaf on the desk of every employee, including the astonished president. Outside again, Arnold waited a few minutes, and then went back in. He has always had a talent for sizing up bankers, and, sure enough, he found the president wolfing his loaf, in very much the same businesslike spirit he might have shown in arranging an advantageous mortgage on a tenement. "Good morning," said Arnold, sitting down. "That bread you're eating comes from my bakery. I need fifteen hundred dollars for expansion, but I haven't got a financial statement." When the president's mouth was cleared, he replied, as Arnold recalls it, "O.K. This is excellent bread," and then, pushing forward a form, "Sign here."

Two or three months before the actual move to Port Chester, the Arnolds rented a two-room apartment in the rear of a dentist's office there, easily close enough to hear the drills, with an occasional yowl from a patient, and again undertook the task of rehabilitating the bakery and bringing long-neglected ovens up to heat—this time, because of the floodwaters, at the even more painful rate of five degrees a day. The job lasted a month. To get it done, Arnold hired a contractor and made him sign a statement that he would not hurry the procedure, no matter how much pressure the management might eventually apply. It was a shrewd precaution, conceived by a man who knew himself well. Within forty-eight hours after the contractor had arrived on the scene, Arnold was adjuring him, with pleas, promises, threats, and bribes, to tear up the statement and fire the ovens at full throttle. The contractor stood firm, and he and Arnold glared at each other without speaking for several weeks.

When it was time for the move, the whole Armonk contingent, as in the beginning, came down to help. There was a tearful leave-taking of Finney Lane, with thanks for the several thousand miles of spaghetti the Arnolds and their helpers had consumed there on a complimentary basis. The moving—in November, 1942—required all of one Saturday night, but it did not interrupt the baking schedule; Saturday being the one night in the week the Arnolds have never baked anyway, the Friday-night loaves were hauled out of the old oven and delivered, the move was made, and the Sunday-night dough went into the new oven.

Arnold Bakers (it was not until 1947 that the enterprise, seventy per cent of whose stock is family-owned, was incorporated, with Arnold as president, his brother as vice-president, and Mrs. Arnold as secretary and treasurer) started off in Port Chester at a sharp disadvantage, having spent all its reserves, plus what it had picked up from the genial bread fancier of Stamford's Fidelity Title & Trust. To buy enough pans to fill the ovens, Arnold repeated his nourishing method of borrowing, this time at Port Chester's County Trust Company. The new pans looked fine—clean and gleaming—but in the first, and highly important, baking (it was being watched with at least one eye by most of the local business community, not excluding the County Trust Company) all the loaves stuck to them, and the president had to dash out toward daybreak and borrow a knife to cut

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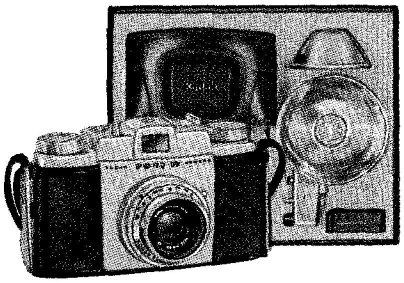

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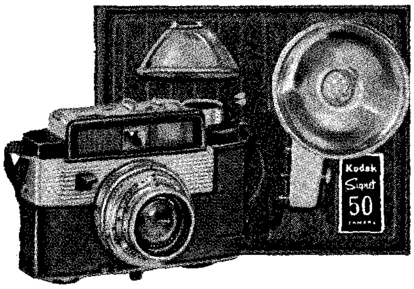

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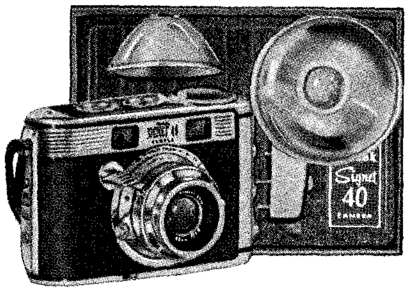

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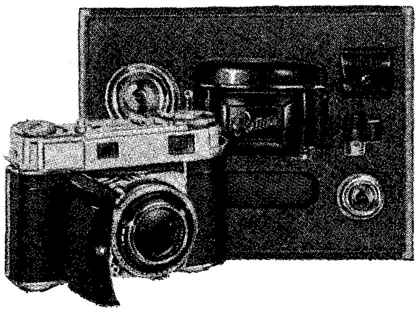

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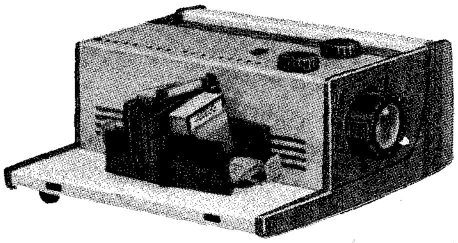

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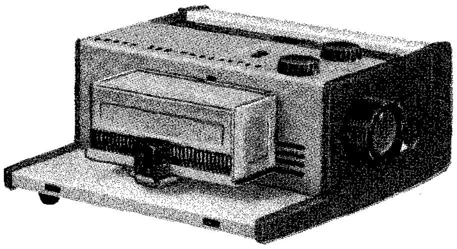

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They're out, they're out from under cover—the new show-off blankets of heavenly wool.

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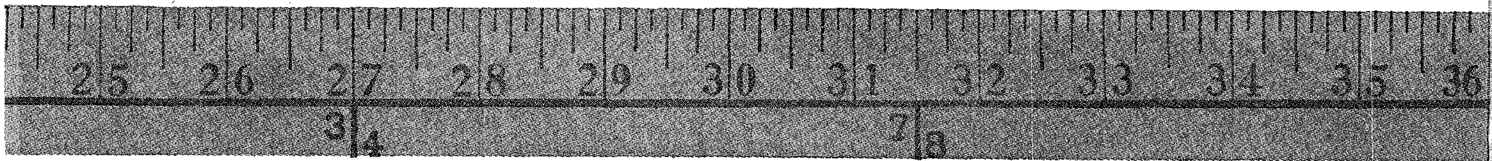
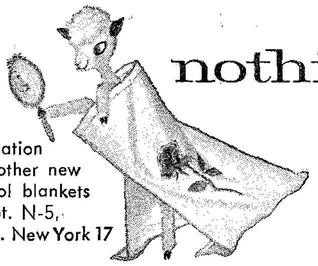
And all with wool's loving touch, its cloudlight warmth . . . the foreverness of wool.

Give the gift of a pure wool blanket . . . to yourself . . . to someone you want to pamper.

One perfect rose blooms against wool's milk-and-honey smoothness. This embroidered beauty at right was styled for St. Marys by a famous decorator. It's such a safe blanket, too . . . for pure wool is highly flame resistant!





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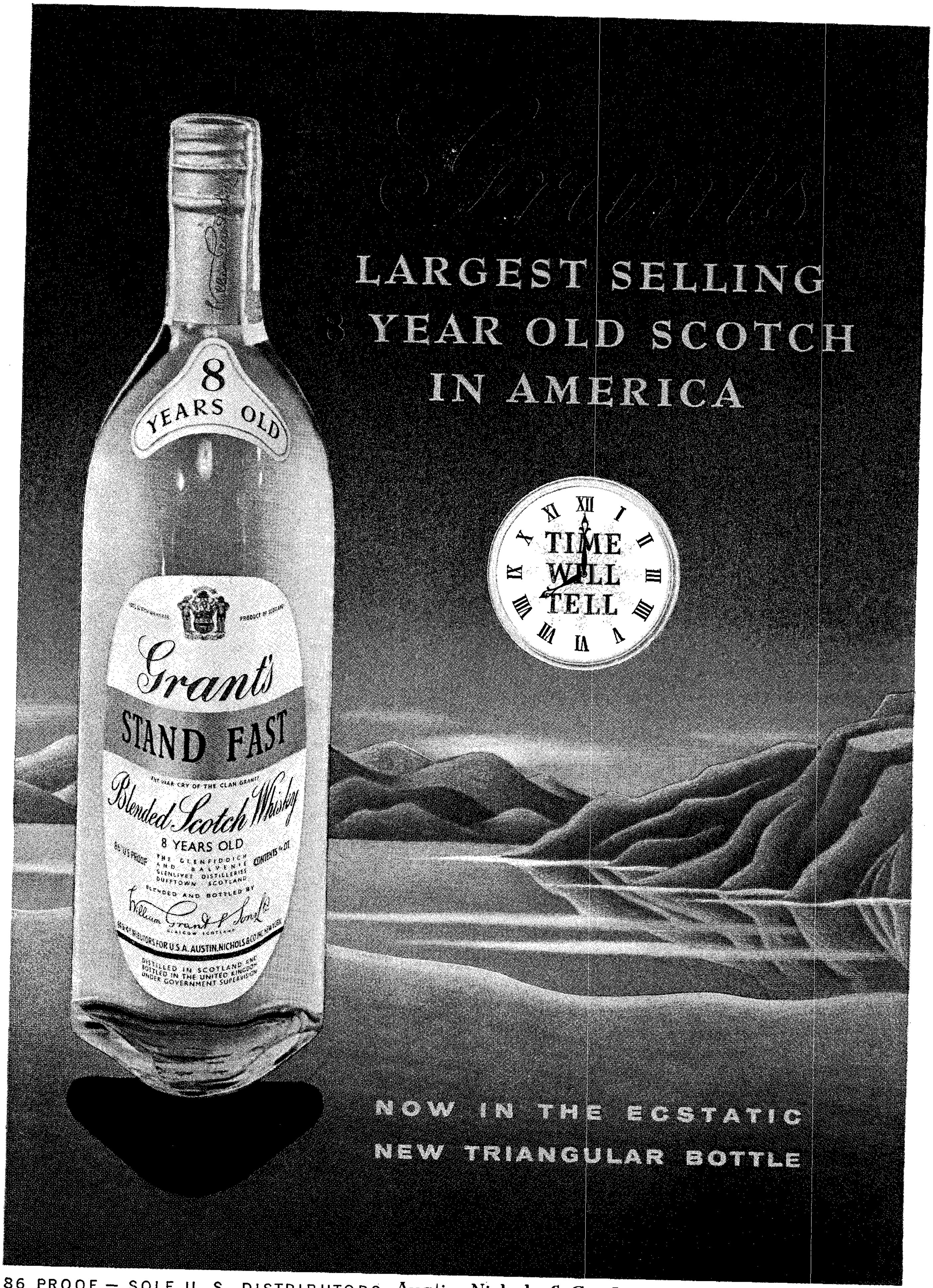
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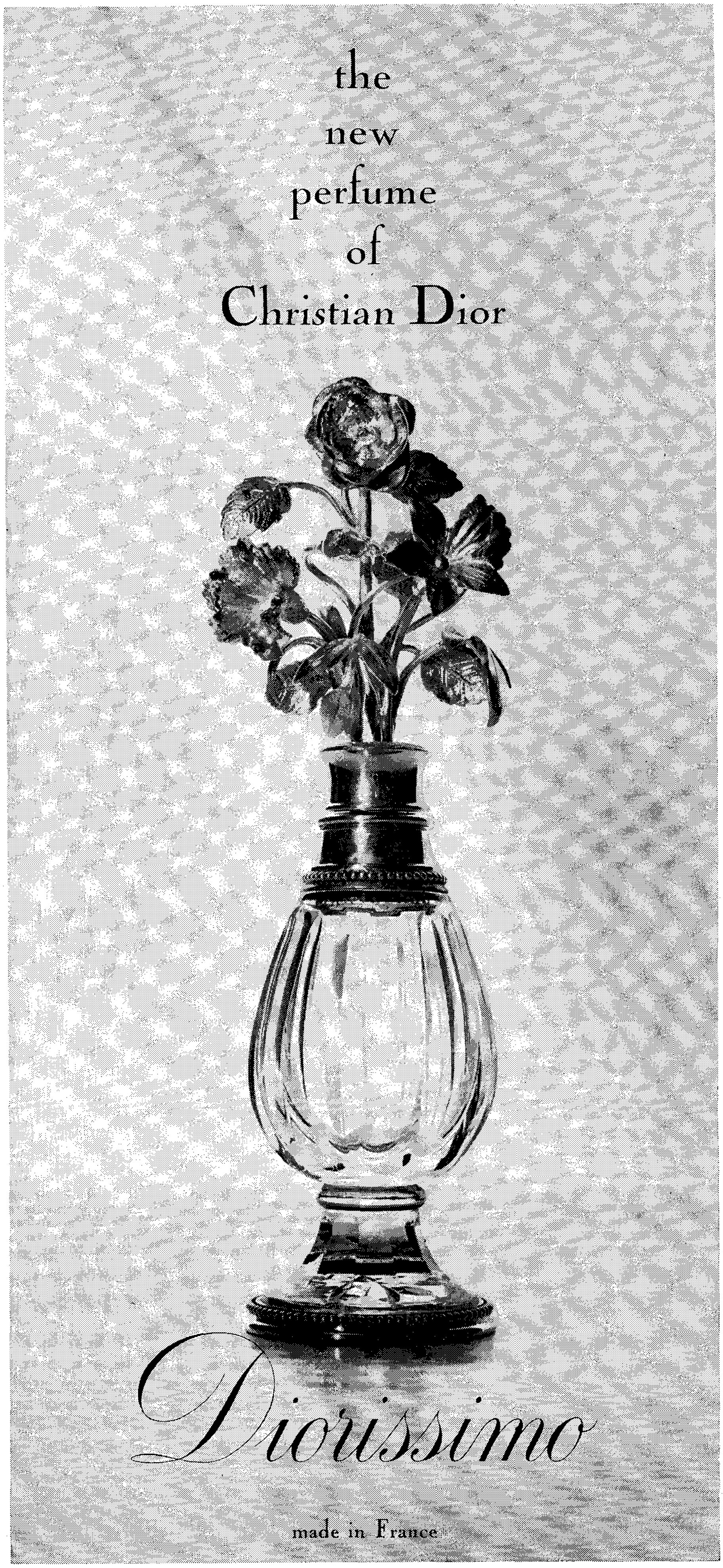
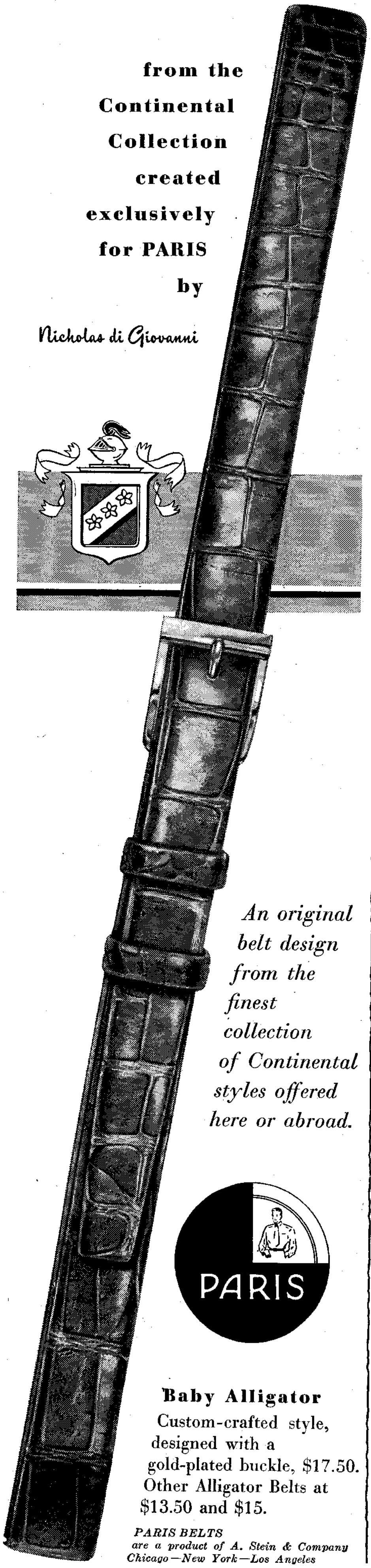
them free. In fact, for some weeks the Arnolds, without money, found the company's new quarters trying, but Mrs. Arnold eased matters somewhat, and showed herself worthy of her promotion to the role of treasurer, by hitting on a clever means of ducking the payment of bills. (Some months previously, she had bought a wrapping machine and divorced herself forever from ironing bread, a triumph that, in the feminist field, she considered slightly headier than the right to vote.) When a bill collector arrived, she would feign the loss of her checkbook. Wearing an expression of dismay, she would search through the drawers of her filing cabinet, then get down on all fours and crawl about the floor. "It was here a minute ago," she would tell the collector. "Maybe if you came back a little later—say in two or three weeks . . ."

SUDDENLY, almost overnight—so fast that the Arnolds were bewildered, and remain bewildered today—the business started to boom. Orders for bread—and for other bakery products that they had introduced once they were settled in Port Chester—began pouring in at a rate that prompted the company's management to embark on a program of further expansion, which has continued to the present. A number of factors were responsible. For one thing, a great many people became aware of Arnold bread at the same time; Clementine Paddleford, who attends the stomachs of readers of the *Herald Tribune*, via an advisory food column, wrote a rhapsodic account of it, and other food writers soon took up the cry. Grocers could scarcely wait to put in their orders. All this came not long after a great deal of opposition had been voiced, rightly or wrongly, to bakers' ordinary white bread, a few of the diatribes having gone so far as to suggest that it could ruin everybody's health. Another factor, some Arnold officials point out, was that the war was on, and people were eager to buy almost anything removable from store shelves. But the basic reason for the company's startling growth has been, without doubt, Arnold's flinty insistence on merit. His bread, as many food authorities have noted in print, is of a very superior order, and tastes as though somebody's grandmother might have baked it in a Dutch oven—and, indeed, his company's principal line, Brick Oven bread, is prepared with certain curtsies to the past. It is baked slowly (forty minutes) in a "travelling oven;" that





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is, the loaves—in covered pans, so that they will be square—enter by one door and are carried laterally on trolleys to emerge from another, about forty feet distant. They are then sliced unusually thin—one-third of an inch, a thickness that the Arnolds feel is better for sandwiches and toast than the customary half inch. Two years ago, Arnold started selling another line—Hearthstone bread, which is baked still more slowly (fifty-one minutes), in open pans, on stone slabs that revolve like a Ferris wheel. It is, however, in the matter of ingredients that Arnold veers most sharply from custom. His bread has almost exactly the same ingredients today as when he started in.

All along the way, Arnold has kept thinking up recipes for new products; ideas visit him, like the poetic muse, in supposedly non-visiting hours—often while he's driving a car. Abstracted by nature, he performs an exercise commonly thought to demand attention while his mind is sporting among the flour bins and yeast cakes; in fact, he forgets that he's driving. This is unfortunate, and even dangerous. Some time ago, he was at the wheel when he had an inspiration for a butter crumpet that could be baked in an electric toaster, and as he turned the details over in his mind, his car went into a ditch. His attitude at such moments differs from that of a certain Hollywood actor, who was recently arrested for speeding while out riding with his cat and, when he appeared in court, pleaded innocent, claiming the cat had been driving. Arnold once hit a milk truck in Stamford and was by far the most surprised man at the scene. "You mean *I* was driving?" he said to the baffled trucker. "Well, I'm certainly to blame, then. Driving! Fancy that."

In addition to Brick Oven (white, whole-wheat, and raisin) and Hearthstone (white and whole-wheat), Arnold's chief products nowadays are barbecue buns, cubed poultry stuffing, hot-dog buns, buttermilk biscuits, buttermilk rolls, butter rolls, butter crumpets, and several kinds of cookies. Arnold can recall the specific circumstances in which each of these made its appearance as part of the company's evolution. The butter rolls, for example, can be traced to the Italian housewives on Finney Lane, who first showed the Arnolds how to "tie" them, after the manner of the old country, and the hot-dog buns, of course, originated with Arnold's memorable sprint to the Ringling Brothers circus. The cookies are the result of a temporary slump in business,

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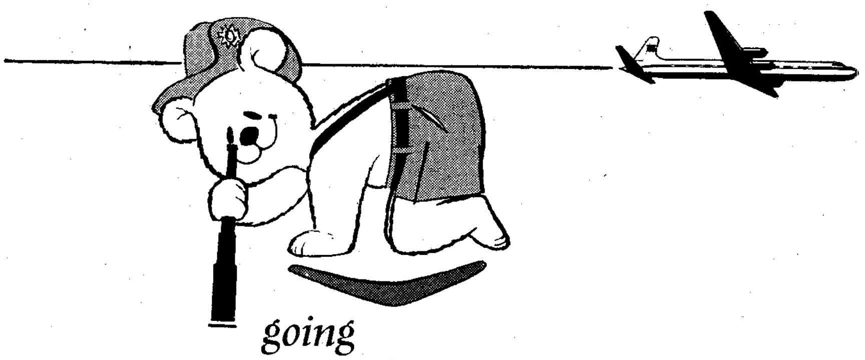

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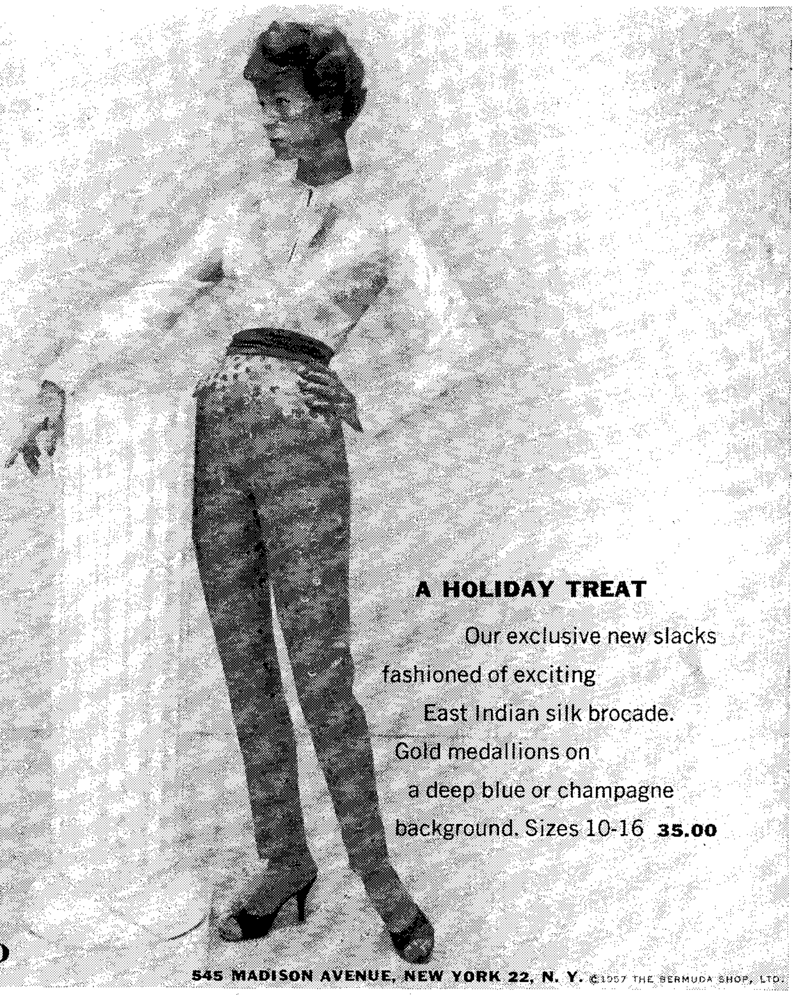

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back in 1950, when bread sales eased up and Arnold found himself with nineteen idle bakers on his hands. Characteristically, since he is a notably considerate employer, he declined to lay them off; instead, he went into the plant, wearing a mask he had designed as a guard against allergy, and said, in a muffled sort of way, "Boys, if we can't bake bread, we'll bake cookies. Here's a recipe I've just made up for you."

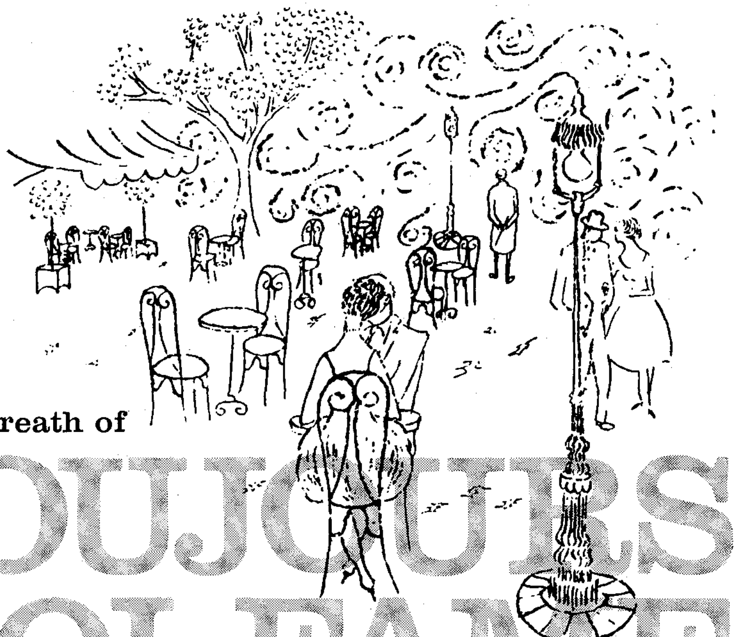
The preparation of all these edibles in large quantities makes the assemblage of the necessary ingredients quite a problem, especially in view of Arnold's finical selectivity. Instead of sugar, for instance, he uses honey, and he has to keep hopping to find enough, since the company needs about two million pounds of it a year. Most of this comes from upper New York State, but the bees there, while perhaps staunchly devoted to the Arnolds and certainly very busy, are bound to have their limits and may be expected to fall behind soon. To come up each week with three-quarters of a million loaves of bread, plus the sideline goodies, the company also annually consumes two million pounds of yeast, two million pounds of butter, two million pounds of frozen egg yolks, and a third of a million hundredweight of unbleached spring-wheat flour. In the minds of most people, this last term arouses some confusion, Arnold feels. Unbleached spring-wheat flour is the finest flour to be had—so fine in both texture and quality that it produces a white bread without bleaching. Other wheat makes flour that is gray, so bleaching is necessary. Arnold is against bleaching, which he regards as an impairment to flavor and food value.

The advent of Admiral Byrd at Arnold Bakers four years ago helped establish the company's present system of distribution. Unlike most big baking concerns, which have several baking plants in widely separated areas, the Arnold firm gets along nicely with only the Port Chester bakery, thanks to its system of freezing all the bread it sells to dealers more than four hundred miles from the plant. (The frozen loaves are shipped in refrigerated trucks to seventeen distribution centers, in twenty-two states.) Arnold is slightly hipped on the subject of freezing; he sees it as the ultimate solution to the world's feeding troubles. "For us, it can put an end to stale bread on grocery shelves, do away with returns, halt waste, and cut distribution problems," he says. "What's more, it gives the bread a better flavor. The only flaw I've ever noticed is a very slight tendency for the loaves to firm up." He and Byrd got on well together, and worked out a good many plans. In 1955, Byrd issued a statement in which he recommended that this country "make Antarctica our [America's] Icebox." His aim was eventually to store enough food—starting with Arnold bread—in the frosty nether region to bridge over any possible famine times elsewhere in the world. "This could balance overproduction one year and shortage the next," Arnold explains. These rosy dreams, which were discussed with interest by a number of government officials, were stalled for the time being by Admiral Byrd's death. In December, 1955, however, when Byrd, on a paid leave of absence from Arnold Bakers, returned to Little America as the head of Operation Deepfreeze, he planted a hundred frozen loaves of the company's bread in the ice, and these are to be removed, at the rate of one loaf a year and examined in the interests of research.

Meanwhile, Arnold continues to widen the sphere of his more readily available frozen wares, and now supplements his domestic deliveries with shipments to Army and Navy commissaries in places like Puerto Rico, Newfoundland, and Turkey. As for his domestic-distribution setup, it is perhaps unique in the baking industry. Years ago, when he had only the wheezy Pierce-Arrow for carting, he began making agreements with van owners who, sensing that his bread was a comer, expressed a wish to deliver it. With most of these, for almost a decade, he had no written contract. A case in point is that of John Buckley, who, when the Arnolds rented the Finney Lane oven, was a clerk in a Queens grocery. A forward-looking fellow, he quit his job to deliver Arnold bread; today he has the exclusive contract for wholesale deliveries of the bread in Manhattan, with twenty-five routes, and he is now making around fifty thousand dollars a year.

SINCE January, 1953, the Arnolds have lived on a two-hundred-acre farm in Ridgefield, Connecticut, in a large and exceedingly odd, though comfortable, stone house that was built in 1910 by a wealthy recluse, who imported forty Scottish masons to do the job. Among its more interesting features are a heated swimming pool, a ballroom, and a billiard room; somewhat inconveniently, it has only one bedroom. The Arnolds operate the place as a working farm, employing a

PARIS whispers romantically



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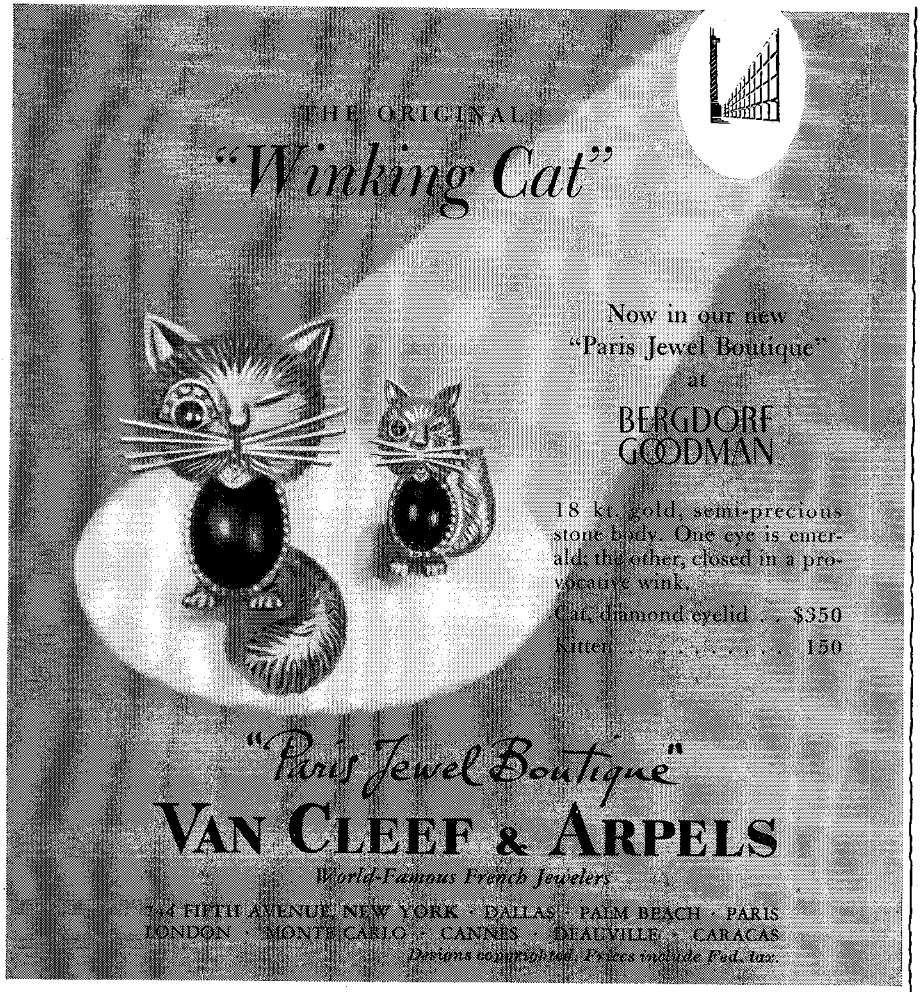

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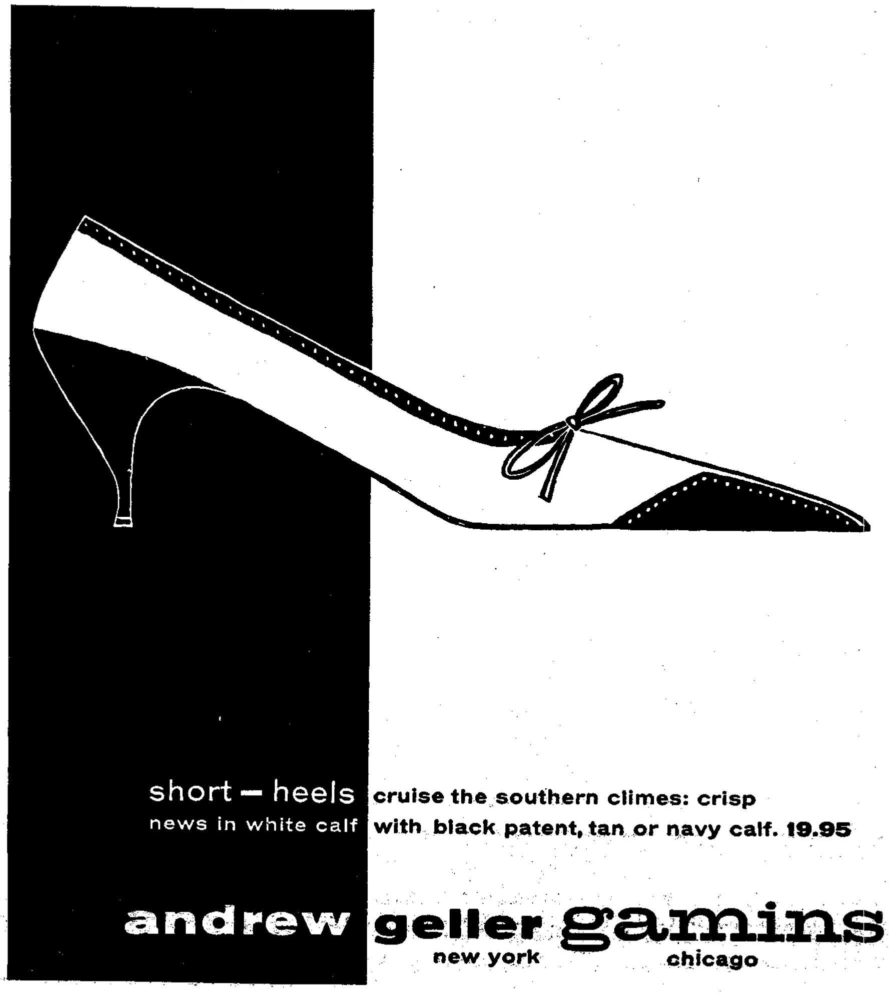

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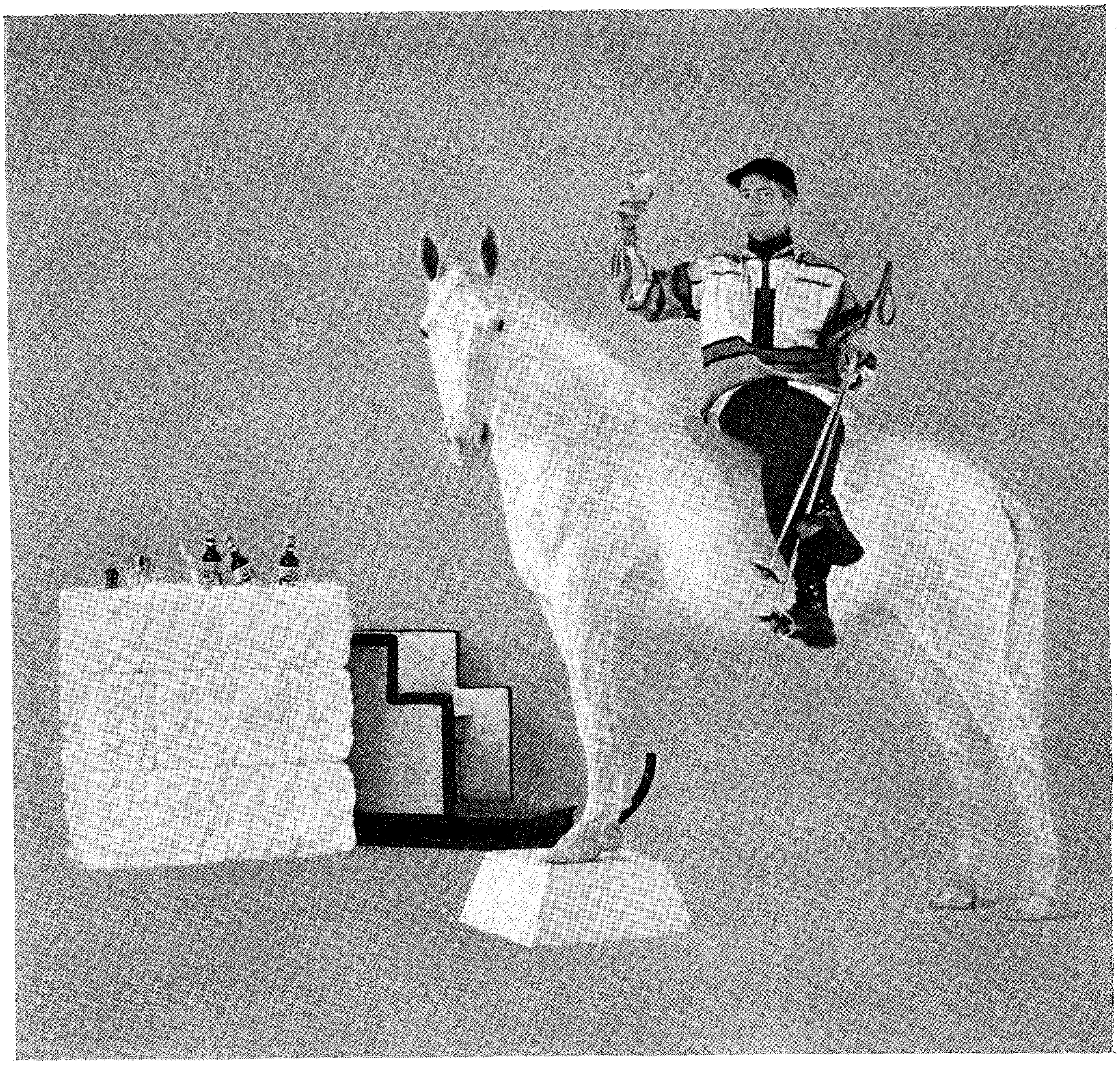
tenant farmer, who lives in a cottage on the grounds, with a wife and seven children, much as Arnold and his family lived in the carefree days after his mother lost her fortune. Roaming over the acres are any number of domestic animals, including two outsize mastiffs—genial creatures that bound out, roaring like lions, to greet visitors, many of whom, seeing them, wheel rapidly and dive back into their cars.

On the grounds of the Ridgefield place is another large house, in which Mrs. Arnold's mother lives. (Arnold's own mother, as well as his father and stepfather, died some years ago.) This second house, luckily, has several bedrooms, where guests may be lodged. Over the years, Arnold has built up an enormous acquaintanceship while travelling in connection with his business or as a representative of Rotary. It is his custom wherever he goes to invite strangers to his place at Ridgefield for an indefinite stay. He was reared in an atmosphere of limitless hospitality, and such gestures come easily to him. Bearded Sikhs, tartaned Scots, and other individuals in the traditional costumes of far-off lands are apt to be wandering through the Arnold houses and over the surrounding grounds at nearly any time; their host often has trouble remembering who they are. Unquestionably, he is one of the most selfless men alive, and his efforts in behalf of Port Chester, and of Ridgefield, would exhaust most men half his age. His friend Posillipo says, "Dean would have given his company away to the union long ago if the board of directors hadn't stopped him." The bakery is fully unionized, on an independent basis. Occasionally, some big labor organization of the kind that provides entertainment on video comes in and tries to take over. Arnold makes its emissaries comfortable, extends them every courtesy, and encourages them to poll his employees, of whom there are now six hundred; one delegation of emissaries managed to garner two votes.

Manifestly, Arnold's disparate exertions demand a certain amount of physical conditioning. Each morning at six, as his wife lies abed groaning in protest, he springs up, throws off his pajamas, and heaves open a window, no matter how icy the blasts; then he does thirty pushups, squats to a knee bend fifty times, and chins himself eighteen times on a bar he has rigged up in a closet. Mrs. Arnold, who still has the first, small wrapping machine the company acquired, and now and then looks



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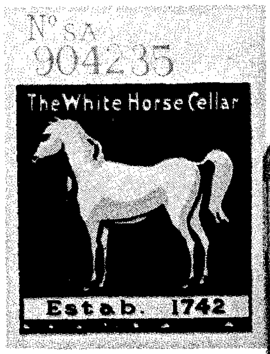

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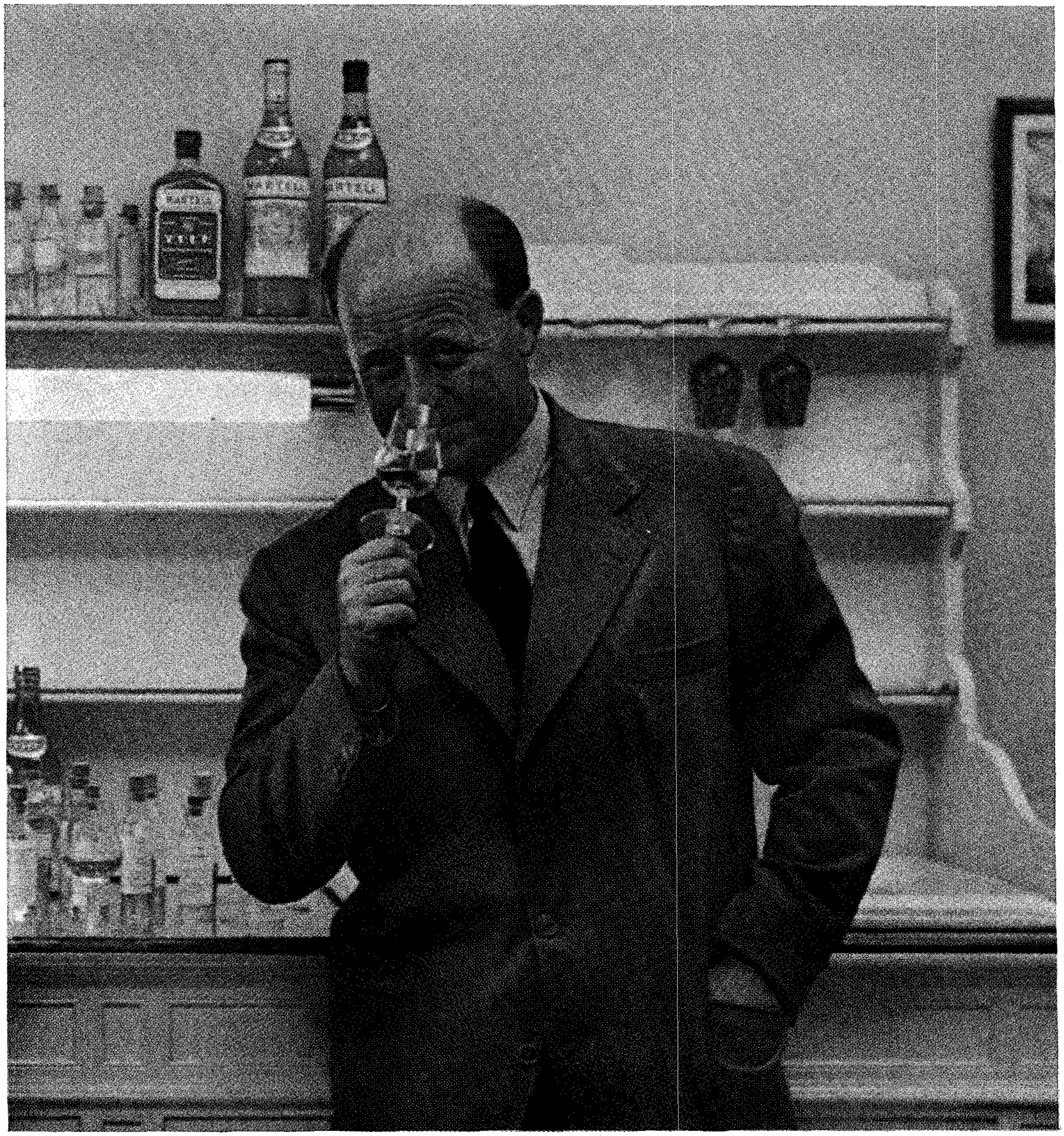

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at it fondly, recalling the irksome ironing, is beginning to feel that she has seen nearly enough bread, except for what she serves in her home. She would be just as happy to slow down and let the Arnold products accomplish their yeasty rise without her continued presence on the spot. Nevertheless, she dutifully accompanies her husband on his daily trips to the plant. Arnold likes to get there by about ten in the morning and then stay around and watch the day shift of his family of workers knock off in the evening. As they prepare to leave the plant, they participate in a little rite that fills him with pleasure. Every employee—from the vice-president down to the sweeper—receives a loaf of bread to take home with him. Arnold sees this as a symbol, as the gift of Ceres, as a demonstration in microcosm of life's essential order—man toiling for his daily bread. The ceremony produces some curious sights—the high executive, for example, in homburg and spats, striding along with a briefcase in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other. To Arnold, and to the people of Port Chester, this carried loaf, like the toff's drink in the whiskey ad, has come to be a badge of distinction.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

•

Sputnick has already spun its way into the higher fashion firmament. It was last seen revolving around the black velvet, waistless tunic worn by Gloria Guinness when shopping at couturier Balenciaga. This jeweled version of the baby moon is formed of a giant, creamy-white pearl set inside a star-shaped "milky way" of blinding diamonds. Beneath dangles another pearl like a soft ripe pear. Devised by Roman jeweler Bulgari of the Via Condotti, this contemporary creation comes with matching pearl and diamond earrings in the role of twin baby moons. In similar star-struck spirit, Suzanna Belperron's latest Paris rings feature a single giant stone spattered with different-sized seed pearls, like models of a huddled group of observatory domes.—"*Latest from Paris*" *in the News.*

Russian eggheads?

•

SHOUTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SHOUTED

[*From the NEA Journal*]

One child, for example—mature beyond his years—dashed into the classroom after laying off a triangular flower bed and shouted, "What do you think? I measured the slanting side of that triangle down there in the yard and I squared it. Then I squared the other two sides and added them, and the sum was the same as the square of the slanting side."

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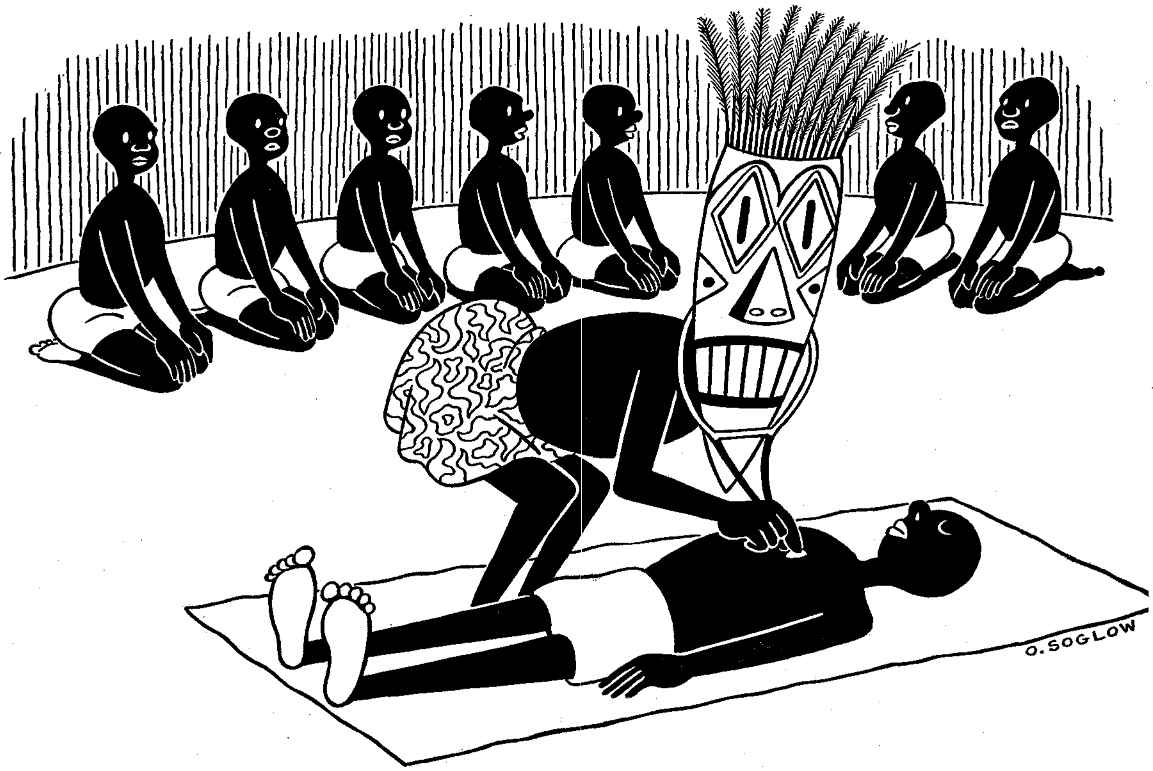
THE THEATRE

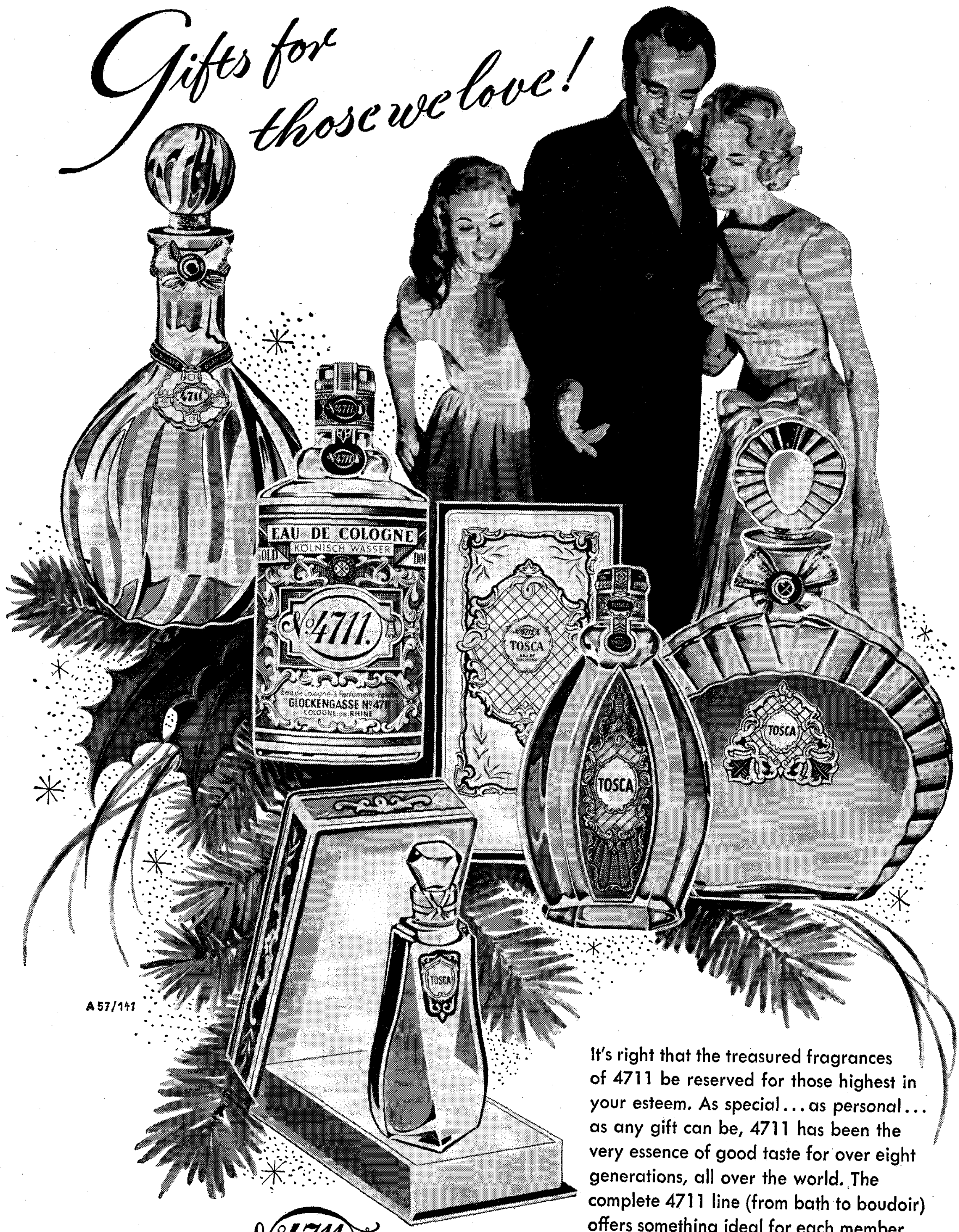
THE CROWDED STAIRWAY

SOMEWHERE in the last act of William Inge's play called "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," at the Music Box, a mother asks her ten-year-old son if he is still cross with her, and there, for a moment, I was lost. There had been so many desperate calls for forgiveness and understanding, so many emotional situations unravelling and reaching their climaxes almost simultaneously. What was the matter this time? What had she said or done to upset the child? I felt I ought to remember (and did, when I really put my mind on it), but at the time it was all beyond me. Here, I think, is a hint of the essential trouble with Mr. Inge's play. It is too densely populated. There are too many people, with too many diverse, or at least only imperfectly related, problems; too many abrupt shiftings from folk comedy to quite another mood; and, altogether, too much indigestible richness everywhere.

To make this point a little clearer, if I can, the dramatis personae include an Oklahoma wife and mother who still loves her husband passionately but drives him away with her accusations of infidelity and of his inability or unwillingness to provide suitably for his family; the husband, a good, simple, noisy man who can't understand what has come over the country (he is a harness salesman—a vanishing profession, of course, in the early nineteen-twenties); their sixteen-year-old daughter, reduced by a sense of domestic insecurity to an almost pathological shyness (the idea of going to parties just makes her throw up); her brother, the ten-year-old, also a victim of family discord but driven outward rather than inward by it, in the direction of making some fairly impressive scenes of his own; a visiting aunt, the mother's sister, whose invincible frigidity has reduced her marriage to an all but unendurable vacuum, a condition to be disguised as far as possible by the assumption of a forced and horrible gaiety; and a boy, the half-Jewish product of one of his mother's many Hollywood marriages, who comes to take the daughter to a dance, is insulted there by his anti-Semitic hostess, and, broken by this final evidence of the world's hostility, goes back to commit suicide in a cheap hotel.

Mr. Inge's title is meant to suggest that there is inevitably a certain amount of darkness ahead for all of us as we climb our weary way to Heaven, but his play contains the reassuring message that a good many of the terrors infesting the gloom are imaginary and that the real ones can usually be defeated if we can only meet them hand in hand. This is an inspiring thought, not very common in the serious playwriting of our day, and if the author's anxiety to express it fully has led him to try to cover too much ground for any single play, it has still permitted him to write something that is generally well worth seeing and to turn out quite a few individual scenes that are as touching or funny as anything he has ever done. His hero, for instance, is wonderfully comic about financial conditions in Oklahoma, where, apparently, practically all the wealth belongs either to the goddam Indians or to people like a resourceful friend of his who shot himself in the foot, collected the insurance, and got himself a flock of oil wells. There is a fine, wayward kind of humor, too, in such habitual conversations in the household as the one that, starting with the assumption that Norma Talmadge is a Catholic, gets off into vast papal conspiracies to take over the White House, or another, occasioned by a father's hopeless efforts to break down his son's impenetrable reserve, that somehow evolves into a discussion of an incredibly appetizing little girl who can whistle any birdcall you care to name. The effective pathos, I think, is best shown in a beautifully written scene in which the Jewish boy and the miserably self-conscious girl, both separately lost, blossom momentarily into happiness and security together; and the tragedy, or what comes closest to it, is eloquently achieved in the aunt's tortured confession of her real relations with her husband, and, again, in the girl's reception of the news of a suicide she feels she might have stopped. Mr. Inge has an almost infallible ear and an admirably controlled and economical style, and all these episodes are handled in a masterly fashion. As I've said, though, his total effect strikes me as

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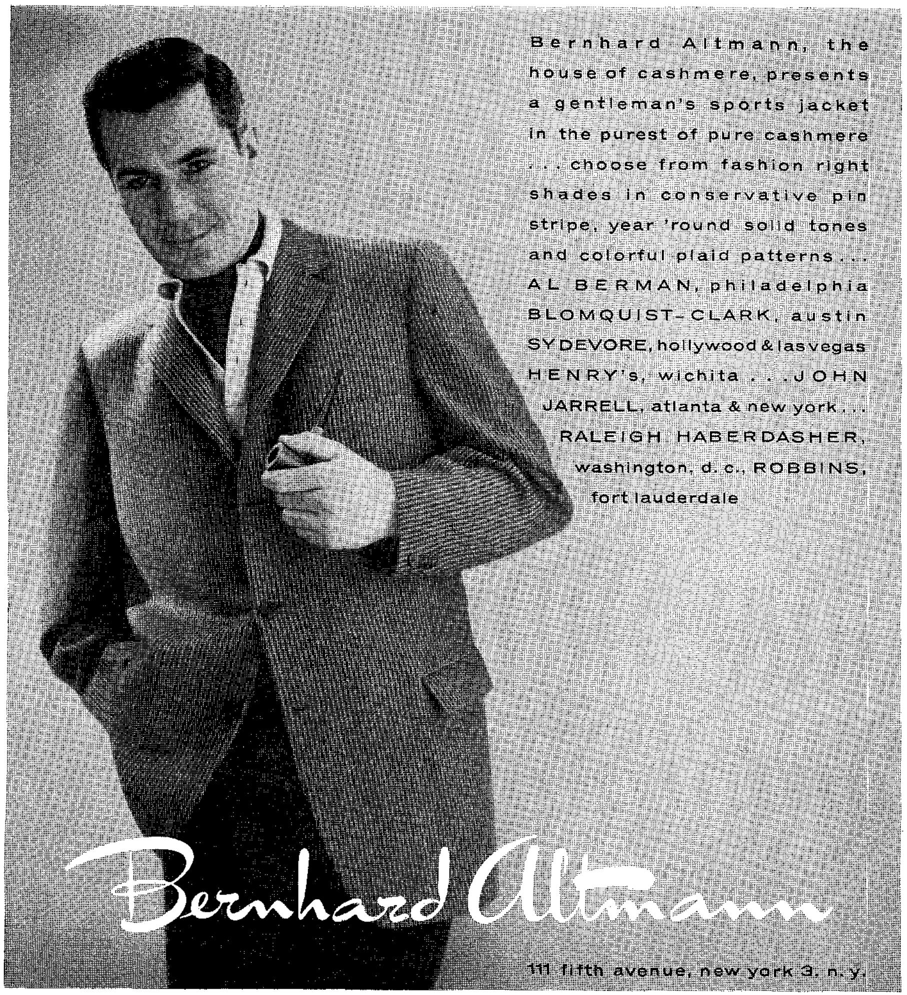
much too crowded and various. I'd like to think I'm wrong.

In any case, there can be no question that the production is superb. The leading roles—those of the wife, the husband, and the aunt—are played by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, in that order, and their performances are without a flaw that I can see. The others include Judith Robinson, as the daughter; Charles Saari, as her brother; Timmy Everett, as the young Jew; Frank Overton, as the victim of a wrecked marriage; and Evans Evans, as a period bobby-soxer, more bloodcurdling than anything in my own memories of those dreadful days. They are excellent, too, and Elia Kazan's direction and Ben Edwards' decorator's nightmare of a set are far beyond any criticism of mine.

IF my figures are right—a reckless bet at any time—the heroine of Sir Rider Haggard's great novel called "She" was exactly two thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven years old on that unforgettable day, in 1887, when she finally crumbled into dust. This is probably not quite old enough for a girl to qualify as anthracite, but it is still a respectable record, and, to come obliquely to the point of this essay, it beats the one set by the leading lady in "The Makropoulos Secret" by something like twenty-five centuries. In discussing the revival of Karel Capek's play at the Phoenix, we are therefore dealing with a comparative adolescent, and I guess we can approach her without too much awe. Her story, drastically condensed, is that she was born in 1585 at the Austrian court, where her father, the first recorded Makropoulos, was employed as chief alchemist to the Emperor, a constitutional hypochondriac named Rudolf, who wished to live forever. To accomplish this purpose, the royal scientist cooked up a special antidote for wear and tear, but because his master had a cautious disposition, a sort of trial run was arranged, with the inventor's sixteen-year-old daughter, Emilia, pressed into service as a guinea pig. As it happened, the anti-erosion brew made her feel very odd, and the Emperor decided against its administration to himself. After a lengthy illness, however, Emilia recovered, to find herself stuck through eternity in the buxom likeness of a woman in the prime of life, which some of my readers may be relieved to learn is in the neighborhood of thirty-six.

All these things, of course, took place quite a while before the action of the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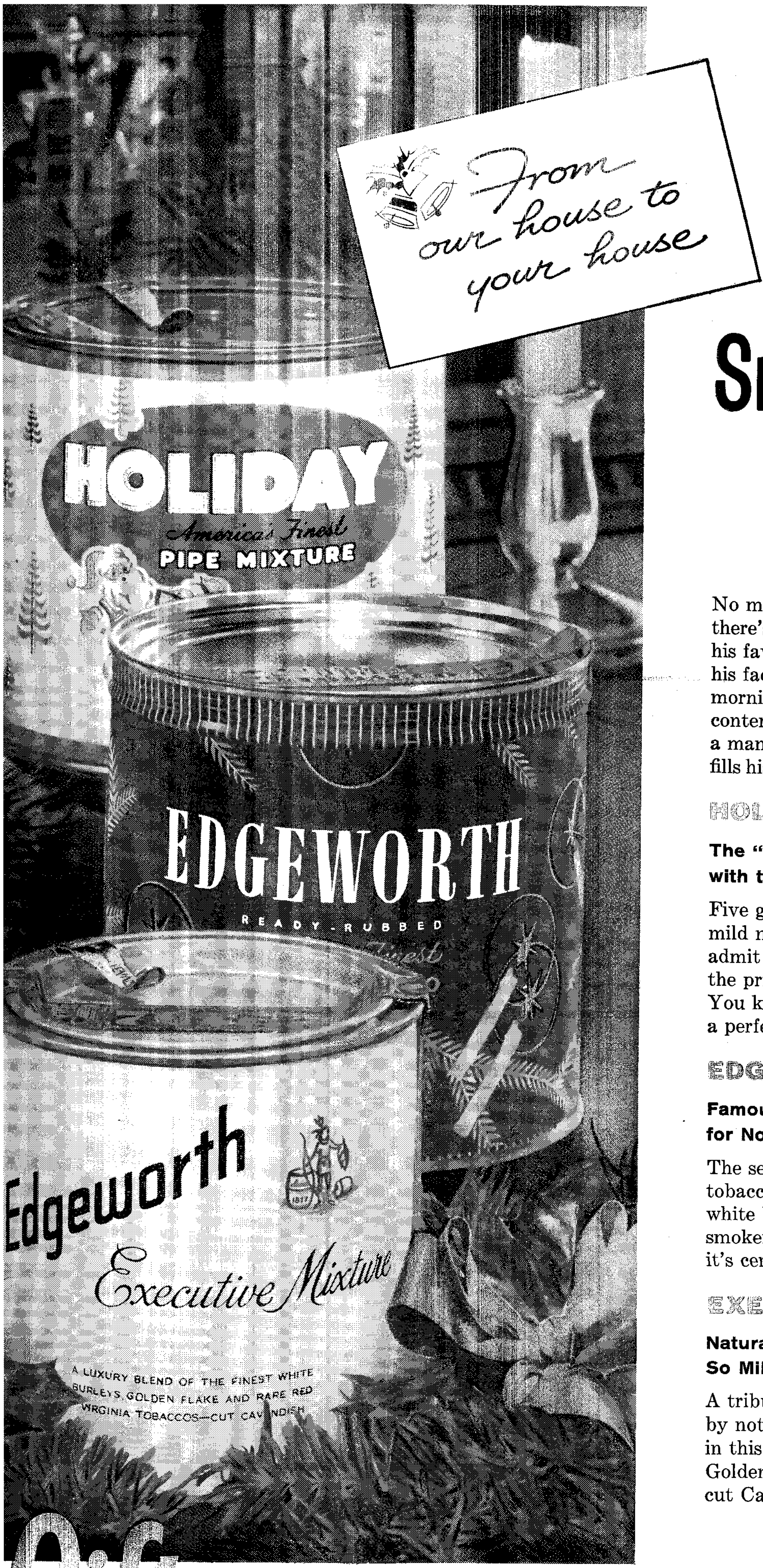
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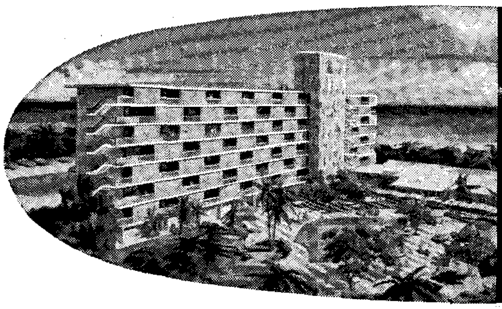

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play begins. At this time (1911), Emilia, still as durable and lovely as a set of roller bearings, is employed as an operatic soprano (a calling she has pursued, in natural conjunction with adultery, on and off through the centuries), and she is also the cryptic central figure in a real-estate deal that has been dragging its way through the courts since 1825. Though her peculiar history is known to us, she is an enigma to the gentlemen who surround her and are made increasingly restive both by the charm of her person and by her easy familiarity with the past. Among the things that she just happens to know are the contents and location of an unsuspected will, the irregularities in practically everybody's family history, and the curious fact that Georges Jacques Danton was an unpleasant little man with moist and sticky hands. She is a disconcerting woman in the beginning, and she gets more so as the evening wears along, until at last it horridly comes out that several of her admirers are also her grandchildren, at various removes.

It is clearly the author's conviction that immortality is a tedious and embarrassing condition, and I would be the last to argue about that. Whether his play is a comedy, a fantasy, or a melodrama (it was played intermittently on all three levels at the Phoenix) is a more debatable proposition but not, I'm afraid, one of sufficient interest to detain us longer here. The players now executing "The Makropoulos Secret" include Eileen Herlie, Karel Stepanek, Whitfield Connor, Conrad Bain, and Boris Aplon. Miss Herlie bears the weight of her three hundred and twenty-six years with grace and fortitude. The others just look rather stuffed, except, perhaps, for Mr. Stepanek, who looks precisely like Erich von Stroheim in "Blind Husbands." As you can see, I've been around quite a while myself.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

THE STATUS OF CANADIAN GEOLOGY

A graduate, *magna cum lava,*
Of Ottawa's College of Mines,
He died while at work in Ungava
By failing to read the French signs.

His friend from Quebec on the survey,
Refusing to eat English food,
Succumbed to pellagra and scurvy—
The ore they're interred in is crude.

—NATHAN FAST

THE RACE TRACK

Sticky Wicket

THE season on Long Island didn't end a bit too soon. I daresay, however, that Jamaica would have taken in its stride the snowstorm that closed Pimlico for a couple of days last week. Two or three of the bulldozers working at Aqueduct would have trundled over to Jamaica and cleared off the course, and that would have been that. This isn't the first time, by any means, that snow has suspended the racing in Maryland; usually, though, it's a springtime phenomenon, at Bowie, but only a few years ago as dandy a little blizzard as I have ever mushed through came along in early November and caused a postponement of the Washington, D.C., International. Curiously, horseplayers don't seem to mind rain so much, but they have an aversion to snow. I don't know why. Anyway, it gives old stagers, who are always grumbling that the younger generation is a bunch of softies, a chance to recall their days in the nineties at Guttenberg, a Jersey track, just across the river from Seventy-second Street, that used to run all winter. (It was a sort of open-air horse room, where you could also bet on the New Orleans and California races.) No matter how hard it snowed at Guttenberg—and there were blizzards in those days—a crew merely shovelled a wide path round the track for the horses, and the races went off on schedule.

As for Pimlico, my favorite observer reports that bulldozers cleared the course in fine style for the reopening last Friday, but that the footing was still a little swashy. The obvious hunch bet of the day was an animal named Deluge, and, Maryland racegoers being the great hunch players they are, they backed him down to 3–2, the shortest odds of the day, whereupon he disobligingly finished seventh. The most interesting event on Saturday was the mile-and-a-half Exterminator Handicap, which was won rather easily by Spinney, the California runner who took the Canadian Championship Stakes at The Woodbine in Toronto this fall. Spinney was the favorite in the Exterminator, and more than likely he'll also be the favorite for the Pimlico Cup on Saturday. You can put it down in your date book that Pimlico won't close this weekend, as originally scheduled, but on December 17th, to make up for the two days the track lost. So, if there are no more snowstorms, the boys will be out of the paddock by Christmas.

THIS time of year, when most of the leading racers have been more or less definitely evaluated, this department's sympathetic interest shifts to some of the almost forgotten ones who, but for one reason or another, might now be leading all the experts' lists. Indeed, I'd say without batting an eyelash that Gen. Duke might have been the best three-year-old. After all, in Florida last winter he beat Bold Ruler as many times (twice) as Bold Ruler beat him. Early in May, however, foot trouble caught up with him, and he has been on the shelf ever since. Then, there's Summer Tan, one of my particular pets. Last season, he was a star of the handicap division, and this year he started off with a couple of fine efforts, but ailments forced his retirement. I suppose I could ramble on till a week from Tuesday listing the horses who didn't live up to their stables' expectations. To their owners and trainers, I wish better luck next season.

NO matter how much it rains in California, the Santa Anita management doesn't expect to have any muddy tracks this winter, thanks to a new and novel track-drying contraption, built around a gas-turbine jet engine that once powered one of our fighter planes. The apparatus is set up on a truck (there's a fifty-foot trailer that serves as a kind of reservoir for all the heat, and a deflector hood to focus it on the track), and somebody has figured out that it will have the same drying effect as a fifteen-mile-an-hour wind blowing hot off the desert. If it works—and I must say that they make few mistakes at Santa Anita—handicappers and horseplayers can throw away their figures on mud runners. The millennium!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Monday morning Mrs. Hewson and her daughter, Miss Louise R. Hewson, of New York, visited Miss Gladys Tallman. The three and Miss Palmer went north to inspect the covered bridge area at West Cornwall, and to lunch and to lunch, and wall, and to lunch, and to browse around Lime Rock.—*Lakeville (Conn.) Journal.*

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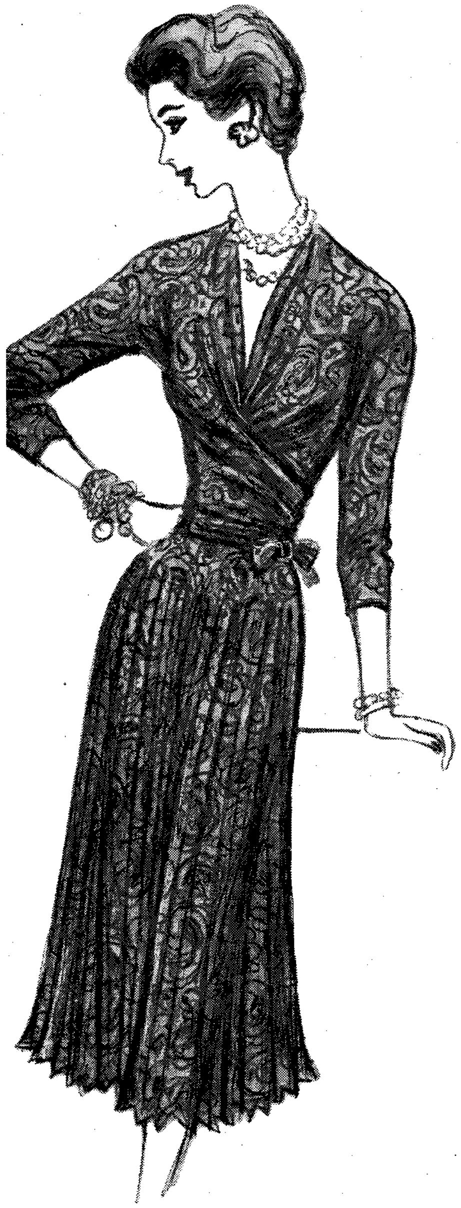

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Variation on the Puccini Caper

AMONG the innumerable credits that spin past your eyes before the film "Sayonara" settles down to describing the hazardous course of love between U.S. military personnel and indigenous beauties in Japan is one containing the information that Marlon Brando, the star of the proceedings, was coached in dialogue by Carlo Fiori. As you will discover if you see "Sayonara"—and I hope you do—Mr. Fiori ranks right up there with Professor Higgins in the art of imposing speech patterns upon a susceptible subject. Instead of mumbling along in his customary Middle Western style, Mr. Brando, under the guidance of Mr. Fiori, mumbles along with a corn-pone-and-chitlin accent that seems absolutely legitimate, even to the generic drawback of occasionally—particularly when he is cracking jokes—making him sound like the end man in a minstrel show. The point of having Mr. Brando talk this way is to underscore the fact that even a Southern lad, hog-wild for turnip greens and dead set against interracial relations, can succumb to romance when Miss Right comes in view, whatever her tribal origins. The Miss Right in this case is a Japanese girl who is the leading performer in a troupe known as the Matsubayashi Girl Revue. Not only has she taken the vow of celibacy required of the Matsubayashi Girls but she has also vowed never to exchange a word with an American, because her father was killed in an Air Force attack during the Second World War. However, when Mr. Brando comes along, as he does in the guise of a heroic jet-pilot major on leave from an Air Force base in Korea, our girl forgets her vow to the M.G.R., the fate of her poor old dad, and the general inadvisability of taking up with an American when the U.S. military authorities are opposed to fraternization between troops and locals. In fact, she succumbs, with what I thought astonishing alacrity, to his sweet talk on her very first date with him. As a prelude to this development, we have had Mr. Brando identified as a military career man—son of a four-star general and affianced to the daughter of a three-star general—who has been relieved of his duties in Korea and sent to Japan at the request of his betrothed's father. This bespangled slyboots, without letting on to the major, has brought his wife and daughter out to Japan from the United States, in the hope that his offspring's marital plans will jell under the Oriental moon. But that all goes agley when our boy sets eyes on the dancer.

As directed by Joshua Logan and written by Paul Osborn, who based his screenplay on a novel by James A. Michener, "Sayonara" includes all kinds of beguiling vistas of Japan and, of course, quite a good deal of the Matsubayashi Girl Revue, which at times isn't much different from the stage show at the Radio City Music Hall when the Rockettes are cutting loose. While the movie goes off at entirely too many tangents, especially in its later reels (by way of a subplot, there is an outline of the ups and downs of an Air Force mechanic, a bosom chum of the major's, who has married a Japanese despite the opposition of the military authorities), it has the benefit of some excellent acting by Mr. Brando, when he is articulate and not giving the impression that there's something loose in his haid; Miiko Taka, who plays the girl-revue luminary; Red Buttons, as the mechanic; Patricia Owens, as Mr. Brando's original beloved; James Garner, as a Marine captain who happens by in the early sequences; and Martha Scott, as the annoying, brassbound wife of an Army general. There have certainly been more astringent and forthright lessons in tolerance, but this one is easier than most to take.—JOHN McCARTEN

•

The coach, calling this season "my most pleasant assignment because everyone likes to play so much," disclosed he called the squad together two days after its 52-0 victory over George Washington on Nov. 16. "The past two years there had been a lot of talking about some wanting to go to a bowl and some not," Erdelatz said.

"I told them to talk it over, and then let's have a secret ballot on whether they wanted to go. It was unanimous to go, three or four being against it."—*Boston Herald.*

Oh, what difference do a few old wet blankets make when it's unanimous anyway?

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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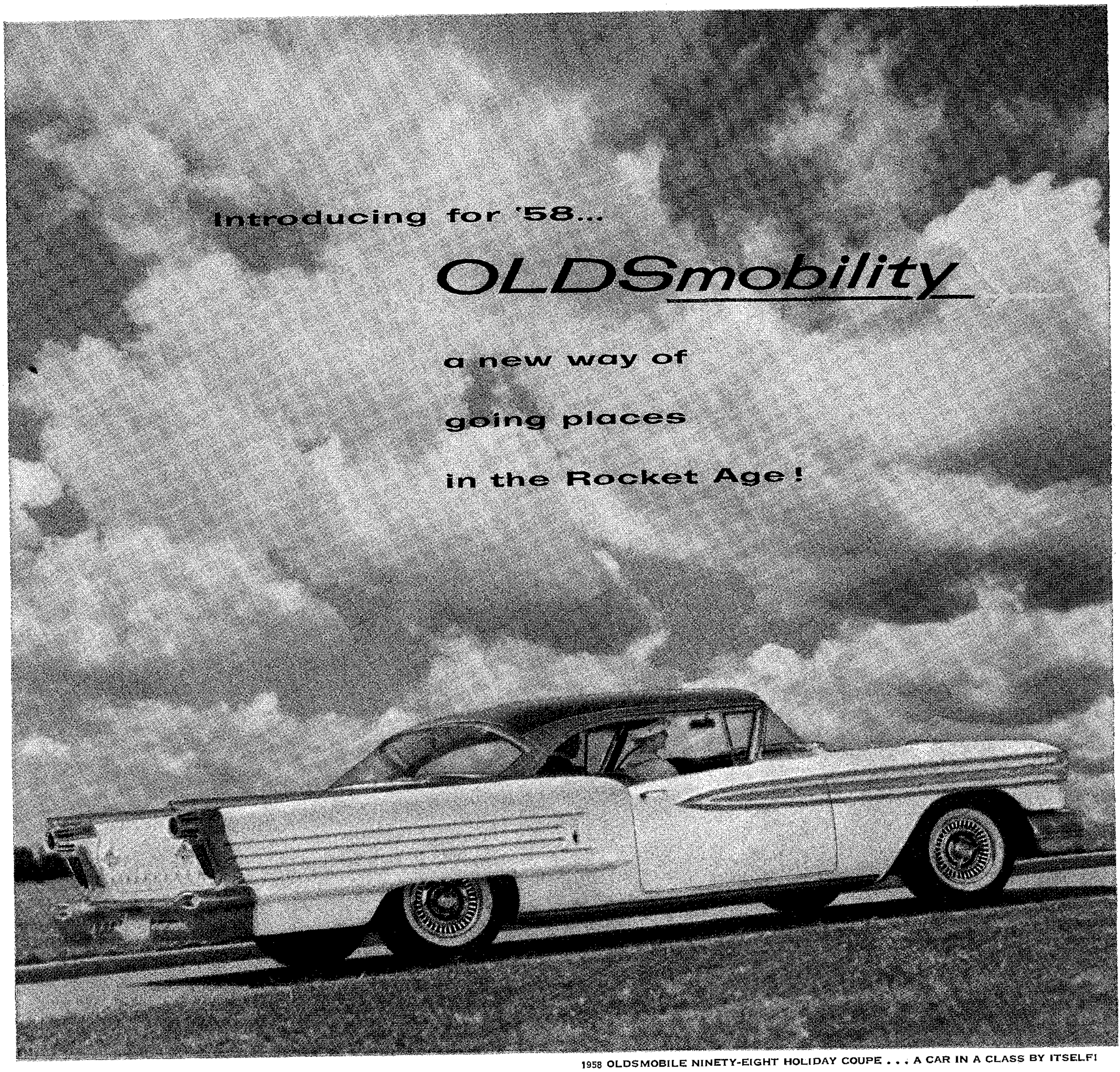

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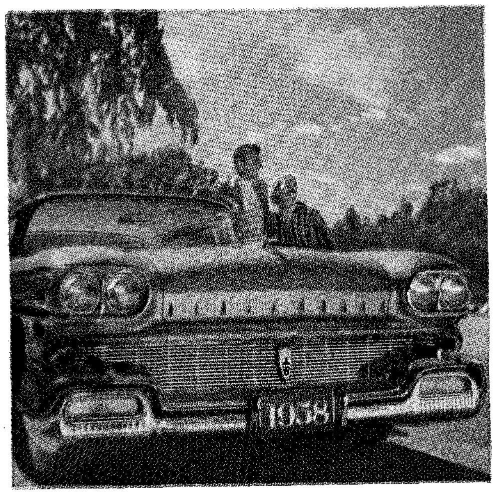

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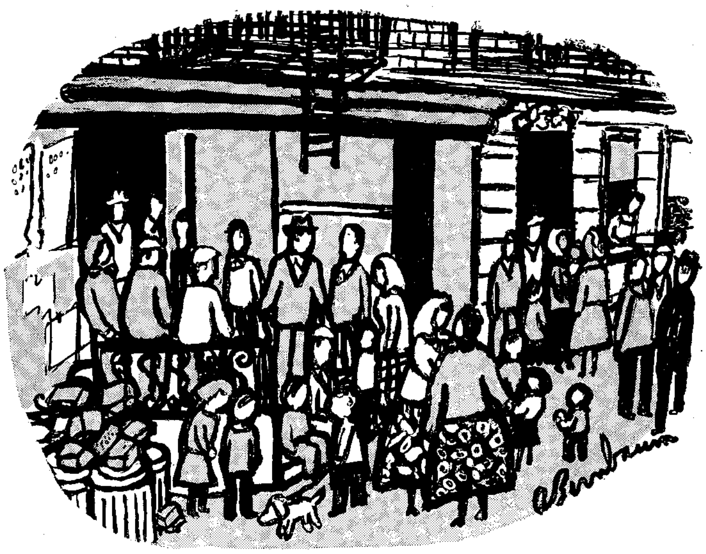
THE PUERTO RICANS

III—AMONG THE COLD PEOPLE

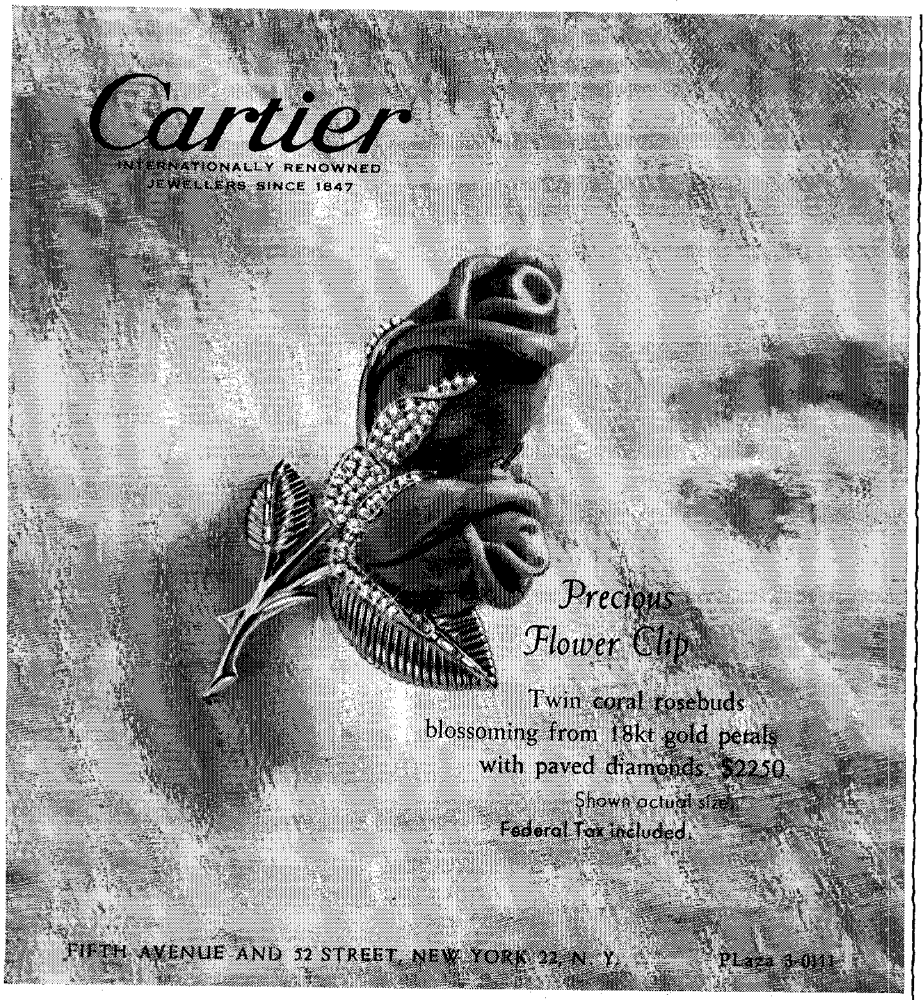


FLIGHT 298 of Pan American Airways leaves San Juan at 3 P.M. on weekdays, jam-packed with Puerto Ricans. This is a thrift-class flight, and each plane on the run can carry a hundred and six passengers; extra planes, or "sections," are added as they are needed. The planes climb into the blue tropical heaven and set their noses toward New York, sixteen hundred miles away. As they drone on, the blue gives way to the black Atlantic night, and then, at about 8 P.M., they make the lights of Idlewild and come down. At the airport, a sea of other Puerto Ricans is waiting, and they sweep the newcomers off to crannies in the city.

One afternoon last spring, I flew up from San Juan on Flight 298, and my fellow-passengers were, for the most part, able-bodied Puerto Rican men. (Two weeks earlier, I had flown down to San Juan—thrift class, too—and then the passengers had been mainly women and children; there had been some twenty babies aboard, and the plane had sounded like an overcrowded nursery.) Most of the men looked like outdoorsmen, with weather-beaten faces and wrinkled necks, and as soon as we had got under way, they began talking loudly with each other and with some of the women and children aboard. In my experience, passengers on planes are usually subdued and silent, but not these Puerto Ricans. They were making the most of their adventure, and there was a real hubbub. Three hours out, the passengers began putting on warm clothes, in preparation for the new environment, and this had a snuffing-out effect; with the light, bright clothes of the tropics blanketed by the thick, drab ones of the north, the crowd that got off the plane looked different from the one that had got on. The Puerto Ricans waiting at Idlewild were dressed in the northern way, too, of course, and they seemed to belong to several levels of prosperity. There were hundreds of them there—lots of children, lots of women with scarves on their heads. They embraced the newcomers, and for a while little groups stood around chatting; then they all went off to their forbidding slums.

What happens to the migrants after they leave Idlewild has been explained to me by a Puerto Rican who has lived in New York for a long time. "Nearly every newcomer is met at the plane by relatives or friends," he said, "and these will usually take him in to live. The next thing is to find a job, and the friends or relatives can help there, too. One of them will take the new man to his factory, or wherever it is he's working. If that doesn't succeed, he'll try something else. In general, he will know which factories are taking on help. During the summer, for instance, the garment industry is busy on fall and winter wear. Then, in the fall, the toy factories are going great guns, and so are the makers of jewelry and novelties. With any luck, the newcomer should get a job quickly. Next, he has to find a place of his own. He really should leave his friend after a reasonable time, and, anyway, he may want to bring his own family up here. Finding a place isn't easy, and in the end he will probably have to settle for a dump and pay good money for it. That will be just part of his troubles, though. He will have to get used to the rush-rush-rush on the mainland—to getting places on time. He will have to learn how to take criticism from his boss without feeling insulted. He will have to get used to the cold, and the city life, and all kinds of other things. It is a very big change—a very difficult change."

In the past few months, talking with many Puerto Ricans and with many New Yorkers who work closely with Puerto Ricans, I have often heard that the migrants' difficulties stem mainly from two things—the problems of adjusting to a strange culture, and the hardships of slum life itself. The ability of the migrants to surmount these obstacles varies, of course, according to the kind of life they led in Puerto Rico—primitive or urban. Experts disagree about whether New York's Puerto Ricans come mostly from city or country districts of their island, and there seems to be no sure way of settling this point, since rural Puerto Ricans tend to claim city origin, in the hope of seeming less like bumpkins. If a migrant has lived a long time in a big and fairly modernized town, like Ponce, Mayagüez, or the suburbs of San Juan, the cultural change will not be quite so severe; he will be more used to city ways, surer of himself, and readier to use the social services here and to coöperate in filling out the forms that the various agencies demand in return. But if he comes from the country, or has had only a brief stay in one of the shantytowns of San Juan, he may be almost raw material. He may not even be used to window glass, and he may be in the habit of throwing his garbage out the door, though the island government will have tried to teach him not to. Paperwork of any sort may baffle him, and make him distrustful. He may not understand punctuality as we understand it, and he may not know that it is polite to keep one's voice down while others are trying to concentrate. "Our Puerto Rican boys have no consciousness of time," a worker in a New York settlement house has told me. "A boy may show up for an excursion half an hour late, and not understand why the bus has left. 'Didn't I tell you I was coming?' he will say later. Or he may be ahead of time. Puerto Ricans often don't realize how much earlier the sun rises here in the summer—the day is always about the same length down there, you know—and on the morning of an outing a boy may ring your bell at six o'clock. He'll tell you that it's daytime and he thought you would be starting." As for



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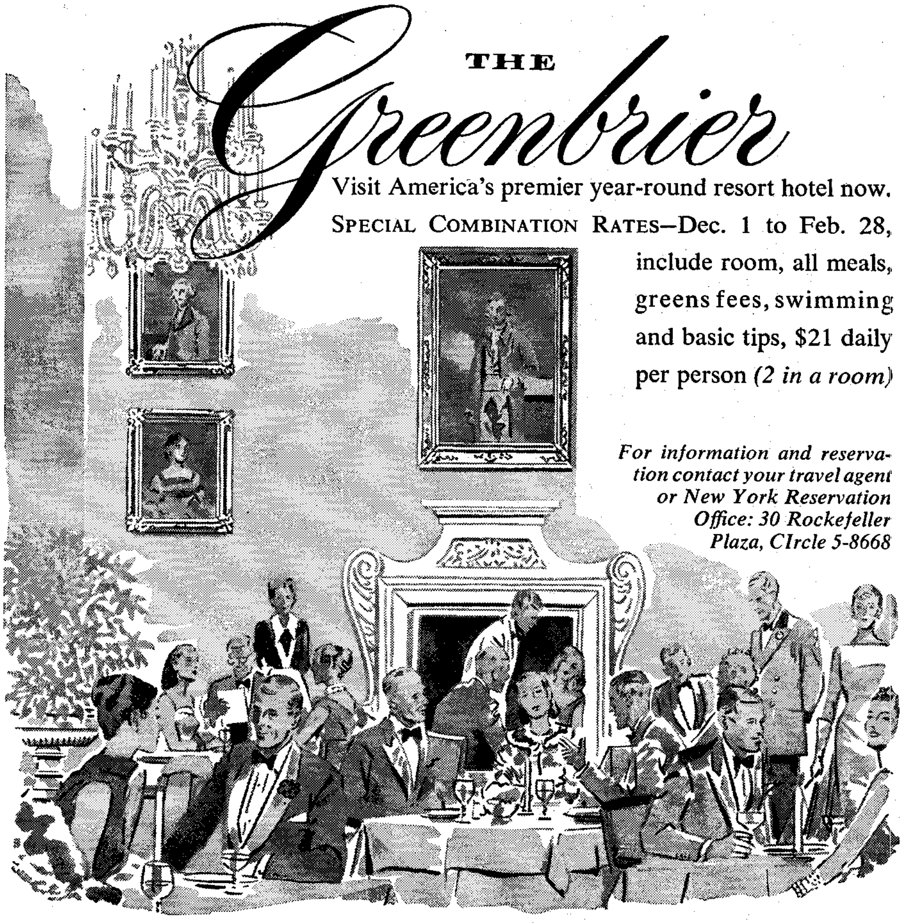

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS • WEST VIRGINIA

the tendency to talk loudly—indeed, to make noise generally—it is one of the chief things that New Yorkers who live near Puerto Ricans complain about. City offices and other places where Puerto Ricans congregate are likely to have signs requesting quiet. One that I have seen, in a baby clinic in East Harlem, shows a tact that might be used more often in such cases. "Please talk low," it says, in Spanish, "so the doctor can hear the babies' heartbeats." Left to themselves, Puerto Ricans often create a babble that may be all right in their native villages but that conflicts with many things in city life.

New Yorkers who deal with Puerto Ricans—social workers, priests, teachers, and so on—usually credit them with great warmth, loyalty, and generosity. "If a Puerto Rican kid gets hold of twenty cents, the chances are he will give a dime to a friend," a playground director has told me, and a union official who has spent a lot of time with Puerto Ricans on picket lines has said, "Once they begin to like you, they'll never let anything be said against you." They are reported to be individualistic—"Every one of them is a Don Quixote," someone has said—much concerned with their dignity, or *dignidad*, highly sensitive to criticism, and loath to hurt other people's feelings. Some of these traits clash with the customs of the city, and tend to put the Puerto Ricans at a disadvantage here—or, at any rate, to puzzle other New Yorkers. The Puerto Ricans' sense of *dignidad*, for instance, is connected with ideas of sportsmanship that are quite different from those we have on the mainland. "Being a good loser is a new idea to our people," a Puerto Rican athletic instructor has told me. "A Puerto Rican is very proud, you know, and it is a tragedy if he loses. He'll get over it, but not without plenty of suffering. Abiding by the decision of a judge or a referee is a new idea, too—and one that we Latins don't accept easily." (It must be said that as the Puerto Ricans have gone in for mainland sports—baseball, basketball, and boxing, especially—their attitudes have been changing.) To take another example, the Puerto Ricans' sense of delicacy—their desire not to offend others—has led them into the habit of saying yes whether they mean it or not; I have heard public-health nurses at New York clinics complain that Puerto Ricans will listen to their instructions, smile and repeatedly say yes, they understand, and then depart in ignorance, having taken almost nothing in. It would seem that many Puerto Ricans put more trust in God than in such instructions anyway. "Our people believe that God will provide," a Puerto Rican woman told me not long ago. "We think He will take care of things, and so we don't put too much faith in man-made rules and precautions." The belief that God will provide seems to characterize many peoples who live close to nature, rather than to the clock, and the skepticism about man-made rules can often lead to troubles of all sorts, minor and major, in a city as far from nature as New York.

IN addition to these differences of manner and attitude, the Puerto Ricans are divided from the rest of our population by what are perhaps more formidable barriers: they speak another language; to a certain extent, they have different problems of health and diet; many of them are not prepared for racial discrimination as it exists here; and, finally, their concept of family life is usually quite alien to our own. The language problem, like many other Puerto Rican problems here, varies with the individual, or at least with the age group; in the past, the teaching of English on the island has fluctuated widely in intensity, so people of different ages speak English with different degrees of skill, provided, of course, they are educated at all. Some years ago, English was emphasized in Puerto Rican schools; then, for a time, it was de-emphasized; and recently it has been stepped up again. "Quite a few of the older people—in their late thirties and up, say—speak fairly good English," I was told by a teacher in San Juan. "Younger adults—down to the early twenties—are apt to speak it poorly. And Puerto Ricans below that age may speak it reasonably well." As time goes on, and more of the migrants go through our schools, the language problem is bound to diminish, but right now it keeps many Puerto Ricans from coming to terms with New York life. Some of them arrive here without knowing any English at all, and don't see the need for learning it—or, rather, don't see the possibility of learning it, for they have no experience of the way education can dispel ignorance, stage by stage, if one sticks to it. Too proud to speak broken English, they get a job in some shop with a Spanish-speaking straw boss, and in their spare time they stay in their own neighborhoods, seeing Spanish-language movies, watching Spanish-language TV programs, and associating only with other Puerto Ricans. "They develop a ghetto mentality and never learn what New York has

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A man's guide to women: **No. 16**

Two widely different attitudes

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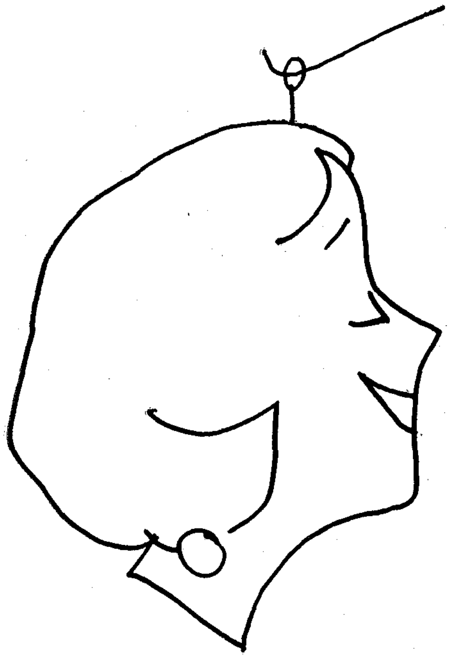
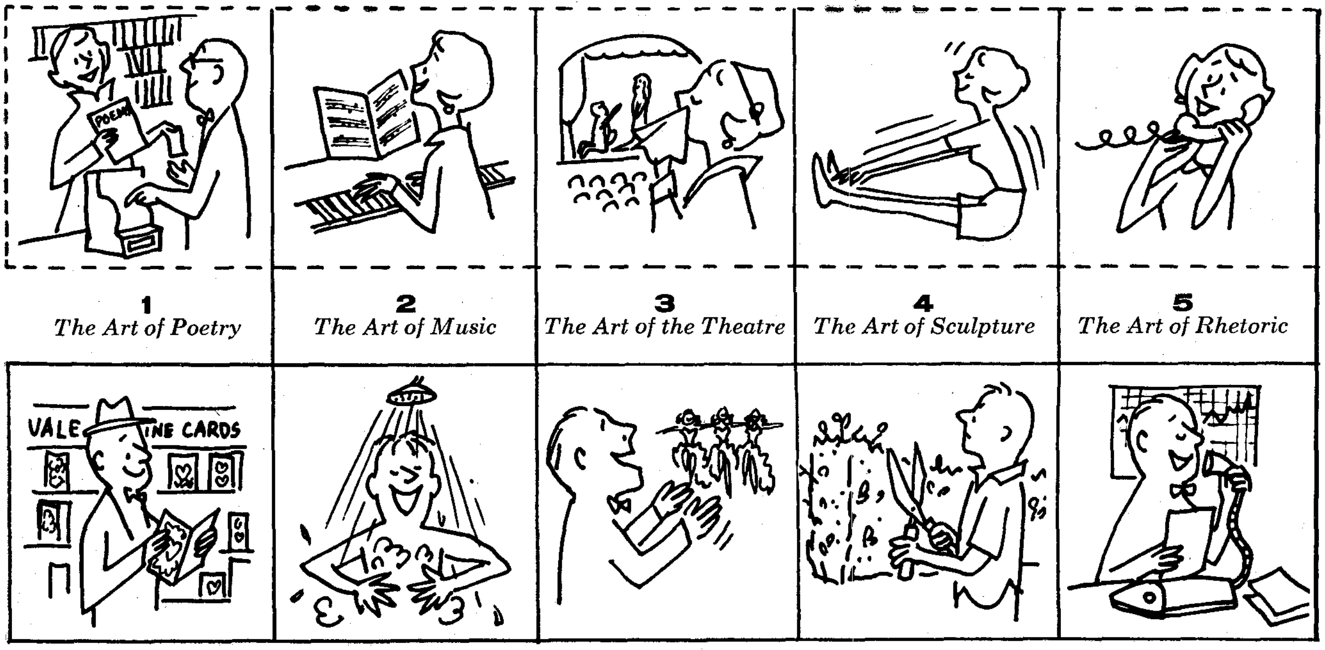


FEMALE



1 *The Art of Poetry*

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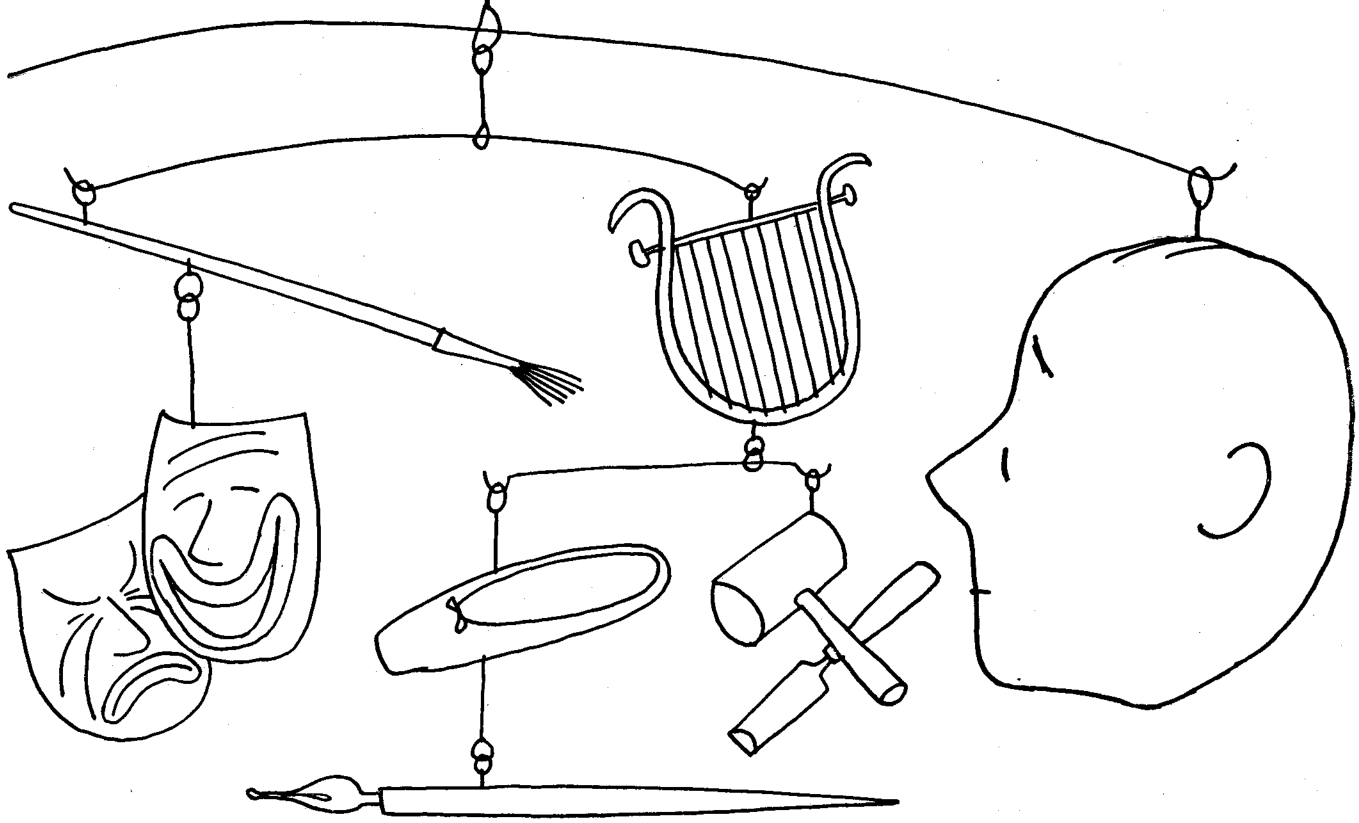
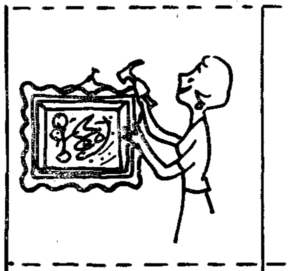
MALE

toward The Seven Classic Arts





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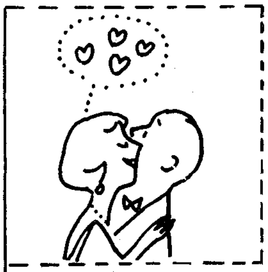
The Art of Painting



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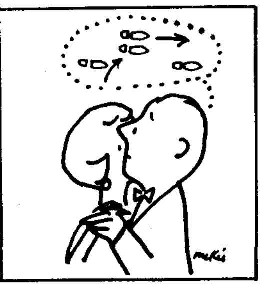
The Art of the Dance



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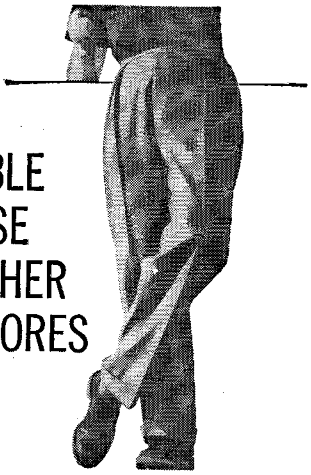
to offer," a social worker on the lower East Side has told me. "I know some who have been here a year and haven't even heard of Rockefeller Center."

The physical adjustment of Puerto Ricans to New York creates problems, even apart from the obvious one of getting used to cold weather. For one thing, Puerto Ricans are smaller than mainlanders, on the average, and this is a handicap to them in certain types of employment—stevedoring, for instance, and heavy construction work. The athletic instructor who told me about the Puerto Rican idea of sportsmanship also remarked that Puerto Rican boys lack stamina. "They are quick at sports," he said, "but they don't seem to last long. They are good baseball players, but an hour and a half is usually enough for them, and the same goes for swimming. I think it must be a question of diet." By and large, the blame for the Puerto Ricans' small size and low stamina—to the extent that they really suffer from these things—does seem to rest with their diet, or perhaps with the island environment in general. Some people think that heredity is responsible, too, but there isn't much proof of this. The Puerto Ricans are descended from three main stocks, and two of these—the Spanish and the Negro—are clearly of normal size. The Borinqueños, the Indians who furnished the third strain, may have been small (since the tribe has survived only in its Puerto Rican descendants, nobody is certain), but if they were, that, too, could be blamed on the Puerto Rican environment. At any rate, it is fairly common for a small people to grow larger in one generation through dietary change; in the past, Chinese families moving to the Treaty Ports in their country, and thereby to a Western diet, including things like milk, have sometimes done this, and so have Chinese families in America. No doubt the Puerto Ricans will do the same, if they stay here and learn to eat like New Yorkers.

Rice and beans are the mainstays of most Puerto Ricans in New York, particularly the poorer ones, and a city dietitian has told me that perhaps the worst thing about their diet is that they take in far too many "empty" calories, in the form of sweets, fats, and white, or polished, rice, which is nowhere near as nutritious as the unpolished kind. Some years ago, in China, I knew many people who insisted on polished rice no matter how much they were lectured on the merits of unpolished rice, and the Chinese and the Puerto Ricans seem to have the same reason for this preference: white rice is more expensive, and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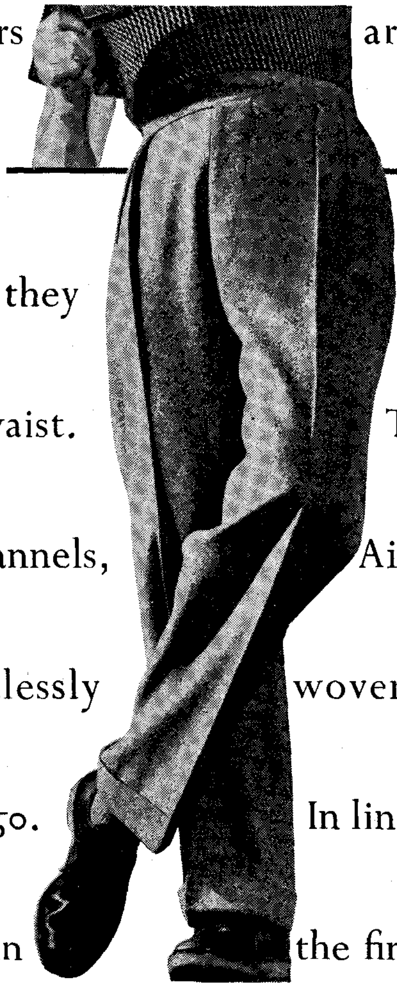

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so gives "status" to the poor people who eat it. As for beans, the dietitian told me that they are a fair source of protein, but not a perfect one, since they are not as rich in essential amino acids as meat, eggs, milk, fish, and nuts. Many Puerto Ricans here, she said, eat less meat than they should, but since the problem is basically economic, little can be done about it right now. As far as I have been able to learn, the Puerto Ricans do eat a good deal of meat when they can afford it—pork and poultry usually, because their island is too crowded for range animals, and they are not accustomed to lamb or beef.

The dairy cow, queen of our dietetic culture, has traditionally not had much prestige in Puerto Rico, where milk goes sour fast and where nature supplies a fairly adequate living without her. Adult Puerto Ricans, though, are given to drinking *café con leche*, or coffee with milk, and in New York, according to a Health Department survey, their consumption of milk is slightly higher than that of the city's adults as a whole. But health authorities believe that Puerto Rican children and babies get far too little milk, and they are trying to remedy this by, among other things, persuading Puerto Rican mothers to use evaporated milk, on the ground that it is cheaper and more convenient. Here, though, they are up against an ingrained conviction that such milk is too *caliente* (literally, "hot")—an old wives' concept that is hard for an outsider to grasp exactly but that seems to involve the properties of inducing fevers and gas on the stomach, and making the skin break out. In general, the health authorities assume that many of their instructions to Puerto Rican women will be vetoed back in the slums by family councils that cling to old Latin beliefs—the belief in the virtue of obesity, for instance.

I have talked with several experts here, including Dr. Leona Baumgartner, the city's Health Commissioner, about the Puerto Ricans' general health, and, on the whole, they deny that the migrants bring fell diseases to New York, as is sometimes charged. It is true that many Puerto Ricans who come here have tuberculosis, that they sometimes have traces of certain types of cancer at relatively early ages, that they often have such ailments of poverty as malnutrition and iron deficiency, though not often rickets or scurvy, and that quite a number of them arrive with intestinal worms, which, fortunately, are not communicable here, because of the urban sanitary system. Otherwise, I gather, the Puerto Ricans have only

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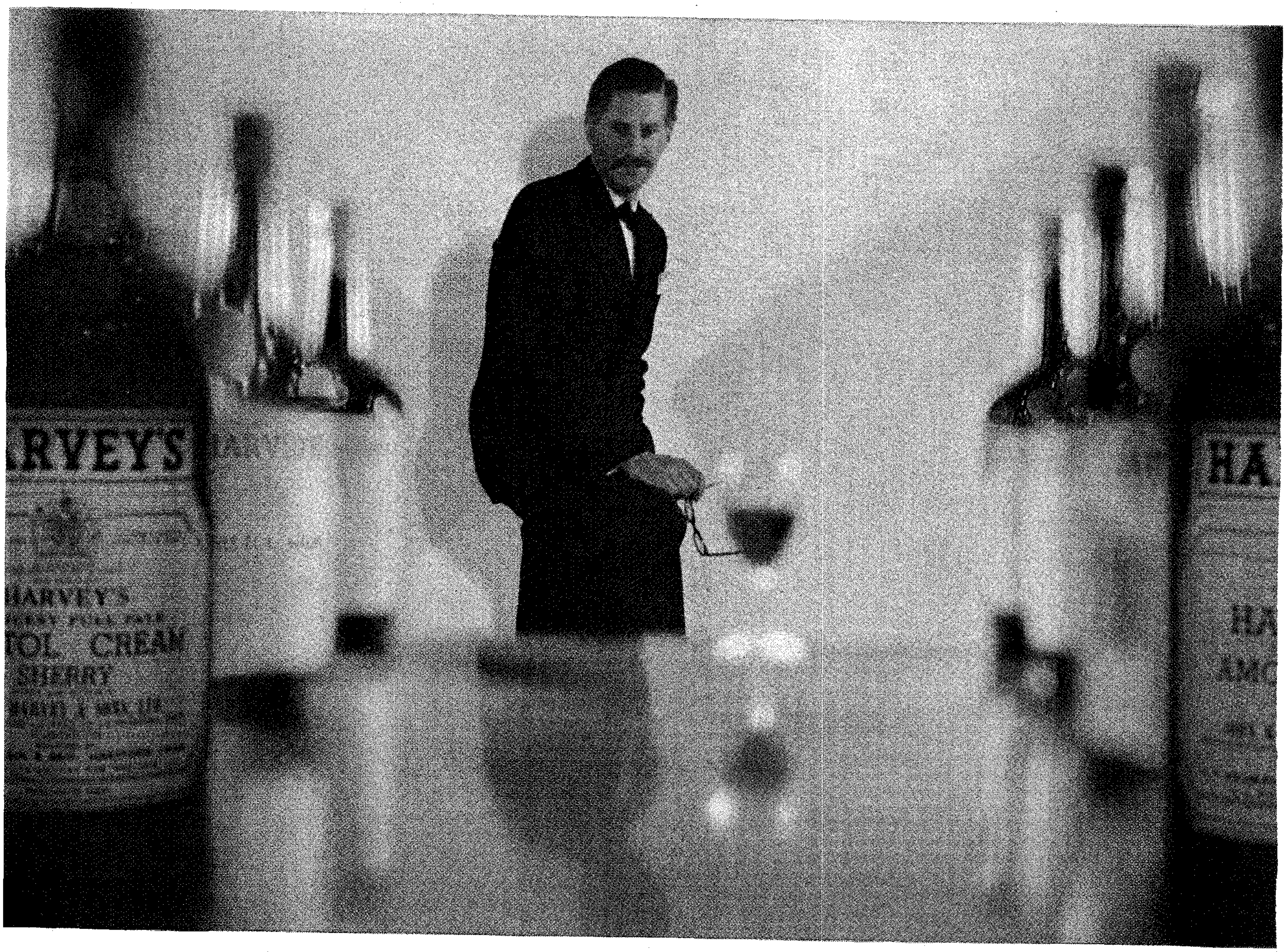

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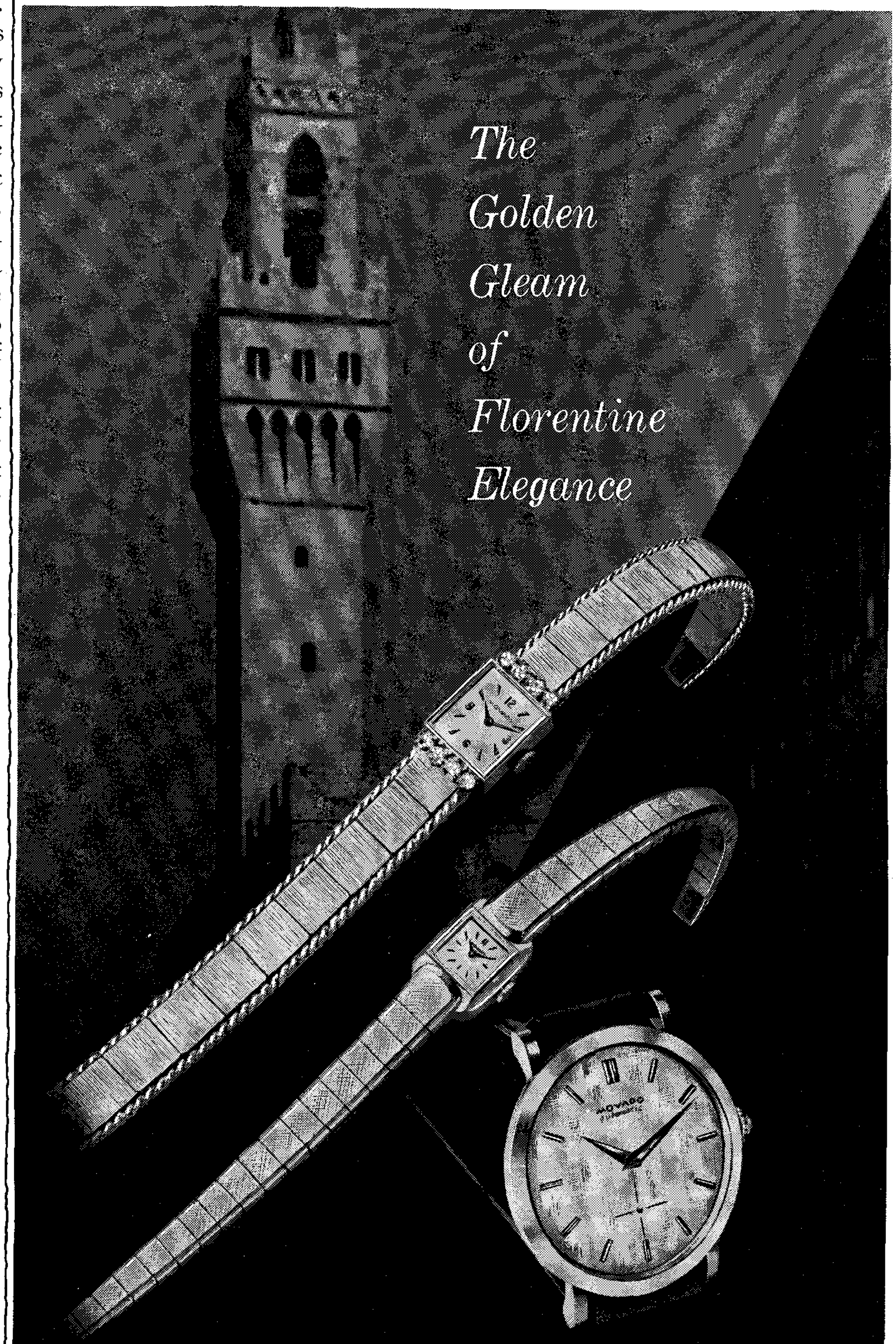
imported **SHERRIES AND PORTS** since 1796 the usual diseases, in the usual degrees. Still, being poor, they flood the city's clinics, and since their birth rate is very high—more than twice that of the city's mainland whites and almost twice that of its mainland Negroes—they make great use of the maternity and pediatric facilities at Bellevue and other hospitals. The more rustic of them are not used to modern health services, and have a lot of trouble understanding them. One doctor I talked with a few months ago at a private hospital expressed himself tartly to me on the subject of Puerto Rican patients, though he admitted that his opinion of them was sourer than the average. "The Puerto Ricans don't stand pain well, they can't describe their symptoms clearly, and we can't be sure they'll take the medicine prescribed," he said. "It is hard to discipline the adults who come to visit our child patients. In winter, especially, there are lots of visitors, because the hospital is warmer than their homes; they bring in food despite orders not to, and sometimes they give it to children right before surgery, which is very bad, of course. And they disturb our routine in other ways, too. I think our hospitals should do more toward educating Puerto Ricans, but the job is bound to take a generation or two." This doctor said frankly that he had little rapport with the Puerto Ricans, and that his views were probably biassed; he was, so to speak, objective about his non-objectivity.

Last winter, I visited a few "well-baby" clinics in the Puerto Rican districts. The function of these clinics, which are run by the city's Department of Health, is to check on the neighborhood babies' health periodically, and to coach the mothers in their feeding and care. It was bitter cold when I made these visits, and the Puerto Rican mothers were all bundled up, with scarves on their heads. The babies were bundled up, too, in cocoons of blankets, which occasionally looked like bundles pure and simple, with no hint that there were babies inside. Holding them, the mothers would sit in rows on benches, awaiting their turn, and the room would be full of babies' cries, echoing back and forth from the bare walls. The nurses in the clinics could rarely speak Spanish, and they would give the mothers instructions in pidgin English and baby talk, and by gesturing. "I often say that if I broke both my arms I'd be useless here," one nurse remarked to me. The nurses would explain the value of the vitamins in orange juice, milk, and cereal, and would give bits of advice, though they could never be sure whether their words would be heeded, or even



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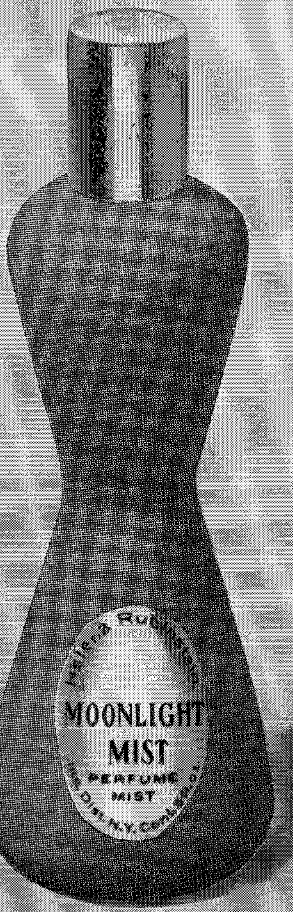

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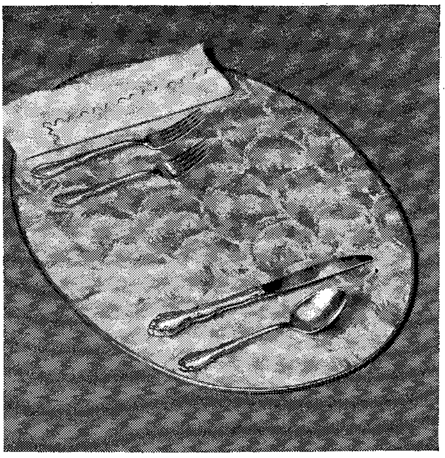
understood. "If you have cold, and you kiss, then you give cold to the little baby," a nurse would say. The mother would smile, nod, pick up her bundle, and go outside, perhaps kissing it forthwith and covering it with germs but perhaps also remembering something about the vitamins.

IN the course of my visit to Puerto Rico last spring, I noticed that a color line of sorts exists down there, but it seemed both less pervasive and more flexible than our color line in New York. "It comes as a great surprise to a dark-skinned migrant arriving in New York to learn that he is colored," one Puerto Rican has told me, and while this is no doubt an exaggeration, it is obvious that a dark skin is a much worse handicap here than it is on the island. "Discrimination, Northern style, is something a Southern Negro can dope out," a settlement-house psychologist remarked not long ago. "For dark Puerto Ricans, it is something new and troubling. It is an emotionally shattering experience for them, and one of the worst bars to adjustment. It is bad for the children, particularly." After a short pause, he added, "The Puerto Ricans who come here are not suspicious—in the beginning, at least. They haven't got the defenses that the Negro has, and they are hurt more easily by the things that happen."

The things that happen to dark Puerto Ricans range from minor but often painful social snubs to big snubs in matters of employment and housing. While light-skinned migrants can move just about anywhere, especially if they learn English and earn good pay, it is hard for the dark ones to move out of their particular slums, like East Harlem, the south Bronx, and the lower East Side. (The Puerto Rican government, incidentally, discourages its people from migrating to our Southern states; while it claims to have a laissez-faire policy about the migration, and doesn't actually "advise" Puerto Ricans not to go to Dixie, it "informs them of the conditions" there, and that amounts to the same thing.) When the darker Puerto Ricans learn about the unofficial color line here in the North, they react by differentiating themselves as much as they can from the Negroes, and this is even more true of such Puerto Rican types as the so-called *indios* and *grifos*, who have West Indian or Negroid features and a light skin. If dark Puerto Ricans go to a city hospital, they object to being put down on the records as "Negro." Some of them refuse to work on jobs with Negroes, and many of



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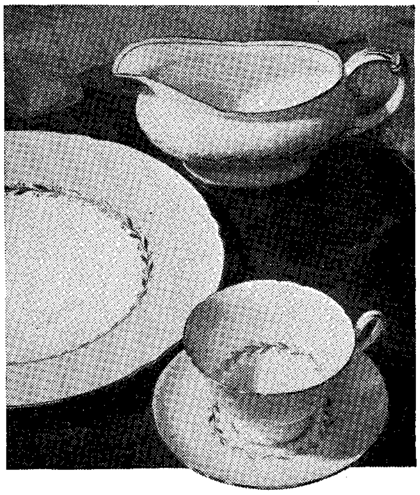

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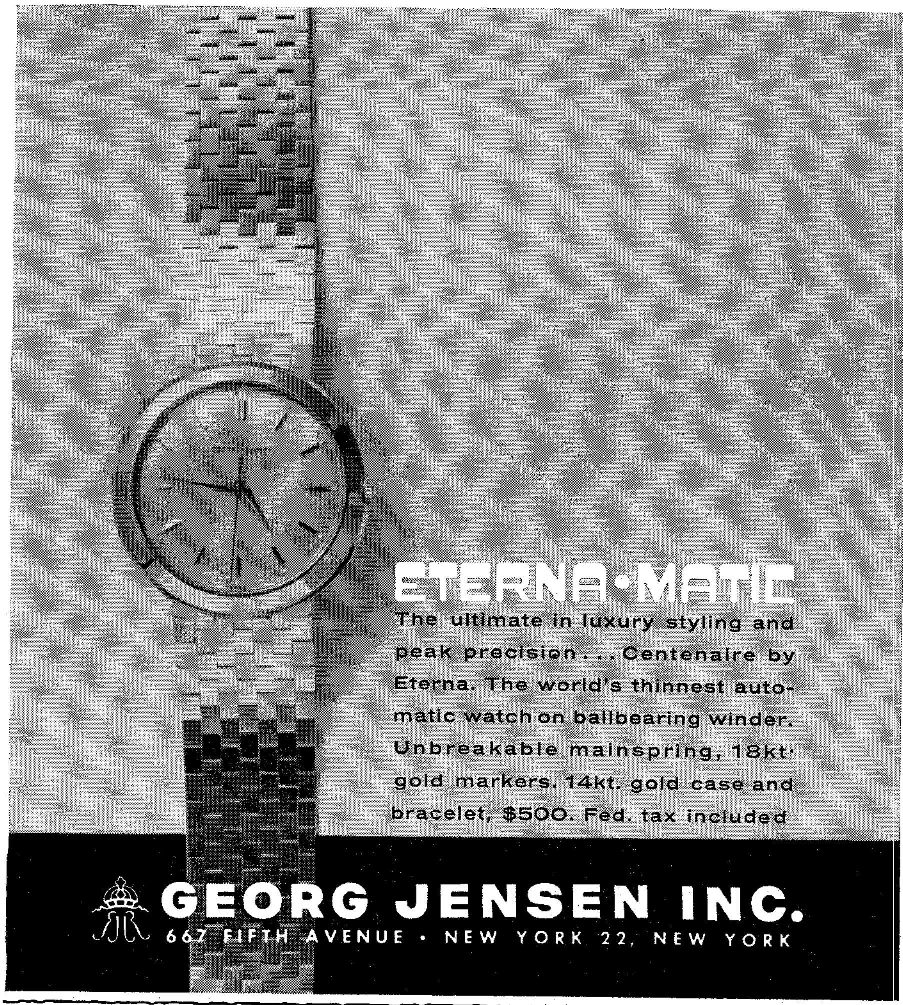
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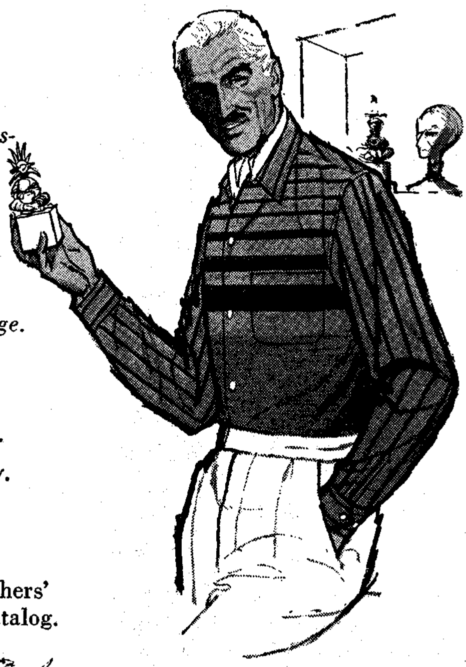
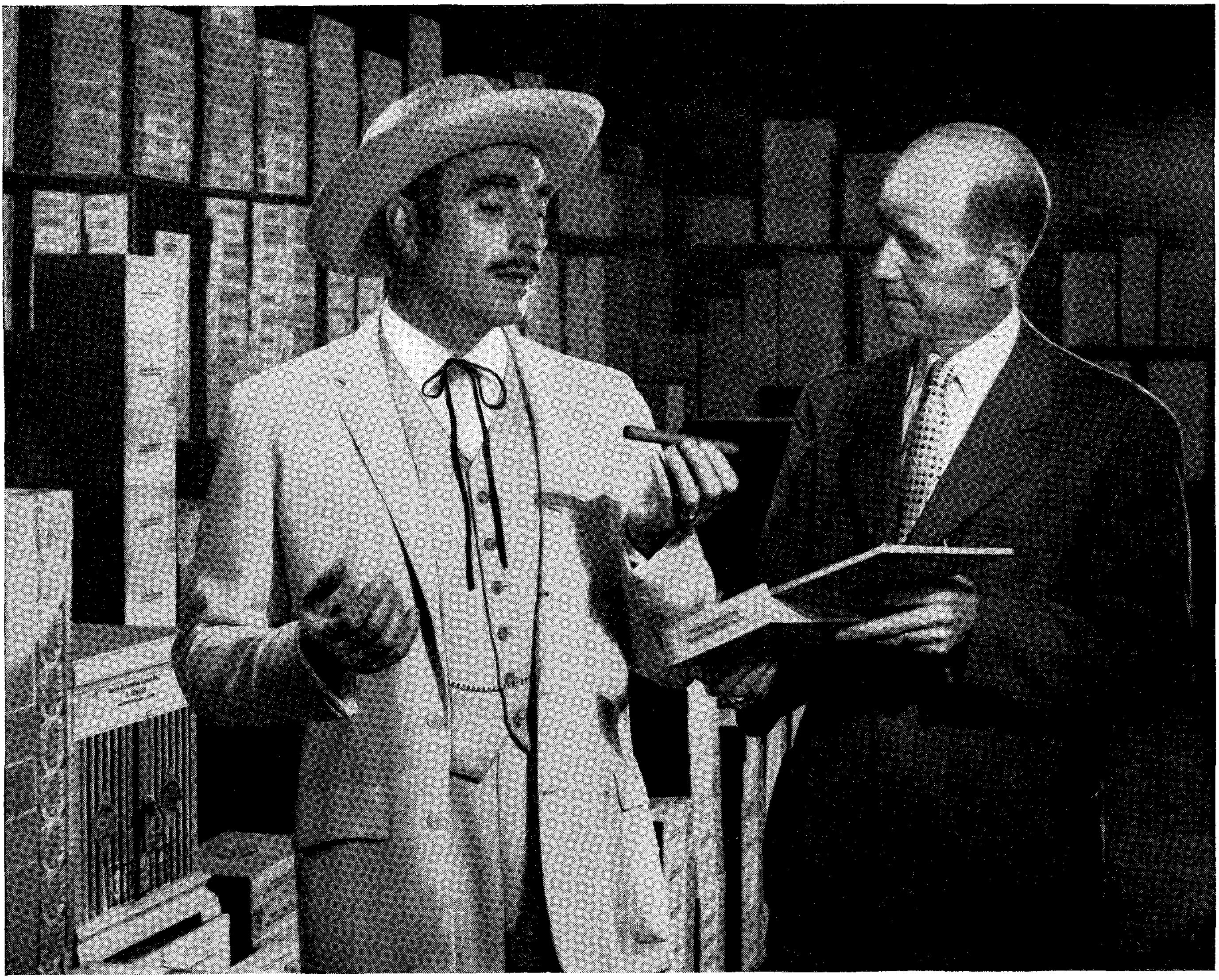


them refuse to learn English, clinging to Spanish as a badge of distinction, and often speaking it loudly in public places.

On the whole, the New York Negroes are unmoved by the woes of the Puerto Ricans. Many New Yorkers might expect that there would be some solidarity between the Negroes and Puerto Ricans as companions in misfortune, but the two groups are engaged in bitter rivalry for the lowest rungs on the job ladder, and the feeling between them is hostile. Some of New York's worst juvenile gang wars are between Negroes and Puerto Ricans, with whites—or "Anglos"—sometimes fighting on the Negro side. In Youth House, the place of detention for the city's delinquent boys, Negroes and whites "freeze out" Puerto Ricans. Negroes who live in housing projects often complain about the Puerto Ricans—about the smells of their cooking, for example—and, in general, wherever Negroes and Puerto Ricans live side by side there is friction. Not long ago, a Negro leader told me that basically what his people have against the Puerto Ricans is that the latter will often work for less pay. "They are used for undercutting Negroes' wages, and naturally that makes for bad feeling," he said. "But as soon as the Puerto Ricans get established here, they have the same problems that we have. The minute they learn English and get to know their rights, the boss wants to get rid of them; he is out at Idlewild meeting planes. So I tell our people we are all in the same boat."

This man has taken part in a movement, sponsored by the Urban League and by the Migration Division of the Puerto Rican Department of Labor, which has an office here in the city, to improve understanding between the two groups, and he plainly believes in the principle of united we stand, divided we fall—believes, that is, that if the Negroes are going to fight prejudice against themselves they can't indulge in prejudice against the Puerto Ricans. A great many other persons and institutions in New York—churches, unions, city departments, and social services—are also doing their best to end the strife, but so far one gathers that, while they may be doing fine on the high level of talk, they aren't doing very well on the lower level of getting Negroes and Puerto Ricans together in the neighborhoods. At best, the two groups take one another on sufferance. For the moment, the situation is not too bad, the experts seem to think, and things may improve—unless we have a financial slump. If we have a slump,



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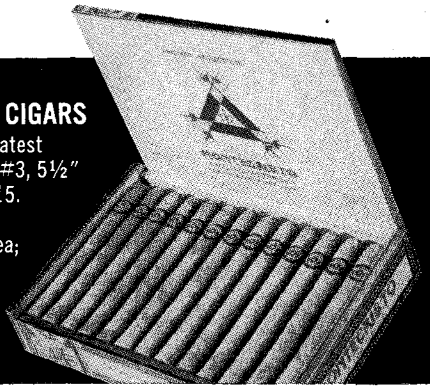

with unemployment, the experts say, real trouble between the Negroes and Puerto Ricans can be expected.

PERHAPS the main difference between the Puerto Ricans' family life and our own is that they tend to have swarms of children; Puerto Rican mothers with six, seven, or eight children are not uncommon in the city. One reason for the high birth rate is that most of the migrants are young and vigorous, and another is that, here or on the island, Puerto Ricans get interested in romance a couple of years earlier than mainlanders and frequently have a child or two by the time they are seventeen. As some authorities see it, the Puerto Ricans' high rate of increase is attributable to the fact that as a people they are shifting from an "underdeveloped" agrarian economy to a technologically advanced one, and that this sort of shift, which is occurring in many parts of the world now (on Ceylon and Formosa, to name two other islands), is almost always accompanied by a big jump in population. Agrarian populations customarily produce many children, but in the past these have been thinned out drastically by infant diseases; now, with disease halted by modern science, there is nothing to check the increase. Eventually, the high birth rate tapers off, for large broods of children are an embarrassment in the new urban life, requiring considerable outlays of cash, and it doesn't take parents long to catch on to this. Right now, lower-class Puerto Ricans, and especially the ones in New York, seem to be in a painful phase of this process; they haven't yet learned to cope with their new situation and are still producing in the old agrarian way. Birth control is being preached in Puerto Rico by an organization called the Family Welfare Association, which, in spite of the opposition of the Catholic Church, appears to be receiving some support from the new-dealish government of Luis Muñoz-Marín. It seems likely, though, that there will be a faster spread of the birth-control idea among Puerto Ricans in New York, where striking results have already been achieved by one campaigner, an educated Puerto Rican woman who is connected with the Planned Parenthood Federation and who works through two Manhattan settlement houses. She calls herself a Catholic (this may be a measure of the light discipline that the Church exerts on some Puerto Ricans) and says that she knows she is going against the Church's teaching but that she has decided to do so for the good of

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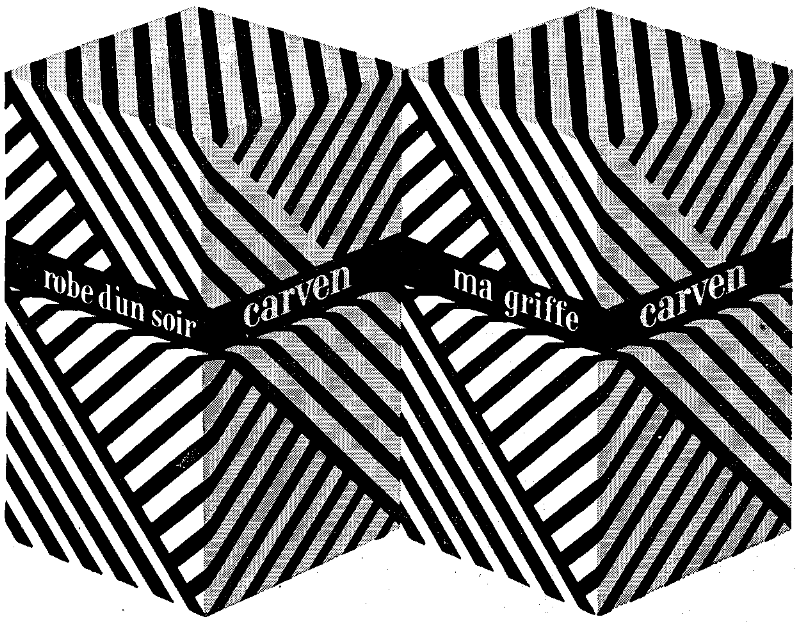

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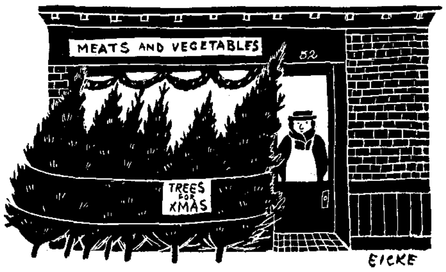
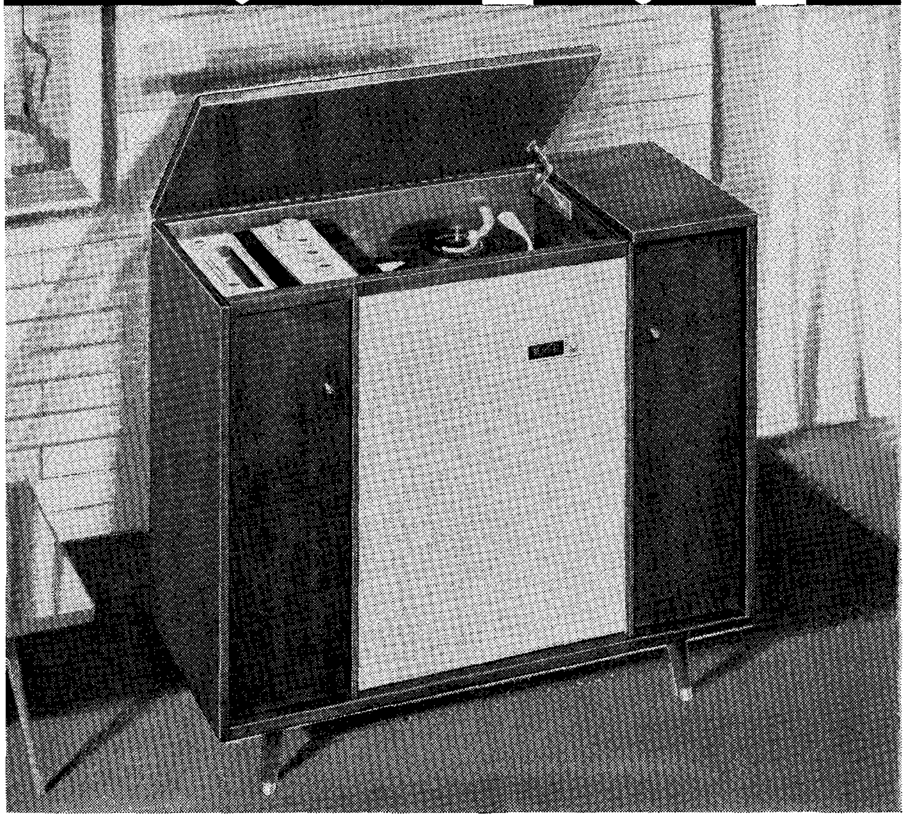
her people as she sees it. She broadcasts frequently on Spanish radio and TV programs, and reports a keen response. When I talked with her one morning a few months ago, she told me that thousands of women had come to her, or written to her, for advice on birth control—women who had been having babies year after year since their teens, with only miscarriages to break the monotonous process.

Another fact of Puerto Rican family life is that many marital unions are never solemnized by a church or civil ceremony. Between a quarter and a third of all couples on the island are said to be informally joined, and such unions are called consensual marriages. One gathers that they are in harmony with the old Puerto Rican lower-class society, where personal relations are not sharply defined, where there is much casual adoption of poor children by relatives, and where *compadres*, or godfathers, take on almost the role of foster parents. There is, one gathers, a vague but warm communal life in that society, and everyone gets fed somehow without any sharp definition of rights and obligations. Here in New York, consensual marriages do not fit into the picture so well. They clash with our bureaucratic paperwork procedures, which, of course, prefer all relationships to be legal, and they may make it hard for Puerto Rican families to get into housing projects. They also, naturally, prove less binding when the union is put under strain, as often happens in the transition to our society, and priests and other people who work with the Puerto Ricans here go to a good deal of trouble to get consensual marriages solemnized when the couples are serious about them.

The chief strains on migrant marriages, consensual or not, it seems, come from increased cash and from the higher position of women. "Back home, Puerto Ricans aren't used to handling large sums of money," I have been told by a nun who works with them. "Their pay here may seem low to the rest of us, but it is high for them, and this goes to their heads. They get restless—very materialistic. Then, if they





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have to live in bad surroundings—like crowded tenements—they may begin to stray, and pretty soon their homes are broken." As for the position of women, it is traditionally low in Puerto Rico. The wife stays home, the husband is lord and master, and there is a double standard of morality. Some Puerto Rican men manage to make that situation persist here, but our idea of freedom for women often infiltrates the Puerto Rican families; sometimes it is misinterpreted, and liberty is understood as license. If the wife earns more money than the husband, as she may well do in New York, the situation is even worse, for no matter how great her devotion may be, her new independence humiliates a man used to the old customs.

In a somewhat similar way, many Puerto Rican children become alienated from their parents, as did the children of other immigrants in the past. In Puerto Rico, parents are usually kind and indulgent, but they have a lot of authority, especially over their daughters—a survival of the duenna system—and they can be strait-laced. Some of the Puerto Ricans who come here join evangelical Protestant churches, and these parents are often not only strait-laced but downright puritanical, even about letting their children smoke or attend settlement-house dances. The children, for their part, quickly pick up our mainland ideas of "permissiveness," and begin to chafe under their parents' conservatism; in such circumstances, parental authority is challenged, especially if both the father and the mother have jobs and can't be home much. In addition, the young Puerto Ricans learn English, and New York ways, more quickly than their elders do. Often a small child will become the interpreter, or mediator, between his family and the city; I have visited Puerto Rican lodgings where the mother sat mute in the background while a small son talked knowingly with me in English. It is natural for such children to lose respect for their parents and, eventually, to stop obeying them, but then, since they have no one else to obey, they find themselves alone in the no man's land of the second-generation immigrant. All authority looks bad to them, and they start getting into mischief.

OVER the last year or so, I have had many glimpses into the ways in which city officials, social workers, and ministers are helping the Puerto Ricans escape from no man's land. The campaign to fit the newcomers into the life of the city is being waged on many fronts, and I have learned something

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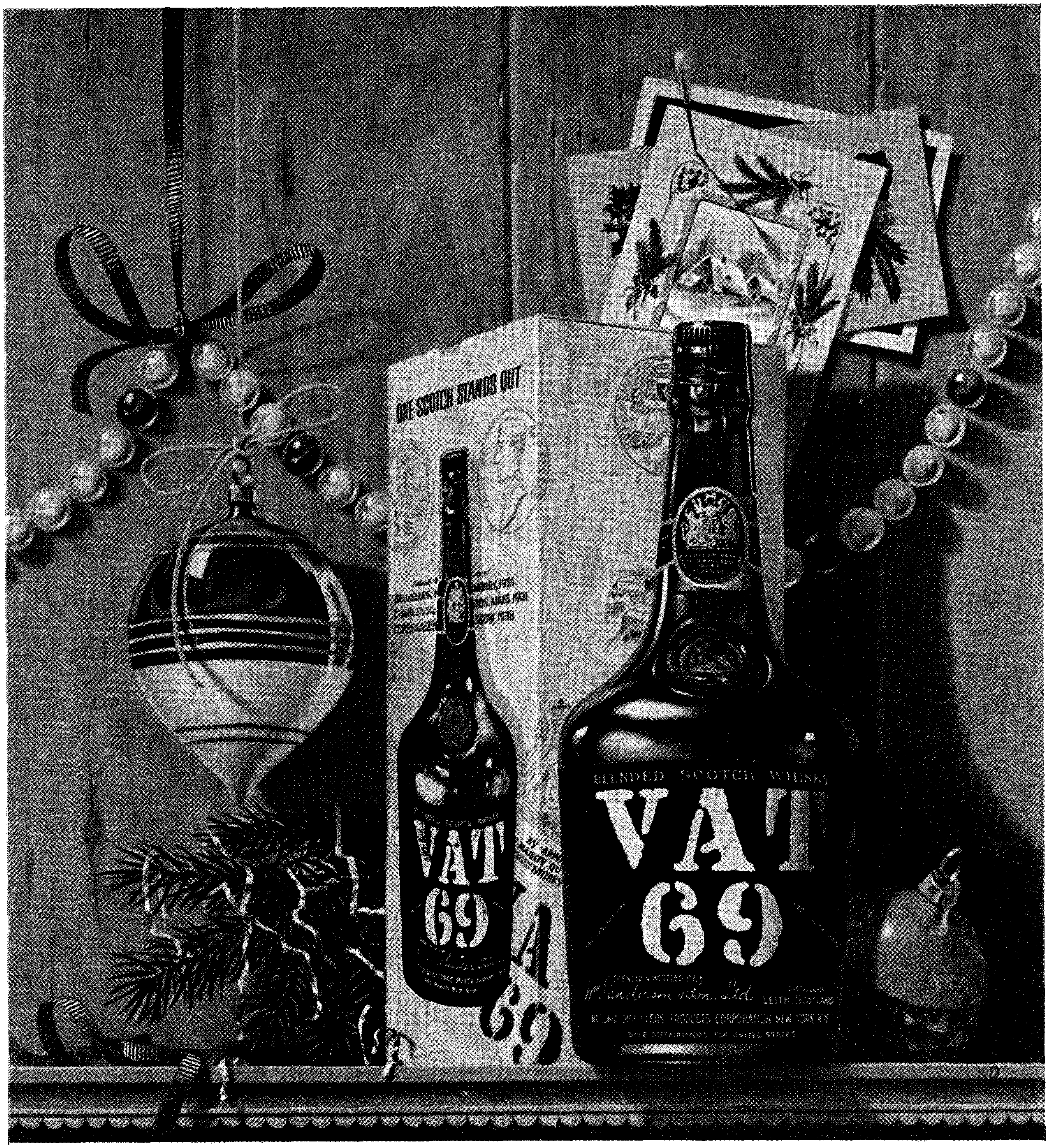

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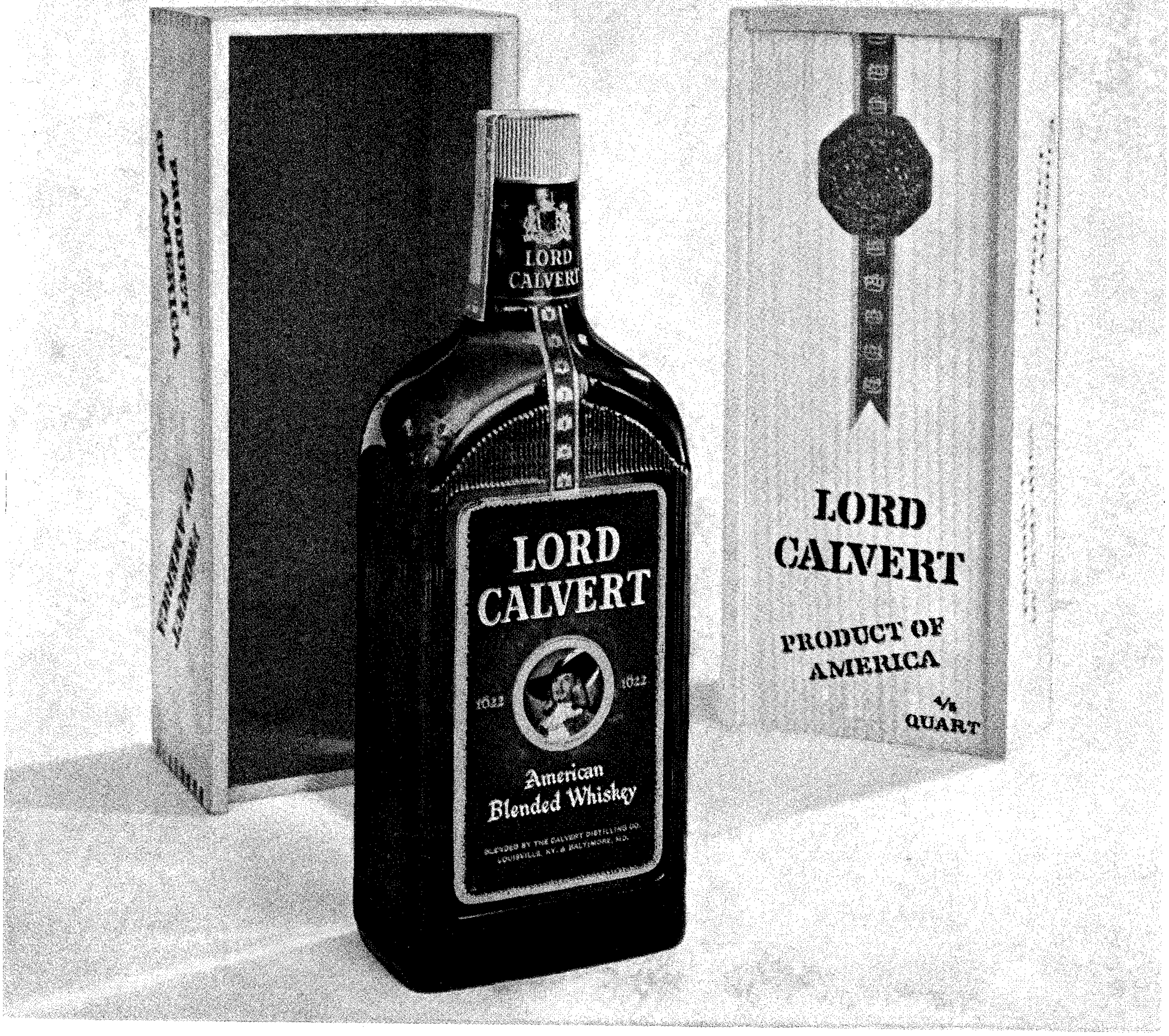
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about what the campaigners are up against at, among other places, a small Catholic mission center on the lower East Side, run by a Jesuit father named Walter Janer (the name is pronounced "Hahnair," in the Spanish style), who comes of a Puerto Rican family and grew up partly on the island and partly in New York. Father Janer is attached to Nativity Parish, whose church is on Second Avenue, near Third Street. A few blocks away, on Forsyth Street, Father Janer has his mission center, in a building occupied until just a few months ago by a community of nuns. The building is a small one, belonging to a row of narrow five-story tenements—structures of different shades of brick, with fire escapes on their façades, and random touches of laundry and potted plants in the windows. The buildings all look out on the plane trees in a playground across Forsyth Street, where, on warm afternoons, Puerto Rican boys play stickball. Bowery bums often come to the playground, too, and sit on the benches, bottle in hand; normally, I have been told, a patrol wagon shows up at six o'clock and takes them away, since they are deemed a moral hazard to the children after dark.

Father Janer first came to Nativity Parish for six weeks in the summer of 1952, while he was still in training; he had been preparing for the priesthood at a seminary in Weston, Massachusetts, and was about to start on his final year of Jesuit studies at Gandía, in Spain. A large number of Puerto Ricans had been moving into the parish, and since Father Janer was a Puerto Rican himself and was interested in youth and youth movements, he was a natural choice to lead boys'-club work at Nativity that summer. He did very well at it, by all accounts, and the following year he was given a permanent assignment there. Soon afterward, three Spanish-speaking American nuns, who themselves had had long experience in Puerto Rico, came to work with him, and since then Father Janer has built up a full-time staff, consisting of another Jesuit priest, Father John Hoodack; a Puerto Rican youth worker, Luis Colón; and an Irish-American athletic coach, Dan Collins. The sisters attend to the catechistic instruction of the Puerto Ricans round about, and Father Janer and his staff concentrate on social work, especially among the boys.

Father Janer is a medium-size, wiry young man with glossy black hair and glistening white teeth. He smiles and laughs a lot, speaks English with a New York accent, and expresses himself idiomatically, even slangily. At the center,

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he is a Jack-of-all-trades. Once when I dropped in to see him, he was fastening a blackboard to a brick wall, and another time he was busy repairing a pinball machine with a screwdriver. Each time, he stopped work only long enough to greet me. "You'll have to forgive me," he said on the first occasion, "but I have to be the handyman. If we had a good budget, we'd have people to do this sort of thing. I think I'd miss it, though. It's fun to see the kids this way." The kids were playing all around him as he worked, and chatting back and forth with him, and I have rarely seen him when he was not liable to interruption of some kind—usually from Puerto Ricans with problems. "One day I am a psychologist, the next a social worker," he remarked once. "In general, I am on the side of youth. We are not trying to carry a torch for delinquents here, but I do spend a lot of time in the Children's Court on Twenty-second Street, where our Puerto Rican boys keep getting hauled up. I don't try to defend them when they don't deserve to be defended, of course—justice must be done—but there are often misunderstandings that I can help clear up."

Sometimes, during our conversations, Father Janer has been interrupted by an adult Puerto Rican, in person or on the telephone. "That's a man whose wife has just gone to the hospital," he said after answering the phone one afternoon. "He has three small children and no one to care for them. We'll have to get a volunteer to help him out." Another time, he hung up the phone and told me, "That woman has a mentally defective boy, and she has been trying to get him into a school that takes such cases. She had a lot of trouble for a while, because she gave the school her name instead of the father's, and there was a snarl in the records. It's all untangled now, but Father Hoodack and I were the ones who had to do it. The boy will get into the school, all right, as soon as they have room for him. I have told her so, but she is worried by the delay, and that's why she called up. It is a mysterious business to her." The Puerto Ricans who come to see Father Janer usually arrive with paper forms in hand, which he is supposed to sign as a witness or a reference. They generally come by appointment, but often they are late. "Excuse me a moment," he said to me one day. "There is a woman outside with a paper for me to sign. She was supposed to be here an hour ago. It happens like that so often. I wish I could change it, but I can't." He was gone about ten min-

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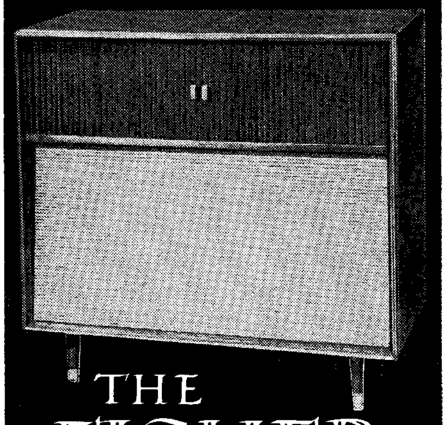

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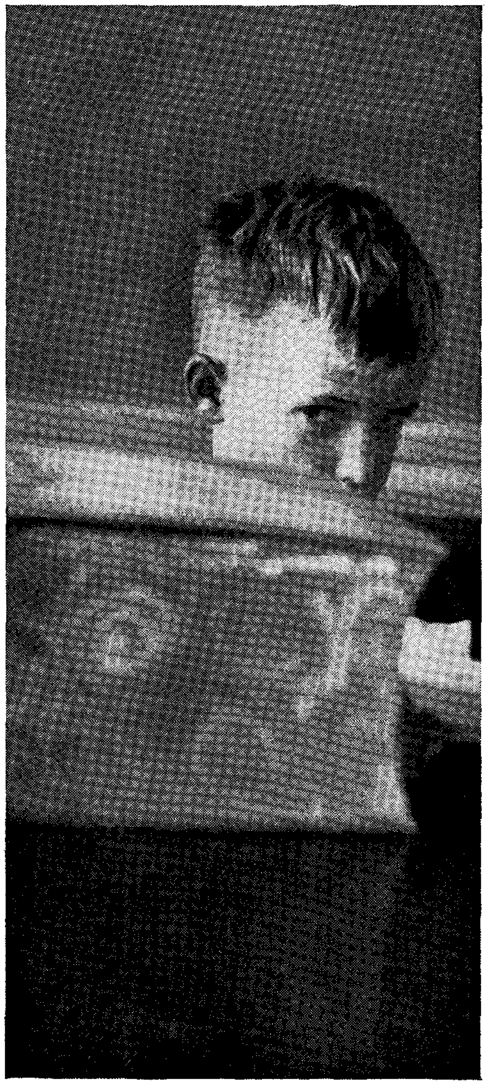

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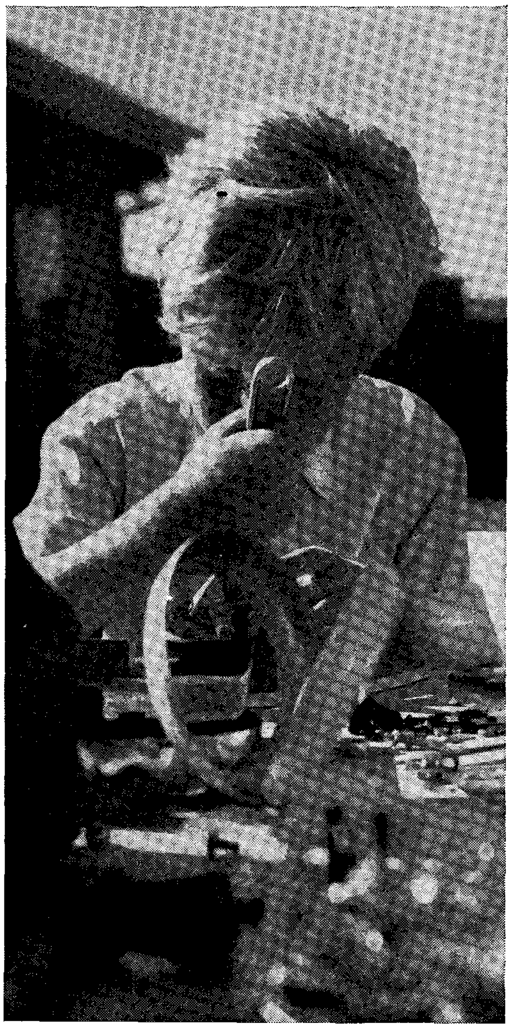

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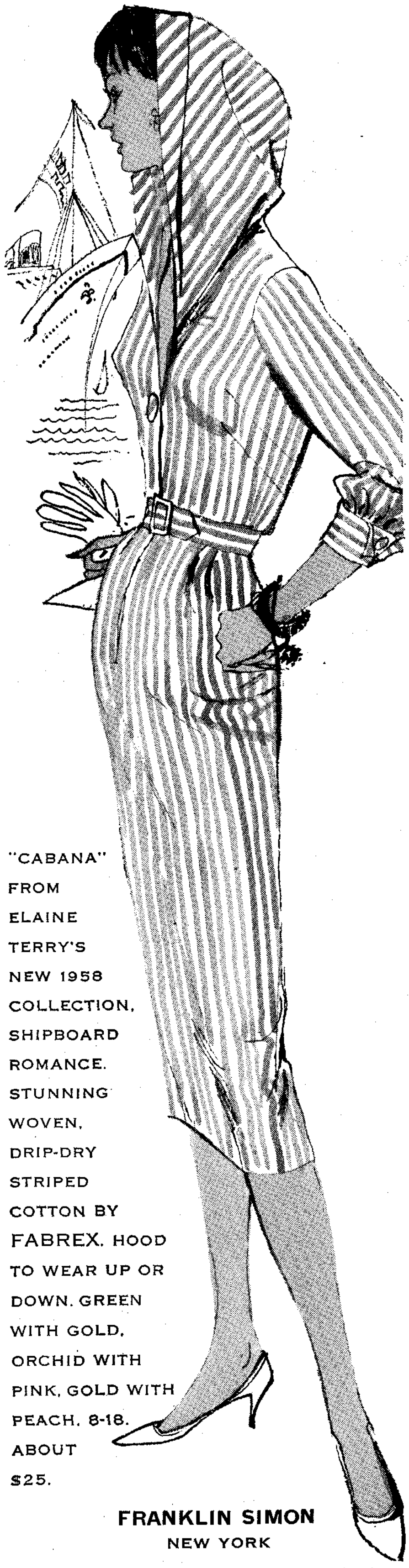

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utes and came back laughing. "I should be like a German," he said. "I should run everything like clockwork, and not waste time on these endless interruptions." But it seemed plain that he never would run things that way, and knew it, and was just talking.

The children who play in the mission range from about nine years old to thirteen, and most of them come every weekday afternoon, arriving soon after three o'clock, when school lets out. Either Father Janer or Father Hoodack is on the scene then—not only to keep an eye on things but also to be in a position to notice when a child fails to turn up, and find out why; the parents might be sick, for instance, and need help. "Personal interest counts more than anything else," Father Janer has told me. "You've got to show that you're with them all the way." To this end, he frequently calls on Puerto Rican families, and visits hospitals, and walks through the streets, talking to teenagers. On Thursdays, the children at the elementary schools nearby are let out an hour early for "released time"—a period intended for religious instruction by the children's own pastors or rabbis—and Father Janer told me that his center would draw a thousand Puerto Rican children then if only it could handle them. "Actually, we pack in about two hundred," he said, "but even that is too many—especially when they are so different in age and in their knowledge of English, and are in that mood kids are in when they have just got out of school. The ideal would be four classes of twenty each, but we couldn't possibly hold it down to that."

The center has the use of certain outside facilities. It can take children to a gymnasium at the Holy Name Center, on Bleecker Street; it is entitled to send thirty-two boys away to a camp for two weeks in the summer; and it can refer problems to the large Catholic Charities organization. Its own finances are sketchy, though, and it is a one-horse affair compared to the long-established settlement houses, which have ten times its facilities. A Catholic high school in Brooklyn puts on an annual Christmas drive for the center, and the proceeds go for things like pool tables and toys. Beyond that, the hat is passed in likely places by Father Janer. "I hate to beg," he says, "but I have learned to do it." He has also learned to give card parties and raffle parties. He gave a big card-and-raffle party not long ago at the Statler Hotel, on a Saturday afternoon, and it brought in more than four thousand dollars—a fat sum, by the center's standards. Much of this may go toward

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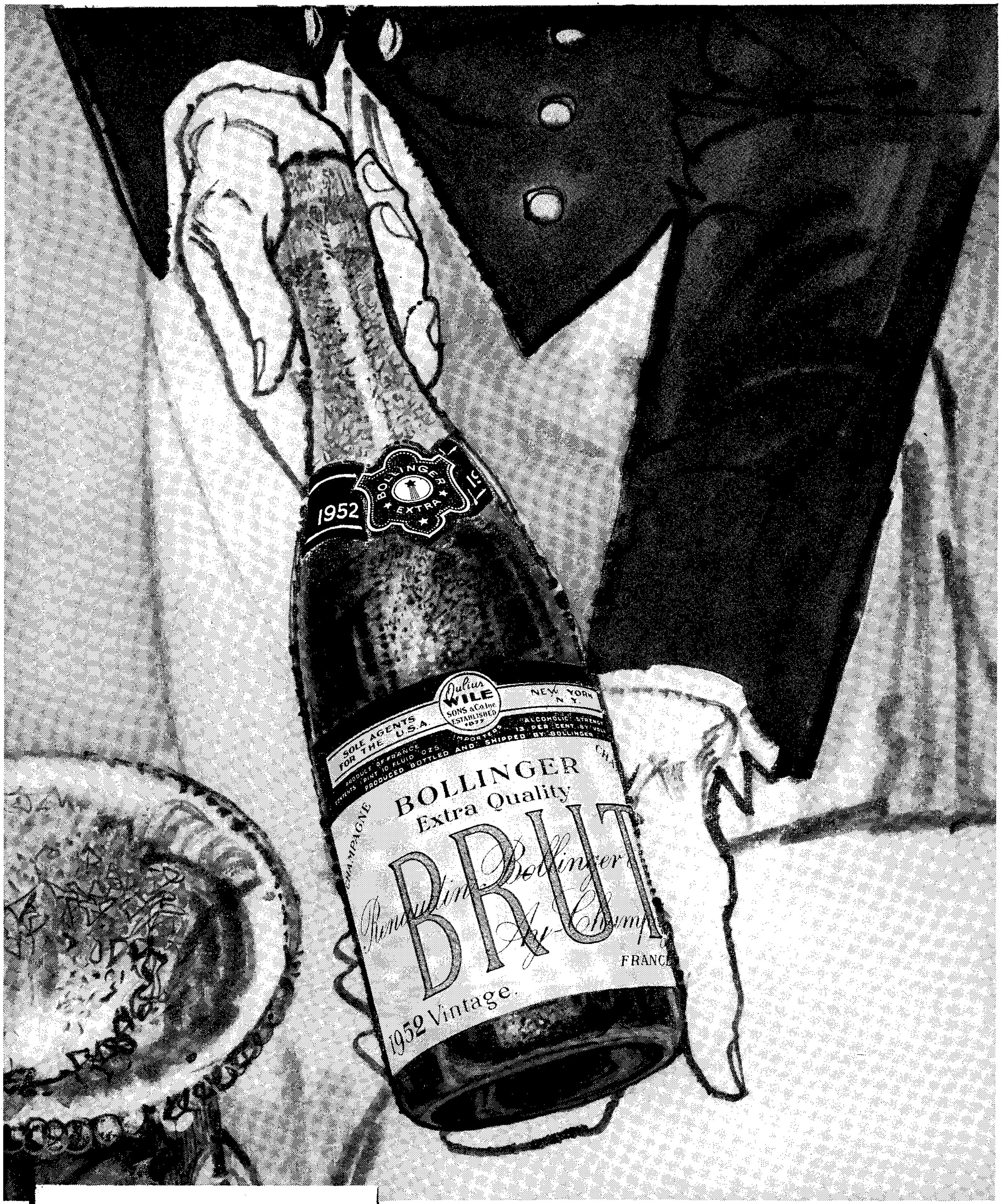
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Elizabeth Arden

the building of a new center, for the whole row of buildings on Forsyth Street is likely to be torn down soon, in favor of a housing project. Father Janer plans ceaselessly for the coming venture, and has hung a sign saying "PRAY FOR THE NEW CENTER" inside the present one. His dreams for the new center include a larger building, with plenty of lounges and reading rooms for boys of different ages, so that the little ones won't be pushed around by the big ones. He hopes for a spacious playground, too, and for a nursery. If prayer can get such things, he will no doubt have them, but that, of course, is for the future to reveal.

THE New York slums have gangs in them, and the slums in which Puerto Ricans live have Puerto Rican gangs. A gang normally has a territorial basis, and in neighborhoods where Puerto Ricans have been moving in slowly a gang may peaceably absorb a good number of Puerto Rican boys along with the others. Elsewhere, though—and especially where the Puerto Rican element is new and embattled—a gang may include young Puerto Ricans almost exclusively. In the course of my visits to the lower East Side, I have heard a great deal about the history of a Puerto Rican gang down there called the Dragons, which dissolved last spring. The Dragons came into prominence in August of 1956, when their threatened war with two neighboring gangs, the Sportsmen and the Enchanters, had New York on tenterhooks for more than a week. At the time, the Dragons' "turf," or territory, lay south of Delancey Street. The Sportsmen and the Enchanters, who were then "brother gangs," or allies, were mainly Negro, but the Sportsmen had a large white "division," or sub-gang. The turf of the Enchanters and Sportsmen was north of Delancey Street, in and around the Lillian Wald housing project, and the turf of the Sportsmen's white division was still farther north—on Tenth Street, near the Jacob Riis housing project. The combined turfs of the three gangs covered about a square mile, and the key point in this area may well have been the Anglican chapel of St. Augustine, on Henry Street, whose vicar, Father C. Kilmer Myers, played a leading part in getting the war called off.

St. Augustine's follows the difficult policy of keeping its chapel and parish house open to members of all the gangs in the neighborhood, and it tries to enforce a pact of no fighting on or around its premises; that is, it tries to

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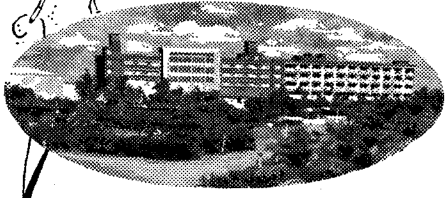

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be a neutral sanctuary. According to Father Myers, the pact has been violated only twice. The first time was one evening when a hundred and fifty young people, mainly Sportsmen and their girls, were standing on the sidewalk in front of the chapel after a dance in the basement, and two Puerto Rican boys appeared across the street, one of them holding a shotgun, which he proceeded to fire; he didn't hurt anyone, and he managed to get into the chapel and take refuge there. Father Myers was eventually able to cool the Sportsmen off to the point where they let him walk the boy home. The second time was when two "junkies," or dope addicts—a Puerto Rican, who was a Dragon, and a Negro, who was a Sportsman—began fighting in front of the chapel. In this case it was the Negro who took refuge inside. The Puerto Rican followed him in with a shotgun, but other Dragons saved the day by pulling him out before he fired it.

The trouble of August, 1956, began when two Enchanters—a Puerto Rican boy and a Jewish boy—were shot and wounded by one of the Dragons on the latter's turf. The victims were going home from a settlement-house dance, but the Dragon who shot them didn't know this and suspected that they were coming to get him; there had long been bad blood between him and them, and to enter a rival gang's turf is usually looked on as aggression. Right after the shooting, Father Myers and various peacemakers, including a few other priests and some members of the city's Youth Board, went into action; they began contacting the gangs and trying to arrange talks among their leaders. Meanwhile, the lower East Side filled up with policemen. It was feared not only that the Enchanters, the Sportsmen, and the Dragons would start *rumbling* but that their allies from the city's other slums (most gangs have such linkups) would join in or would begin attacking each other in sympathetic rumbles on their own native heaths, in Harlem, the Bronx, and Brooklyn. In this tense atmosphere, Father Myers and his colleagues kept making the rounds of the neighborhood, working on their contacts. So did the Youth Board men, and they also arranged bus trips out of town for numerous young gang leaders, to calm them down and keep them out of trouble. As for the police, they kept the boys from assembling, or even moving around. Every day, during this period, the story was front-page news. And every day, in the August heat, life on the lower East Side continued abnormal

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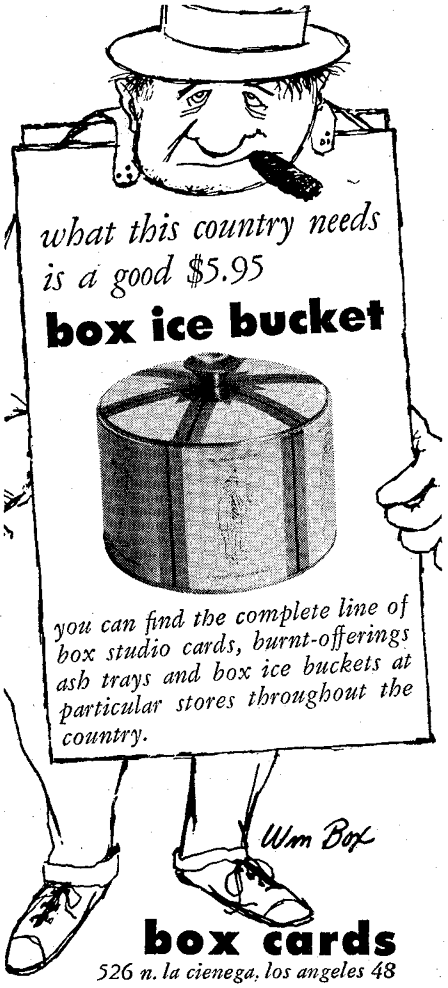
and confined. Finally, the Enchanters, Sportsmen, and Dragons got tired of having the cops on their necks and sued for peace; according to Father Myers, gang boys really don't like to fight much, anyway. Negotiations were then begun at Trinity Church, on lower Broadway, which is the parent church of St. Augustine's, and in these the various gang representatives are said to have shown great diplomatic astuteness. A peace was finally arranged, and when the smoke had cleared away, the Dragons, who up to then had been a small and persecuted organization, were a feared and respected power group. The Sportsmen were also found to be strong, balancing the Dragons. The Enchanters were so chastened by their experience that they quickly stopped being a "bopping" outfit altogether and became solid citizens; they have since changed their name to the Lads' A. C. And then, early this year, the work of Father Myers and the others really paid off: the Dragons split into two clubs—the Chino Squad, for boys over sixteen, and the Sea Scouts, for younger boys—both of which have been concentrating on sports and holding peaceful meetings in St. Augustine's.

One reason the Dragons gained so much strength during the bellicose days was that the Puerto Rican element in that part of the lower East Side had been growing fast. A few years earlier, the section had been a stronghold of European immigrants, especially Jewish ones, and there had been virtually no Puerto Ricans or Negroes around. Then they began to enter. At first, the Puerto Rican youths were picked on by established gangs, but they soon met this challenge with defensive imitation—by organizing the Dragons and building the gang up into a powerful, competitive outfit. This need for self-defense is unquestionably the main reason Puerto Rican boys join gangs in New York. There are other reasons, though, and one is that the boys crave a sense of solidarity. "They can't stand by themselves, because individually they are so different from the in-group here," a slum priest has told me. "So they gang together out of fear and instability, and in the gangs they are intensely loyal to each other. This gives them a feeling of security." A third reason the boys join gangs, I have been told, is broken or unstable homes, which force them to look elsewhere for "identification." (Running away from home, incidentally, is said to be very common among young Puerto Ricans on the lower East Side. No fewer than nine runaway boys came to sleep at St. Au-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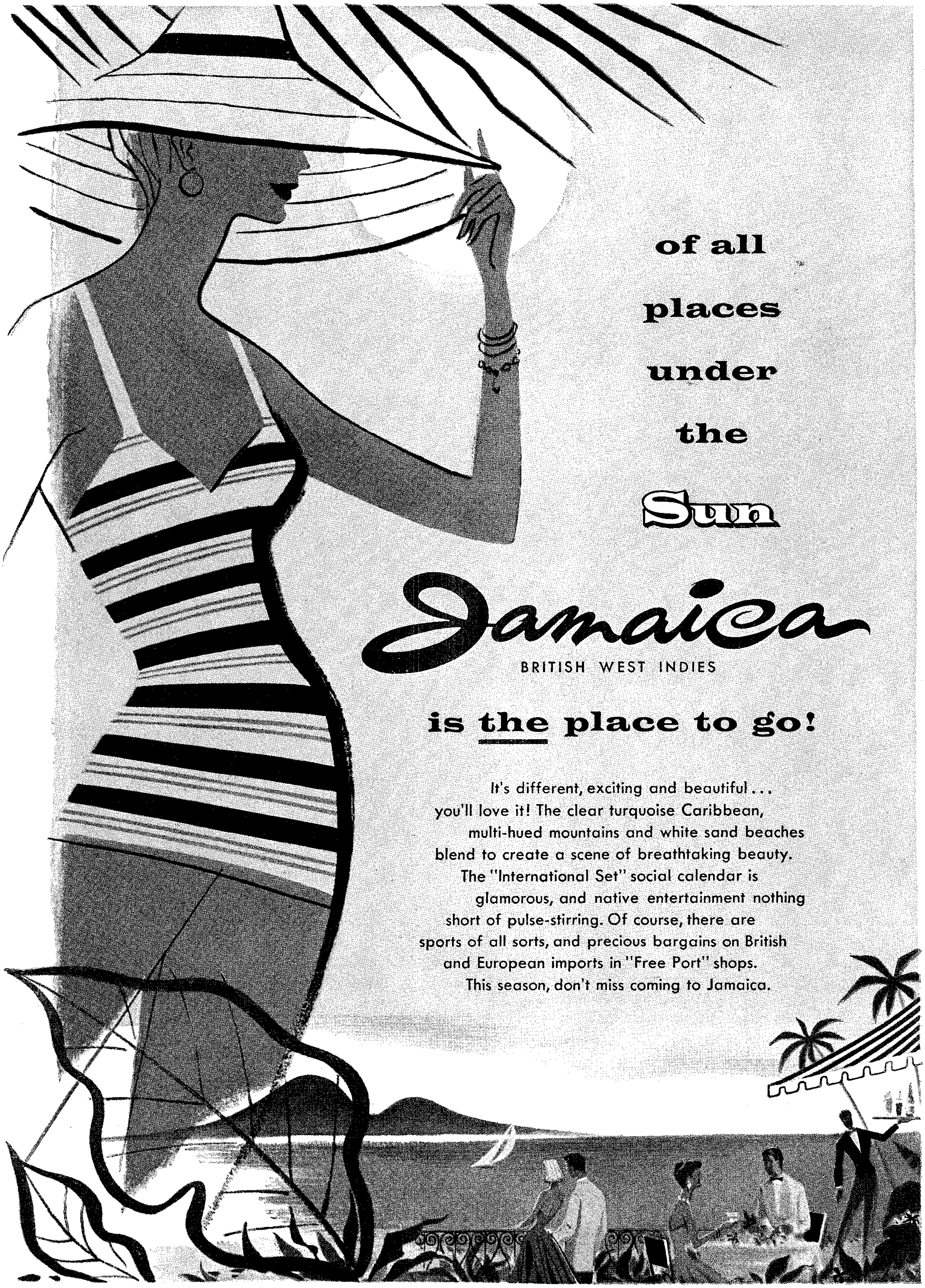
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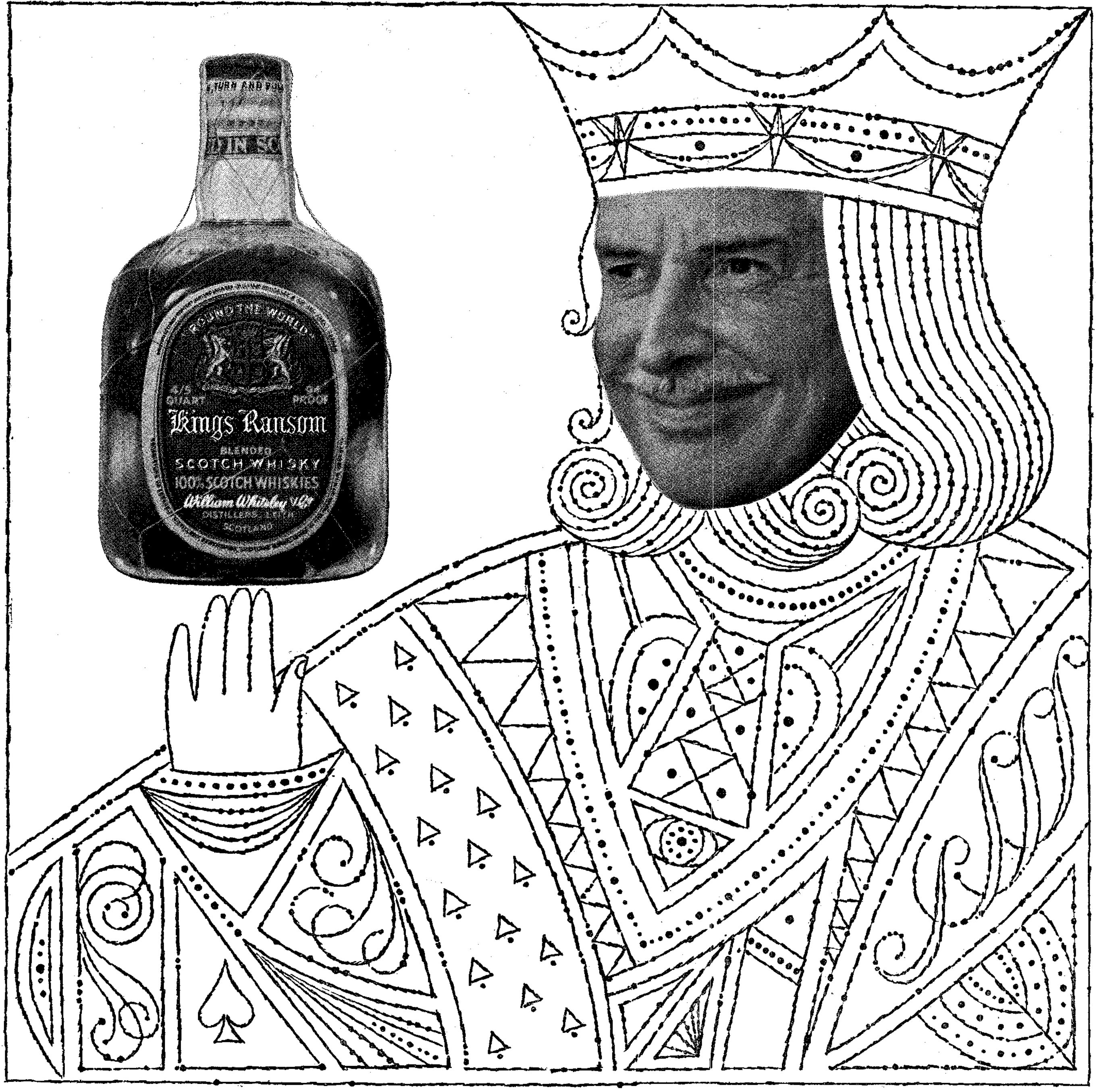
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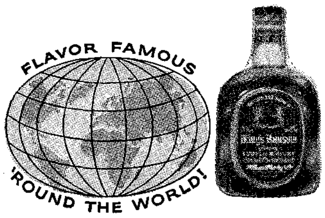
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 94 PROOF. IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY gustine's within a couple of months last fall, and nobody knows how many boys run away in the summer, when they can sleep out in the open.) Gangs of the New York kind, it should be said, do not exist in Puerto Rico, nor has the island had much experience with gratuitous violence by young toughs. Recently, however, there has been a wave of such violence, and some Puerto Ricans blame it on migrants who have returned from New York with bad habits. Last spring, an elderly writer in San Juan told me that as he was walking home with two friends late one evening, reciting poetry, the three of them had been set upon and roundly beaten up by some young men. He also said that an Argentine danseuse had been slugged in the face while gazing into a San Juan shopwindow. And he told of people in San Juan who had had their sleeves, and arms, slashed by razor blades as they walked past one of the city's street corners. There was no precedent for that kind of thing in Puerto Rico, he said; it must have come from the outside. He also declared that since the migrants began returning from New York he has had to lock his house firmly against robbers—something he had never done before.

I HAVE asked many social workers and city officials how much of the crime among Puerto Ricans here can be ascribed to their temperament or culture, and I have found a widespread belief that excitability accounts for some of the migrants' troubles. "Here in the center, one kid will push another and everybody will immediately join in," a settlement-house worker has told me. "You'd think that Egypt had been invaded." In investigating the Puerto Ricans, one hears or reads repeatedly of crimes of passion among them; a man may stab another man, for instance, or even shoot up a whole family, because of a woman's inconstancy. I have been told that a *punto de honor*, or point of honor, is very important to a male Puerto Rican, and often demands action on his part. (I have also been told that Puerto Rican patients in the city's psychiatric wards are apt to be there for impulsive behavior—for dramatic gestures, like the drinking of strange poisons, say—rather than for something like chronic depression, which is more of a north European specialty.) Puerto Ricans also get involved, inevitably, in the petty crime of the slums. The young ones become collectors for the numbers game, perhaps, and the women sometimes go in for prostitution. In a way, it is more interesting to single out the crimes that Puerto Ricans don't commit than the

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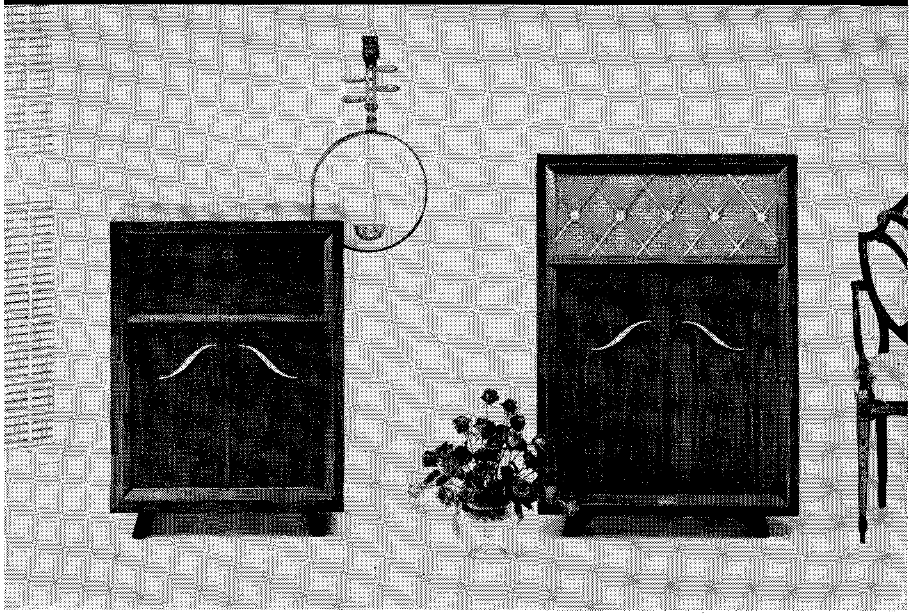

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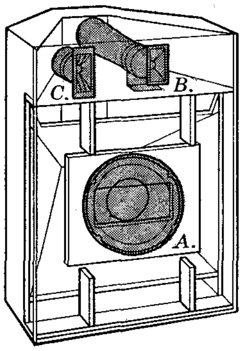

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ones they do. They don't go in for commercial fraud, for one thing, or any crime that demands complex paperwork or financial juggling; they simply haven't got the background for it. Nor do they go in for big, systematic crime of the Al Capone or Murder, Inc., type—perhaps because they haven't been around long enough to get organized. They are seldom guilty of arson or extortion, or of indecent exposure or other peculiar sex offenses. (They do have some trouble with statutory rape, though, since the age of consent in New York—eighteen years—is relatively high for them.) And they are not regarded as much of a problem where intoxication is concerned, although a good many of them seem to drink more here than in Puerto Rico, if only because they have more cash to spend. Many of the migrants, however, are pretty well mired in the drug habit, even though the drug traffic, like juvenile gangs, is said not to exist in the island tradition. Drug addiction in the slums follows a regular pattern among all races, one hears. It often begins among the young people, who take it up for a thrill or to avoid seeming "chicken," rather than to relieve depression or other moodiness, as an adult might. The usual way to start is by smoking "pot," or marijuana. Next comes the sniffing of heroin, and then the injection of heroin, first into a muscle, and finally intravenously; by that time the experimenter is "hooked," or dependent on drugs, to the tune of perhaps fifteen dollars a day, often becoming a willing dope "pusher" or a criminal of some other kind in order to get the money. There is said to be much addiction of all sorts in the New York slums now—lots of it, however, is confined to the relatively innocent marijuana—and the Puerto Ricans are in it with their neighbors.

Recently, I got some idea of the workings of the marijuana traffic—and marijuana itself—from a man who has been watching it in East Harlem. "If you want dope, you must get to know the right people," he said. "You must win their confidence little by little. The pushers—*vendedores*, in Spanish—are bohemian Puerto Ricans, the kind who hang around with prostitutes instead of getting married. They have no job; they just hang around. Marijuana is called *mota*, or *yerba*, in Spanish, and getting it can be a time-consuming job. You've got to find a pusher in some bar, give him money, and wait till he comes back—if he does. One cigarette may cost a dollar, three may cost two dollars, and twelve may cost five dollars. The

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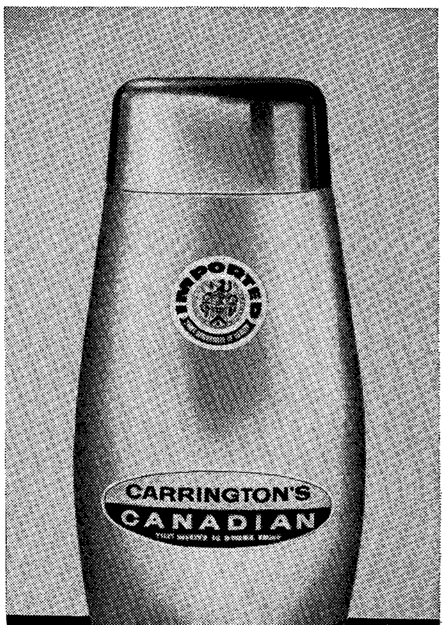

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cigarette is shorter and narrower than an ordinary one. It is called a 'stick' or a 'joint' in English and a *tubo* in Spanish. A *tubo* may be pure marijuana, or it may be tobacco and marijuana mixed, or it may contain tobacco and pepper, to give it the hot marijuana taste. When you start smoking, you can pass right out on one or two cigarettes. If you get some good marijuana and smoke it scientifically, you get a skullcap or wig sensation around the top of your head. Your memory fails, and it becomes very hard to find things that you were sure you had in your pockets. You think only of the pleasures of the moment, and your sensory perceptions are sharpened—not blurred over, as with liquor. You feel optimistic in general. You can expect a hangover, though—partly, it may be, from lack of sleep. You will feel jittery, with a tendency toward irritability, and your eyes will be oversensitive to light."

Many New Yorkers think the Puerto Ricans here are much given to crime, and it is true that in some parts of the city the police and the courts tend to be swamped with Puerto Rican miscreants. Police spokesmen, however, decline to say that Puerto Ricans are more prone to bad conduct than certain other minority groups here—the Negroes, for instance. It is true that the police have tried reinforcing their patrols in sections like East Harlem and the south Bronx, where Puerto Ricans, and Puerto Rican excitability, are among the peculiar hazards, and it is true that the Puerto Ricans—through juvenile gangs, drug addiction, crimes of passion, and so on—add to the police load, but all in all, one gathers, their misdeeds are caused less by any criminal tendency in themselves than by their slum surroundings. "Most of us feel that there is nothing very racial about Puerto Rican crime," a man in the District Attorney's office has told me. "If you changed the environment, the rest would change, too." As a matter of fact, it seems that some types of crime are endemic in the slums here, and are engaged in by whoever is living in them at the moment. And then there is the anti-social state of mind. Even among our rich families, there are individuals—especially young ones—who don't like society's customs and who protest by misbehaving in one way or another. It is hardly surprising that such protest should be still more common in the slums. Finally, it is said, the New York police give rise to a special sort of protest among the Puerto Ricans, who often regard them as a hostile, alien group, imposing the white man's law on dark, underprivileged

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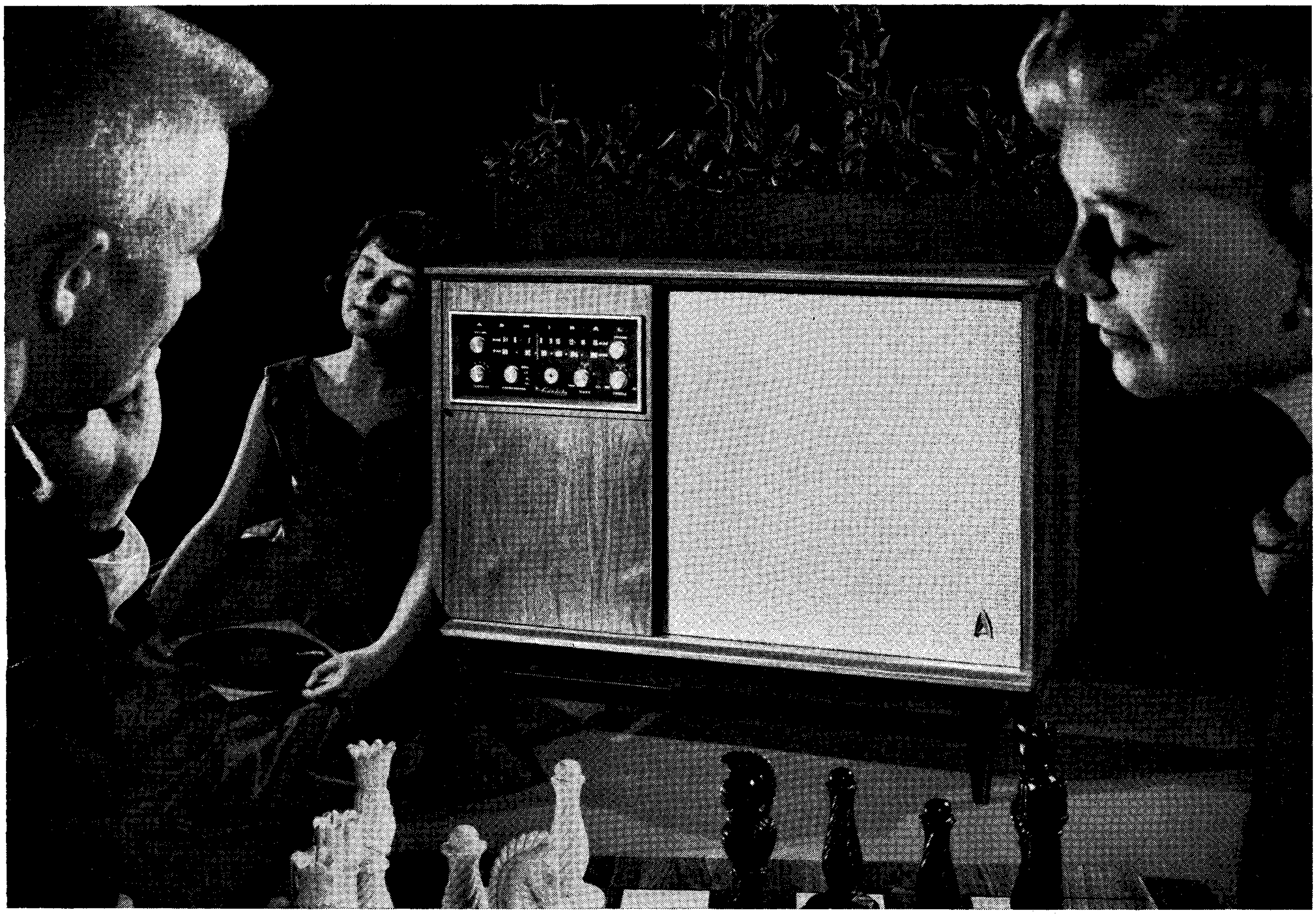

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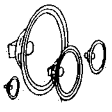

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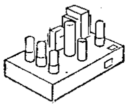

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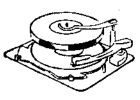

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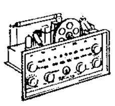

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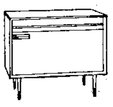

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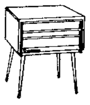

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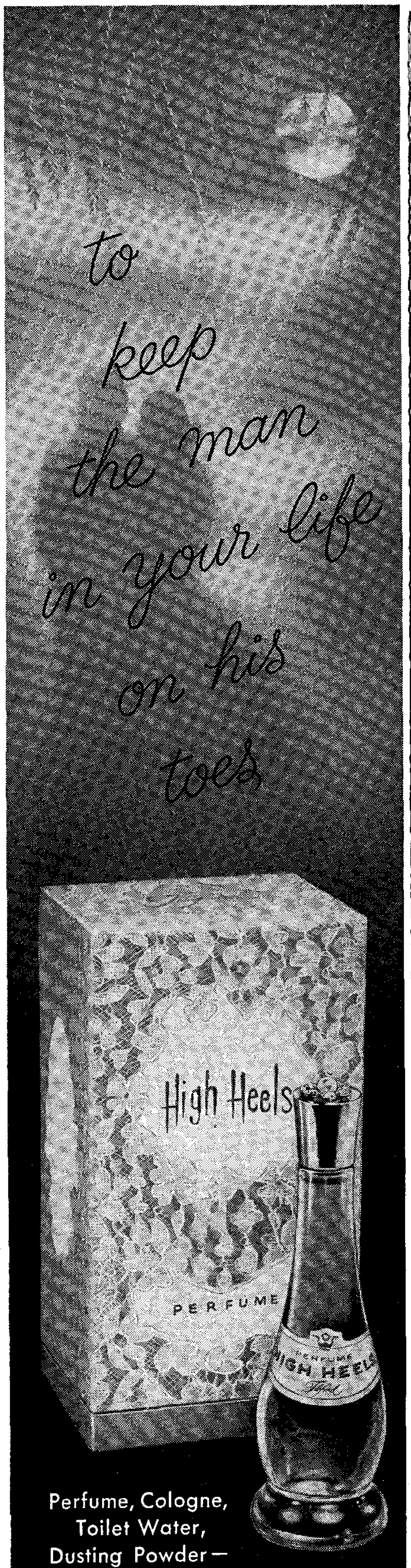
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outsiders. Partly for this reason, excitable crowds of Puerto Ricans are likely to gather when the police are making an arrest in one of their ghettos. Sometimes the police invite such excitement, and sometimes they don't; they get it anyway, and it leads to trouble.

Puerto Ricans have certain things to say about New York. "*Hace mucho frío*" ("It is very cold") is one. "*La gente es fría*" ("The people are cold") is another. "The people never smile" is a third. This sense of coldness—both literal and figurative—comes naturally to Puerto Ricans when they arrive here. They have left a balmy island where people are warmly inclined toward each other—or sometimes hotly disinclined, for brief intervals—and here they find, or think they find, little but cool hostility. They find it most obviously, perhaps, among the strangers in the slums that they move into—notably, among the older immigrant groups and the Negroes. The Irish on the West Side occasionally give the Puerto Ricans a bad time (one Christmas Eve a few years ago, three Irish boys blew up a bar frequented by Puerto Ricans), and so do the Italians in East Harlem; Italian youths in Benjamin Franklin High School, at 116th Street and Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, for example, are said to keep the Puerto Ricans there constantly, if mildly, terrorized. Non-slum, non-immigrant New Yorkers are often contemptuous of Puerto Ricans, too, and the Puerto Ricans realize this; a recent poll of New York Puerto Ricans showed that a great many of them believe they are disliked and looked upon as inferior. Such contempt is something new to them, and it confuses them. I have heard one educated Puerto Rican here argue that it comes largely from the propaganda against the late Congressman Marcantonio; New York politicians and newspapers went after Marcantonio because of his Communist leanings, my friend pointed out, and one of their best lines of attack was to smear the Puerto Ricans, with whom he was closely identified as a patron. That campaign does indeed seem to be one reason for the contempt, though perhaps only one of many. Anyway, the contempt is mystifying to the Puerto Ricans themselves, who explain it on the ground that *la gente es fría*, and who build up a strong resentment in response to it. It is supposed to be partly to show this resentment that they wear zoot suits—regarding them as a symbol of nonconformity—and that they are sometimes unwilling to communicate with anyone outside their own group.

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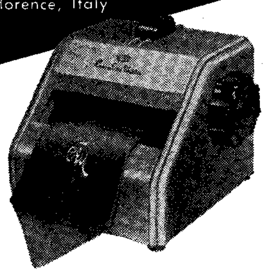

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"If a kid likes you, he speaks English," a psychologist working with Puerto Ricans has told me. "If not, he rattles away in Spanish, especially if there is a crowd present. It's his way of showing you that you're an outsider." The jive talk of Negroes fills somewhat the same role, according to this psychologist; it is the code of a defiant minority.

Not only defiance but despair is expressed in some of the songs Puerto Ricans sing here. A few of these can be found in a record called "Nueva York," assembled by Tony Schwartz and put out by Folkways. Translated, one of them says, ". . . And with the English language I am always mixed up. . . . Whenever I have to take an elevator I start trembling from head to foot. . . . I am going back to Puerto Rico even if I have to go back swimming. There even just eating bananas I will go through life singing." Another says, "I am going back to my little island. There I was much better. . . . Here all the bad customs have come to me. When I go to a dance if somebody tells me something I want to fight. . . . I got contagious since I came to New York. I am going back to my country. There I was very much better."

But things are not quite as simple as that. Some Puerto Ricans do go back to their island, but more of them stay here, making out as best they can, and perhaps coming closer, though very slowly, to the other people of the city. "We can't say that the Puerto Ricans don't like the New York culture," an elderly, thoughtful Puerto Rican, who is connected with the labor movement here, told me as we were drinking coffee one day. "They simply don't understand it. They sense coldness all around them, and naturally they react to it. Some of them develop inferiority complexes and others develop hatred. When they develop inferiority complexes, you see them walking along the streets afraid of everything. When they develop hatred, they go sort of crazy." The old man thought a minute. "If you could see some of the things I've seen here, you would say these people are savages," he observed finally. "But in Puerto Rico you won't find any savages."

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

(*This is the third of a series of four articles.*)

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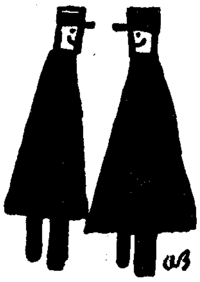

DECEMBER 4

THE final admission by the White House that President Eisenhower had a slight paralytic stroke, and the semi-official news that he would be unable to attend the NATO summit meeting here next week, cast an almost sullen gloom over the Quai d'Orsay's diplomatic and parliamentary circles—a gloom reflected by some fairly peculiar comments in the Paris press, in which a great deal more was mentioned about the President than merely the very worrisome state of his health. *Le Figaro* referred to what it called "the new accident to the President's health" in a blunt little editorial entitled "An Event Weighty with Consequences," in which this most influential of all French morning papers declared, in exasperation, "It comes precisely at the moment when the United States, after a long period of mistaken euphoria, was preparing to catch up with the Russians in the intercontinental-ballistic-missiles race. . . . The Presidential inspiration, which generally animates the whole machinery of American government but has been inadequate for months, will now be suddenly interrupted," and concluded, with what seems like rather selfish sympathy, "The peoples of the free world, whose security is closely tied to America's maintaining its power, can only hope his provisional vacation from office will be as brief as possible."

The august *Monde's* correspondent in Washington sharply took up the question of the President's doctors and the official early bright news—such as "*Le président a pris son breakfast avec beaucoup d'appétit*," ate creamed beef for lunch, saw the King of Morocco, signed some documents, and painted—handed out by "White House functionaries like M. Hagerty." The report went on, "But the credit of the doctors has been seriously damaged by these two recent crises—one a stomach upset that turned out to be ileitis, and now a chill that becomes a cerebral attack." *Le Monde's* correspondent also took up the question of Vice-President Nixon, and declared sweepingly, "There is not one columnist, from Stewart Alsop to the habitual Presidential thurifers, like Roscoe Drummond and David Lawrence [for whose enlightenment it should perhaps be explained that thurifers are those altar attendants who swing the incense pots during a Roman Catholic service], who does not underline Nixon's qualities and aptitude for taking power. . . . In other words, he has the wind in his sails now, which permits him to act modest and to make himself as small as possible." On Tuesday of this week, *Le Monde's* Washington man referred to "an entirely pragmatic solution" by which Nixon could possibly become an interim "second President." For, *Le Monde* concluded, "Tricky Dickie [*Dick le Combinard*], the surly politician who, in the American phrase, instinctively leaps for the jugular vein of his adversaries, has ceased to exist."

As its special contribution to the deep disturbance caused by the opening news of the President's illness, the *Herald Tribune's* Paris edition, hometown paper of the American colony, printed an illuminating Washington dispatch that gave, as it said, the details of "what most reporters here considered incredibly bad handling by the White House of the publicity about Mr. Eisenhower's illness." That unfortunate White House touch established itself even over here, where Mr. Hagerty had arrived, just before the President's "chill," to prepare for the coming NATO talks. On Tuesday afternoon, a remarkable mimeographed announcement from the American Embassy was sent by special delivery to all members of the American press. It said—and this is an exact quotation—"Jim Hagerty's work in Paris is completed ahead of schedule and for the double purpose of wanting to be home for Thanksgiving and having seen the news of the President's indisposition in today's papers, elected to fly to Washington." So far, the mystery of why Mr. Hagerty's simply wanting to be home for a turkey was a double purpose, and why, as press secretary to the President of the United States, he had not been immediately informed of his chief's illness but had had to read about it in the Paris newspapers, just like the rest of us, has not yet been explained.

"MY supreme wish, my wish which I beg the young future [Goncourt] Academicians to hold always present in their memory, is that the prize should be given to youth, to originality of talent, to new bold experiments of thought and of form," wrote

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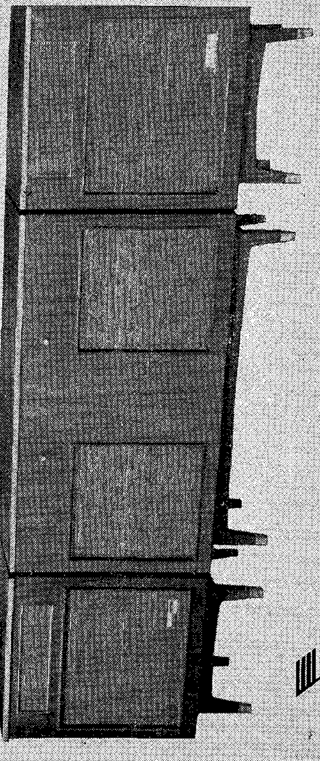

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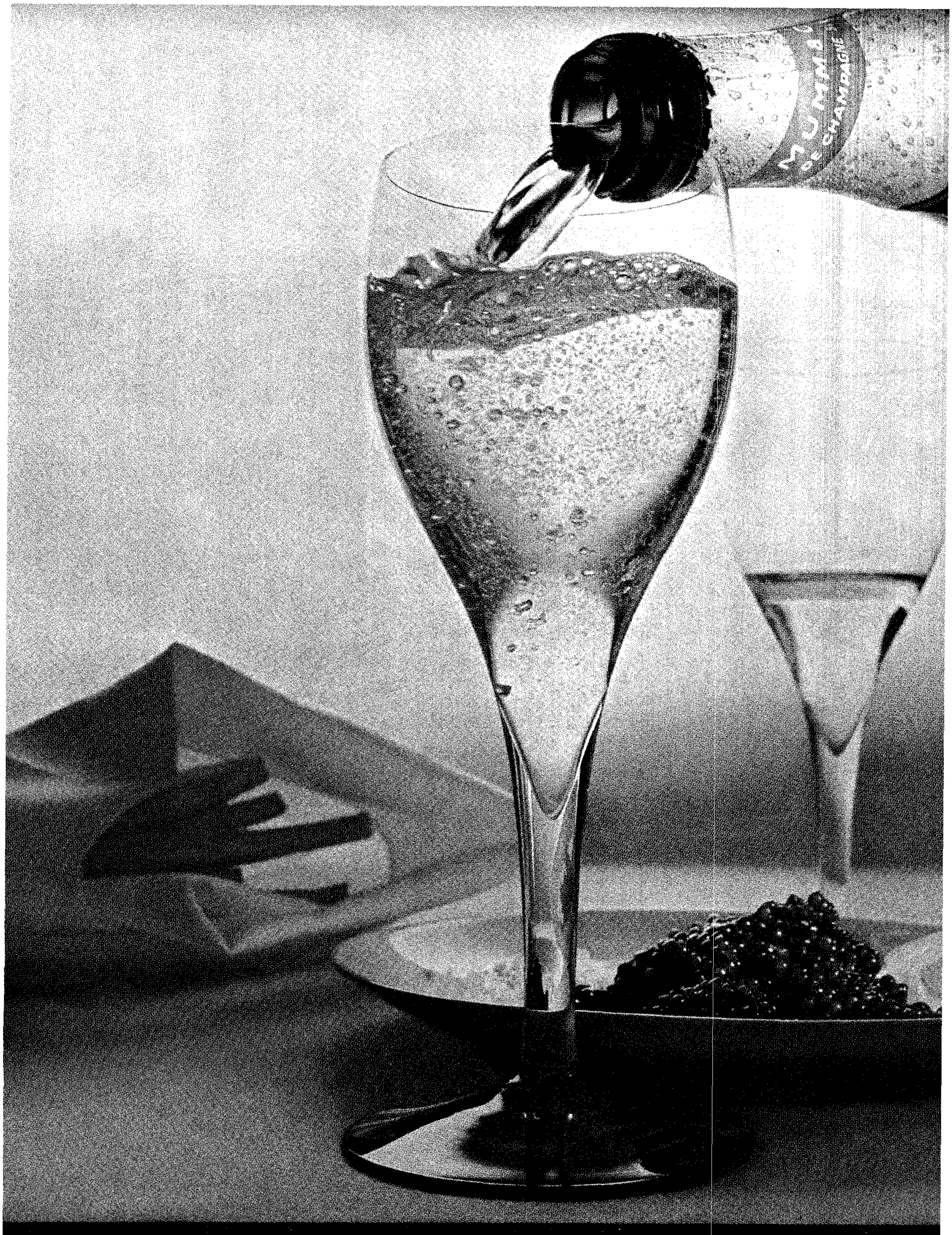

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Edmond de Goncourt in his will, in 1884—the will that established the Goncourt literary prize for, supposedly, the outstanding French novel of the year. His wish is not always observed, because, for one thing, the current ten Goncourt jurymen are certainly not young Academicians by a long shot, being mostly past middle age, and in some cases even in their seventies. The prize-winner announced this week, Roger Vailland, is fifty, and his prize-winning novel, "La Loi," is perhaps his fifteenth work, counting his other novels, his plays and essays, and his accounts of travel. He has a degree in philosophy, was an early Surrealist writer, and fought during the Second World War with the Gaullist Resistance, specializing in the derailing of trains. In 1952, after his play "Colonel Foster Will Plead Guilty," about an American Army officer in Korea, was closed by the police here as being anti-American, he joined the Communist Party, which last year publicly reproved him for signing a declaration protesting the Soviet repression of the Hungarian uprising. The Party thinks little of his present prize-winner, it being an apolitical, amoral, highly carnal novel of today about young Italian gangsters and an elderly count in an Apulian fishing village. Its title refers to a sinister medieval card game of that name, which is still played in southern Italy—or so Vailland declares, and he lived for some time in those parts—and in which the winner is entitled to physical power over the loser. The enjoyment of power and its cruelties is the novel's unapologetic theme. Written with great talent, strength, and picturesque sensual details, and with richly molded characters and counterplots, "La Loi" brings to contemporary life a hot, lusty pagan atmosphere, dominated by the teen-age Mariette, one of the old count's household litter of illegitimate daughters, who first loves the adolescent leader of a group of junior gangsters and then ends happily in big gangster business with the evil Brigante, terror of the countryside. Many women readers, as well as Italians of both sexes, may well be sickened by Vailland's constant references to the violation of virgins as a south-Italian preoccupation. His novel has been vaguely called Stendhalian, which seems a very remote connection indeed.

The major runner-up for the Goncourt—a very odd, excellent novel called "La Modification"—was given, as usual, the Renaudot consolation prize by the jurors. It certainly displays a new literary form, such as de Gon-

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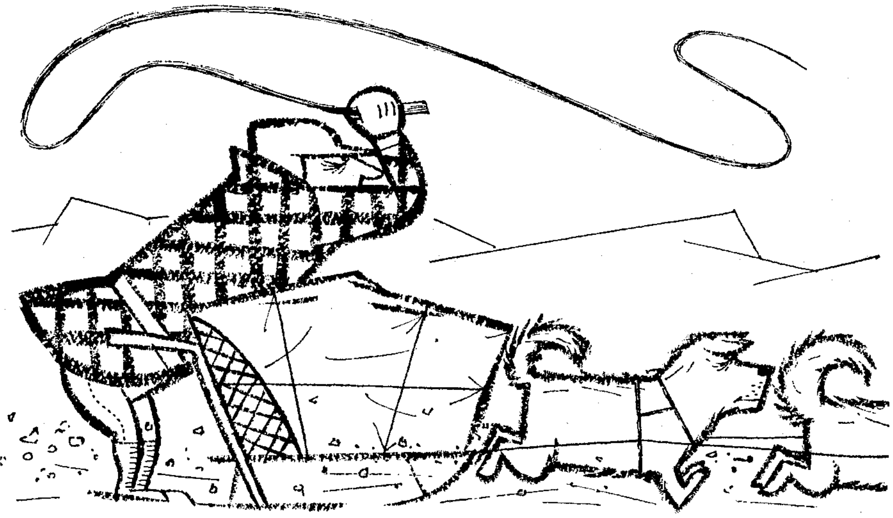

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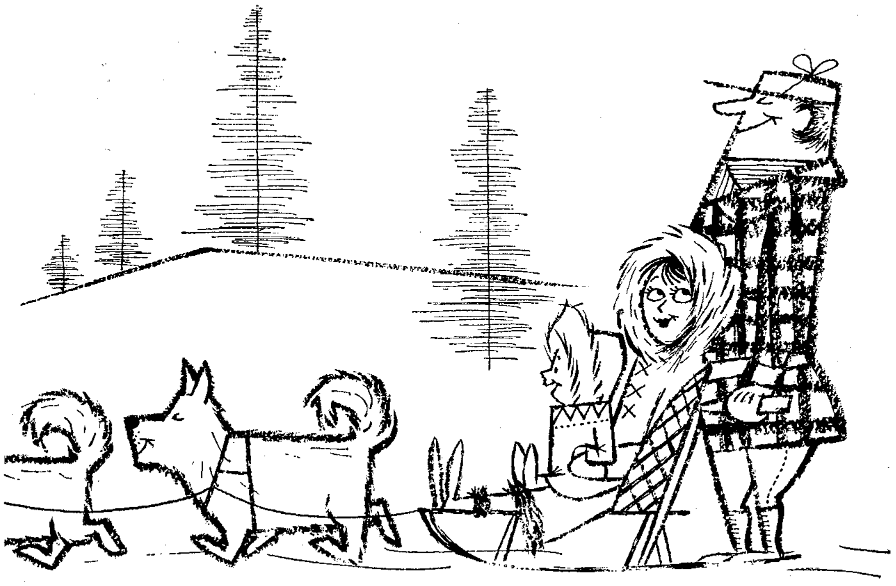

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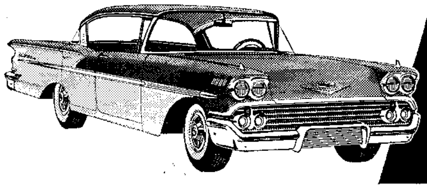

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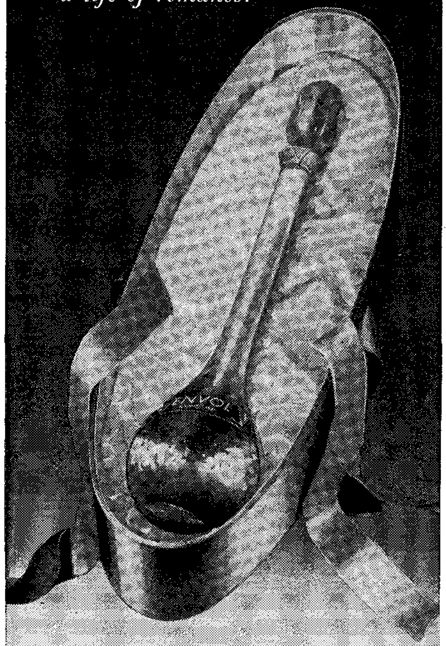

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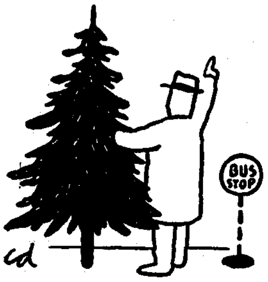
court hoped for (and in this case would probably not have liked), and is the third novel of a thirty-one-year-old ex-schoolteacher of French, Michel Butor. It is the story of the twenty-two-hour train ride, third class, from Paris to Rome, and the thoughts, silent conversations with himself, and decisions of a forty-five-year-old bourgeois Paris office employee, married to a wife he loathes and father of four unlovable, unloving children, en route to visit his young mistress, Cécile, who works in Rome and whom he plans to transplant to Paris. His aim is the "modification" of the rest of his life. Toward the end of his journey, he realizes that his love for Cécile is really based on the rejuvenating excitement of the exotic—like a feast for the visitor in that beautiful foreign city—and that her face "is the visage of Rome, that you cannot love her without Rome or outside of Rome," and as the train draws into Rome, he decides not to see her. The mediocrity of his life and spirit has conquered him. What makes this long, by no means rare story unusual, concentrated, and capable of containing inordinate material details, recollections, and thoughts is that it is written in the present tense, as if it were happening, the verb form making for total recall and total observation. For example, a passage about the traveller's trying to open the compartment door in the train turns into the following in English: "You have put your left foot on the copper groove, and with your right shoulder you vainly try to push the sliding panel a little farther." This style at first drives the reader crazy, then slips his attention, and finally involves him in a special intimacy with the traveller. "The Modification's" details are as minute as Balzac's, its sentences as long as Proust's, without their grace. It is a novel that is a tour de force.

The Prix Fémina, always awarded the week before the Goncourt, caused the most talk of the three recent prizes, because the ladies of the jury got into a lather of disputatious voting, which ran to seven ballots before the prize went to "Le Carrefour des Solitudes" ("The Crossroads of Loneliness"), the



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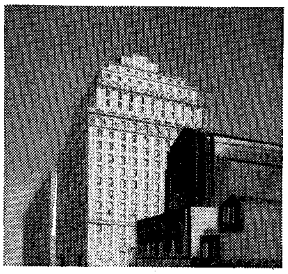

The Ambassador
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twelfth novel by the journalist Christian Mégret. This four-hundred-and-thirty-five-page popular tome, which was already selling in its seventeenth thousand before being crowned, is easy to read and easy to describe—a high-class melodramatic thriller about the war days. Written in the coarse, colloquial language of the Army, it has as its heroine an abused Russian farm girl, Khristia, who is deported by the advancing Germans, and is eventually pushed into Normandy at the time of the invasion, where she meets an unhappy New York mulatto G.I. They have five days of happiness together in a ruined château before the war pulls them apart, with Khristia becoming a nomad again, after their child is born dead.

It was a rugged choice for the ten ladies of the Fémina jury. Dominating the jury was the vice-president, the amazing Mme. Simone, who several years ago stationed her age at a permanent seventy-five, and who is still dramatically dynamic, fascinating, and prodigiously intelligent. Born a Benda, of that noted Jewish family of French philosophers, she was married first to Charles Le Bargy, the Comédie Française's finest prewar comedian; was herself a famed emotional actress, who created Bernstein's heroines in the old Gymnase days; was married next to M. Casimir-Périer, a nephew of the President of the Republic of that name, and then to the late poet François Porché. A female personality of first rank in Paris, she wrote plays and novels and recently wrote her memoirs. In her jury fight for Mégret's book, she was ably seconded by Mme. Germaine Beaumont, who has the best critical eye of them all; has also written novels, of which "Silsauve" is her latest; is the daughter of the late journalist Annie de Pène, whose family founded the influential Paris newspaper *Le Gaulois;* and was partly brought up by Colette, with whom her mother started her career on *Le Matin.* Mme. Beaumont is an authority on nineteenth-century French literature, of which she has a wonderful library, including rarities, of ten thousand volumes.

Of the other ladies, the Duchesse Edmée de La Rochefoucauld, who led the opposition, is a scientist, has worked with the noted biologist Jean Rostand, is in her fifties, is cold-faced and handsome, and dresses well but thriftily, "as in a splendid mink coat lined with rayon," according to the wittiest Fémina juror. The juror Judith Cladel has written an authoritative book on Rodin; another Fémina historian, whose pen

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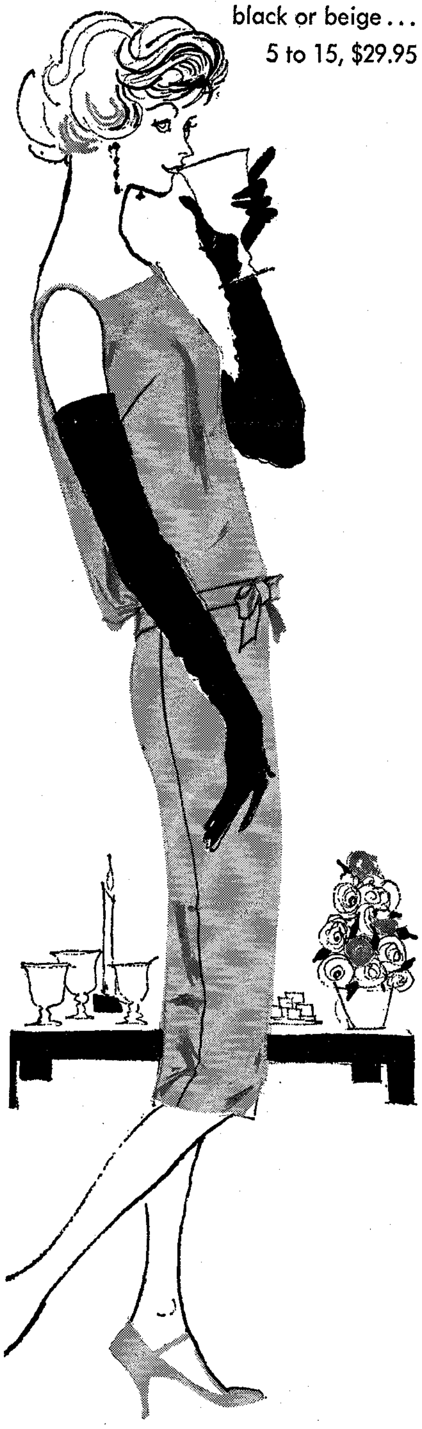

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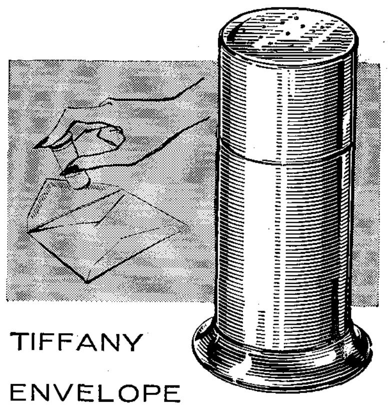
name is Claude Aragonnès, has written on Lincoln and Mme. de Maintenon; Comtesse Jean de Pange, née Broglie, is sister to the duke of that name, and thus a member of France's leading scientific noble family; Camille Marbo, widow of Emile Borel, who was one of France's most brilliant mathematicians, is a minor novelist. Then, there are Jeanne Galzy, former university professor of French literature; Agnès de La Gorce, daughter of the Academician Pierre de La Gorce, whose dominant interest is mysticism, her outstanding book being on Wesley and the Protestant Reformation; and, finally, the Fémina's present president, the poet Mme. Harlette Fernand-Gregh. In age, the women run from the middle fifties to a possible eighty. These distinguished ladies this year read a hundred and forty-five novels as basis for their honorable responsibility and task, for which they receive no emolument. Literature is their love.

THE present overinflated art prices, demonstrating the cheapness of today's money and the exaggerated social or investment value placed on modern canvases, have naturally resulted in a lively wave of counterfeits of contemporary French masters. The French police recently nipped in the bud a plan to sell a bundle of fake Picassos, Braques, and Utrillos, among other counterfeits, in Texas. The situation has led to an investigation here of the experiences that have befallen the descendants of some of the dead great French painters, which are both interesting and alarming. Mme. Cachin-Signac, daughter of the Pointillist, says that anything styled in little dots tends to become a Seurat or a Signac, but that occasionally, with permission from the owner, and in the presence of a bailiff, she has been permitted her right—that of scratching her father's signature from a false canvas. Isabelle Rouault, the painter's daughter, says that with the permission of the owner she has sometimes been able to deposit a fake Rouault with the Syndicat de la Propriété Artistique, which prevents its being circulated, and has even succeeded in destroying some bogus canvases. Pierre Cézanne, himself a painter in Montparnasse, says that he has seen hundreds of false pictures attributed to his grandfather; that the owner of an exposed fake is always furious with him; that lately he twice saw the same false Cézanne, which the second time contained a couple of little houses newly painted into one corner of the canvas; and that most of the fake



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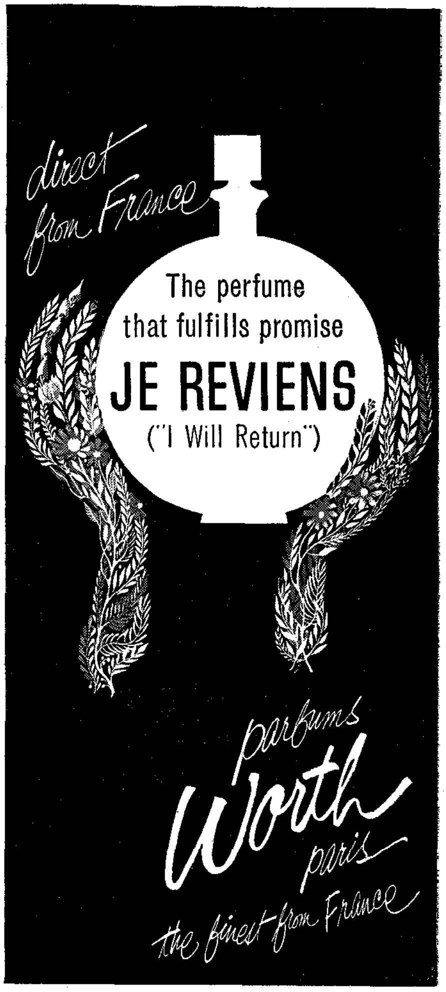

Cézannes are copies of works done between 1870 and 1880, and are invariably signed—often the real evidence of their falsity, "since the signature of my grandfather during those years was rare."

ON the material level of French life, the new price lifts on a hundred and seventy-nine staple items—just legalized by prefectural decree—have, unfortunately, nothing fake about them at all. Going up in price now or by the year's end are bread, newspapers, flour, chocolate, gasoline, movies, railroad and bus and Métro tickets, jams, and haircuts, among other items, with beef overnight already up a hundred francs a kilo for certain cheaper cuts, and beef filet selling as high as eleven hundred and ninety francs a kilo, or the equivalent of nearly a dollar fifty a pound. At this rate, Christmas dinner for millions of French is not going to be very merry.

—GENÊT

•

THE RECLUSE

Through seasons elegant or rude,
In leaf or leafless, warm with sun
Or trembling in cold air, that one
Sits, wallowing in solitude.
Yesterday-eyed, her crumbling stare
Pursues the plaster ceiling's cracks
And sees them lengthen; the zodiac's
Persuasions pass in turn, but there,
Within the room, she scarcely heard
The years' long monologue. The dust
Collected, formed a fragile crust
On bric-a-brac and on the bird
That dangles from the broken clock,
Extinct and songless. On the grate
The long-dead coals commemorate
Another time, yet coldly mock
This room where they were left to die.
She'll sometimes lick her lips and sing;
Then, from behind the wainscoting,
The mice creep out, ensorcelled by
That high, uncertain tremolo.
The words are meaningless, the song
Is like a winter wind among
Dead grasses in a land below
The sun, a land where shadows weigh
Heavier than substance, a zone
Where twilight penetrates the bone.
She sings in many shades of gray
Her song, which never had a name.
O soul so long enamored of
A widow's mite, those dreams you love
All flicker from a candle flame;
The shadow pantomimes confined
Within your skull cannot create
A living bird, or emulate
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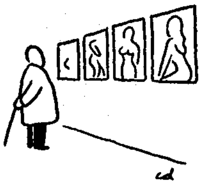
THE ART GALLERIES

Arshile Gorky



Arshile Gorky committed suicide in 1948, when he was only forty-four, and he did so after misfortunes—an automobile accident, a studio fire in which more than a year's production of paintings was destroyed, and cancer—that might have daunted the stoutest character, let alone the moody, mercurial Gorky. And as so often happens among artists (or is it that in their case the ironies of the situation seem more pointed?), his death came on the eve of the success he had been striving for; soon afterward, his paintings began to command higher prices, and his reputation has been growing slowly but steadily ever since.

Nine years later, the Janis Gallery has arranged a memorial exhibition of thirty-five of his paintings, many of them loans, and it's a highly interesting collection. Unfortunately, however, it is far from being comprehensive. Gorky, if he ever did "find himself"—and there's a question in my mind whether he had reached full development—did so by the most roundabout and frequently conflicting courses. The first paintings of his that I remember seeing were done about 1930, and, as I recall, were carefully Cubist in manner. I understand, too, that he had already gone through other influences, most notably Cézanne, while still earlier he had been severely representational, and it seems to me that it would have been worth while to include some of these youthful pieces, if only to afford us a point of departure for the later ones.

As it is, we come upon Gorky more or less in mid-career. To be sure, there are traces of Cézanne and Derain in the first canvas, "Self-Portrait," dated 1937, as there are in "Portrait of the Artist as a Boy, with his Mother," which, though begun in 1930, was not completed until 1939. Picasso is clearly visible in "Organization No. 2," of 1935, as well as in a couple of others of approximately that time. By 1940 and his first "Garden in Sochi," however, he had switched to the Miróesque style that he was to retain, with embellishments, throughout the decade or so of life that remained to him, and the show concentrates on this almost exclusively.

But if Miró was his inspiration during the period, as I think he was, he was so only peripherally, as a frame of reference rather than a central influence. Perhaps the differences in the two men's temperaments had something to do with that. At any rate, as Miró, in his paintings, is wry, whimsical, sprightly, and unfailingly elegant in his approach, Gorky is more sombre, more floridly emotional, and at times more heavy-handed. As the latter moved toward artistic maturity, and his own personality began to develop more strongly, the differences become more noticeable, and in the end the only important similarity is in the delineative manner, of looping, flowery forms, arbitrary in coloration, and of light, wavering linear structure. Thus the resemblance to Miró is most marked in the "Garden in Sochi" and the identically titled, more loosely organized one of a year later. But by "Waterfall" of 1943 the personal element is beginning to emerge, and from then on the work is increasingly forceful and individualistic.

Gorky's last style was always based on a lyrical abstraction, in the sense that (like Miró's) his forms seem to hover between human and purely organic suggestions (flowers, foliage, etc.), and he was always willing to distort his design in favor of more rhythmic movement. There is, though, frequently a representational connotation, and in some of these paintings ("Housatonic Landscape" and its suggestion of trees and farmed fields, "From a High Place," and the charmingly handled interior "The Calendars") the touch of realistic background adds considerably to the strength of the work. But mostly the lyrical element prevails, and not at all to the painting's detriment. In "Waterfall" and again in "The Plow and the Song II," the relation to reality has just about vanished, yet the one is a truly handsome production in its flowing rush of color and the other is a charming study of idyllic serenity, while "Agony," with its play of sullen reds and browns, is an equally effective example of emotionality conveyed almost entirely in terms of pure color. Contrary to the tradition of artists who die early, Gorky was not favored by an early artistic development, and perhaps because of this—and because his approach depended so much on mood—a number of his paintings are thin and uncertain, and others, like "The Limit" and "The Horns of the Landscape," seem wholly lacking in content. I can't help feeling that if he had lived longer his work might have gained in philosophic depth and solid emotional power. As it

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is, he was capable of a poetic evocation that is fairly rare in these times.

A FRIEND of mine who has been there tells me that an artistic revival of some dimensions is going on in—of all places—Iceland. Now we have an exhibition at the Passedoit of works by two men from there—Jon Engilberts and Ornulf Bast, the first a native, the other a Norwegian, and both living in Reykjavik—to bear him out. Bast, a sculptor, shows mostly bronzes, and, though a bit unadventurous in subject, reveals a fine feeling for classic sculptural poise and the possibilities of the material itself. I liked especially the calm, tender "Mother Kneeling with Child," "Girl Kneeling," and the large, beautifully posed "Girl with Flowers." Engilberts, a painter, is highly original in his approach, and his style—broad, slashing design and boldly contrasting if sombre color—is admirably suited to the harsh, wintry landscapes and bleak, huddled villages he portrays. I particularly enjoyed "Northern Landscape," with its distant, snow-covered mountains, and a group of villagers called "Winter Evening," but all the paintings are full of the cold and loneliness of the North.

THERE is always an engaging exuberance about Sam Francis, now at the Martha Jackson, in company with the French sculptress Germaine Richier. Indeed, the fact that all but one of his collection are in the swift medium of water color gives them added spontaneity, and several pieces—such as "Colors Over," with its curtain of reds and greens, and "Vermilion," practically spouting reds—are among the liveliest things I've seen of his. Surprisingly, since she's well known in France, this is Germaine Richier's first solo showing in this country. Her work—all bronzes, and ranging from 1944 to the present and from the fairly traditional "Pomona" and "La Sauterelle" to such semi-Surrealism as the curiously menacing "Praying Mantis" and the bat-winged "L'Homme Chauve-Souris"—reveals versatility and imaginative power. The tall, adroitly attenuated study of a nude girl called "La Feuille" is interesting, too, and the skill and delicacy of her modelling are things to marvel at. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "After Twenty Years," by O. Henry*]

"Good-night, sir," said the policeman.

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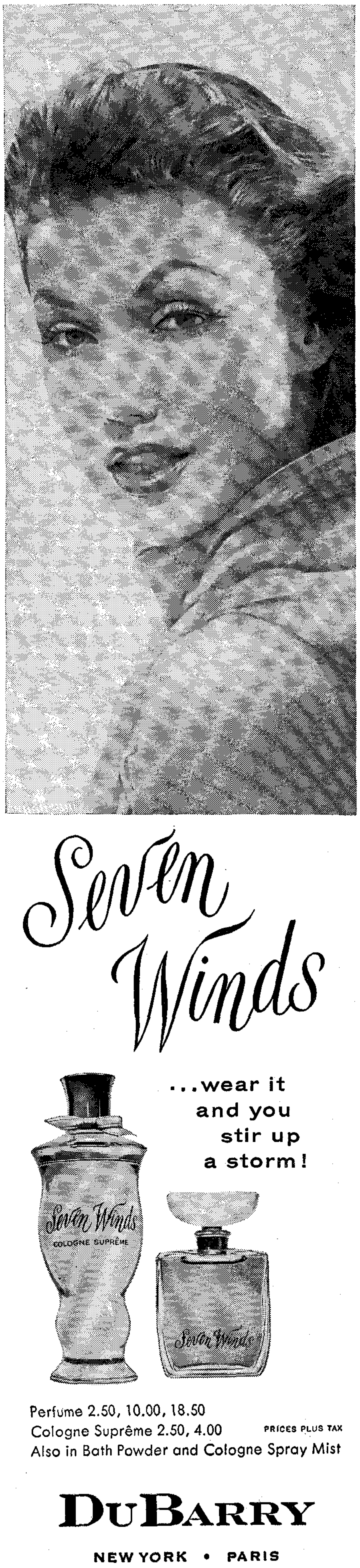

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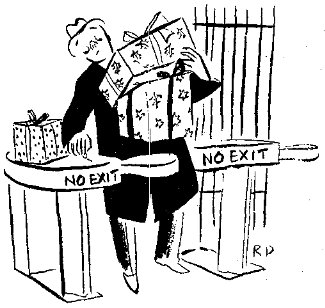
HANGED ANCESTORS

THE whisper of new ways was beginning to be heard in the preparatory schools of England even before 1914. In some of these schools—where boys destined to go on to the expensive public schools board from their ninth to twelfth years—liberal policies were already favored. Boys were encouraged to roam the countryside with bare knees and open shirts, and lived under few rules. Other schools, of which my own, St. Leonard's, was one, still held to the traditional strict routine. At St. Leonard's, the boys dressed every day in neat starched Eton collars, and lived under constant supervision. From beginning to end of term, we were never allowed to go outside the boundary of the school's buildings and playing fields, except on Sunday afternoons, when, in a two-by-two file and accompanied by a master, we took a decorous walk of a couple of miles through the neighboring streets. To leave the school premises unaccompanied and without permission was, we were constantly told, the most heinous of crimes, punishable by instant expulsion. Any boy who did such a thing, the Headmaster said, was "up to no good." So severe and frequent were his warnings against this hideous offense that we wondered why crossing the High Street was not forbidden in so many words in any of the Ten Commandments. We decided that it had about it some implication of sex, and therefore was, in effect, included in the Seventh Commandment.



"How does one commit adultery?" Perkins asked one day.

"Shut up, Perkins. Don't be beastly," said Tremlett.

"But what does it mean?" asked Perkins.

"It's what people do who go across to the other side of the High Street."

We took our meals—the hundred-odd of us—at nine large tables in the dining hall, each table presided over by a master. The Headmaster and his wife sat alone, at a table on a dais. One February afternoon, as the school was at tea, the Headmaster rang his little hand bell for silence and cleared his throat. "Something very serious has happened," he said, in a grave tone. "It has been reported to me that this morning a boy wearing the school cap was seen to leave a sweetshop on the opposite side of the High Street. I must ask the boy who was guilty of this breach of bounds to stand up."

There was silence. Every boy looked at his neighbor to discover a sign of guilt, but no one moved.

"Very well," said the Headmaster. "I will give the culprit until dinnertime tomorrow to own up. If he is ashamed to confess his fault before the rest of you, he may come to me privately. But if I have not received a confession by dinnertime, then the school play for next Tuesday will be cancelled."

THERE were four of us who slept in D Dormitory: Tremlett, Perkins, O'Brien—dark-haired and, to me, a hero because of his laughing, boasting defiance of authority—and myself, the youngest. That evening, as we discussed the breach of rules at bedtime, the culprit was still undiscovered, and we were, I think, genuinely shocked at the brazenness of his lawless act. "Nobody could say that I'm pi," said Tremlett, "but I wouldn't break bounds and go to a shop." And yet it was rather exciting to think that there was a boy so evil in our midst, and, naturally, we fell to speculating about who the criminal could be.

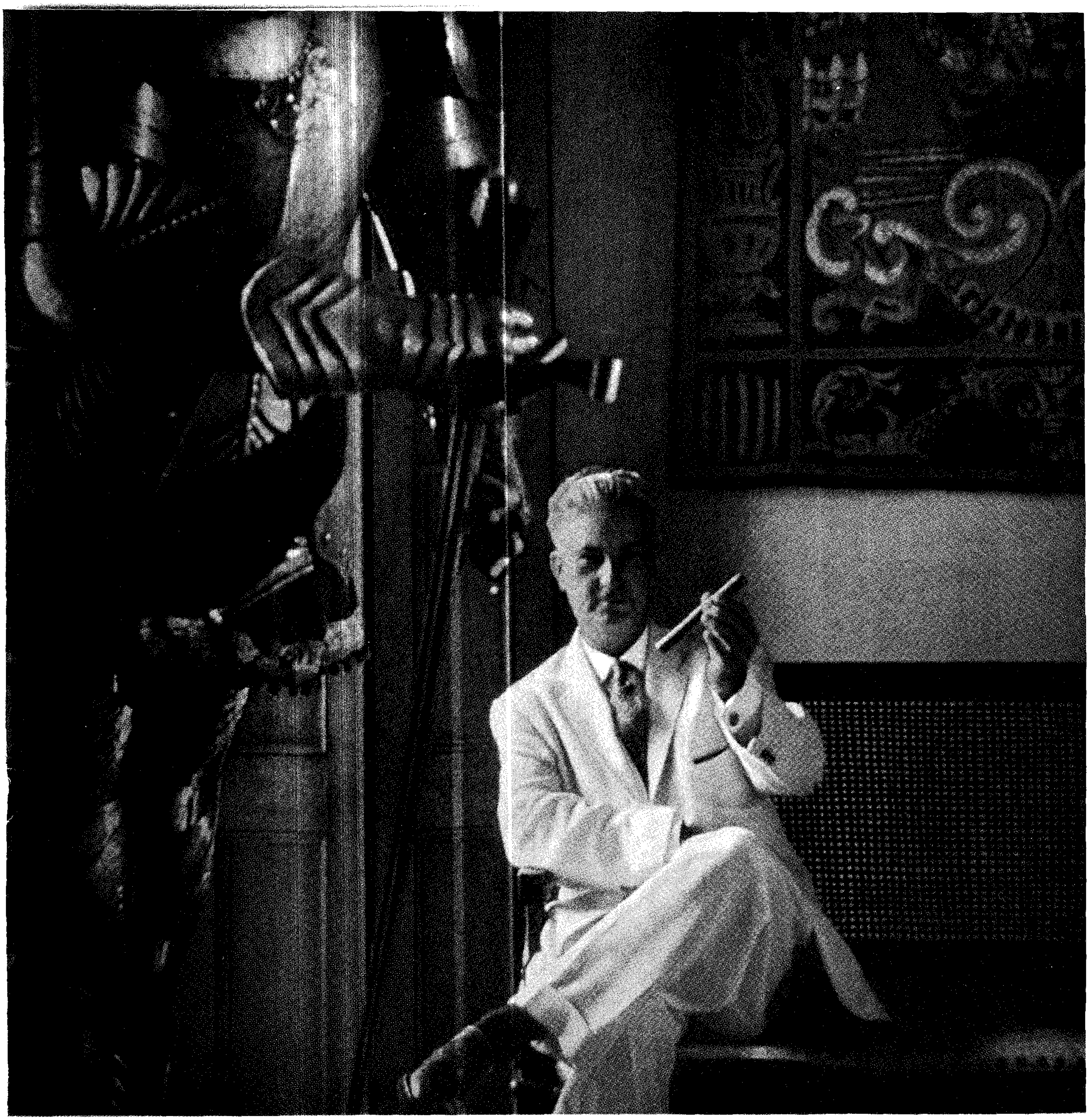
A number of names were mentioned and dismissed as improbable. "I shouldn't wonder if it was Donal," said Tremlett, at last.

Almost at once, we agreed that Tremlett was probably right. There were three reasons for Donal, a gawky, red-headed little Scottish boy, to be suspected. First, his general reputation was against him. He was always in scrapes. Unlike O'Brien, who rode triumphantly over scrapes, Donal had a gormless knack of always getting caught in them. "He's the sort of chap who would do a thing like that," said Perkins, "and the sort of chap who wouldn't own up if he had done it."

"And who'll get caught in the end, even without owning up," O'Brien put in.

Then we remembered that Donal had asked to leave the room for a time during school that morning. It was true that he had asked to go to the lavatory, but who was to know whether he had been there or not?

"And thirdly," said O'Brien, speaking portentously, as always, and raising



Guest at La Fortaleza, historic home of Puerto Rico's governors. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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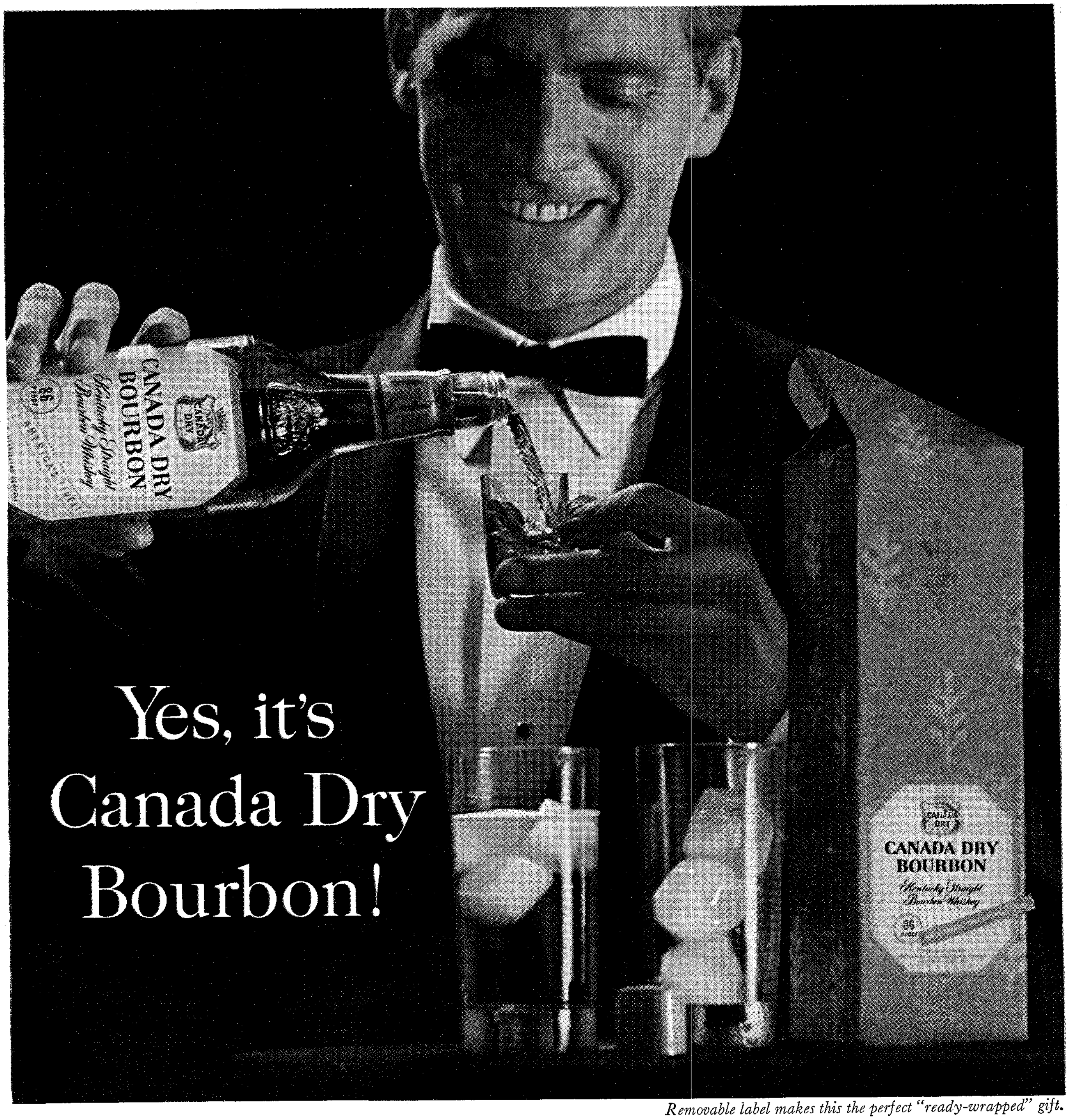
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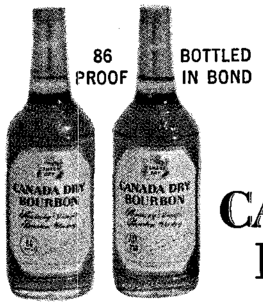
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himself up on one arm in bed, "Donal has bad blood in him. You remember Lord Culloden, in history, who had his head cut off for high treason in the Jacobite rebellion. Well, of course, Lord Culloden's name was Donal. So Donal must be a descendant of Lord Culloden. If that's so, his ancestor was a traitor. He has bad blood in him."

Naturally, this settled it. If Donal's ancestor had had his head cut off, there could hardly be any doubt about who had crossed the High Street, and perhaps—who knows?—even bought a bag of acid drops, at a time when he should have been going to the lavatory. O'Brien had won. The next day, Donal would surely be exposed and expelled.

As it happened, the next day brought an anticlimax. After the school had gathered for morning prayers, the Headmaster again rang his bell. We all fell into a delicious silence, and the four of us from D Dormitory looked greedily at Donal. But, to our surprise, what the Headmaster gave us was not a catastrophe but an apology—a thing that he had never been known to do before. He told us that his accusation of the previous day had been an unfortunate mistake, and that he was very sorry about it. Miss Carruthers, the matron, had made inquiries and discovered that the figure who was seen crossing the High Street was not a St. Leonard's boy at all but a local errand boy who had in some illegal fashion come into possession of a St. Leonard's school cap. "I cannot say," said the Headmaster, "how deeply I resent it that one who is not entitled to do so should shamelessly flaunt our school colors. I am sure that you feel that resentment as deeply as I do. At the same time, I can only add how relieved I am to know that it was no St. Leonard's boy who was guilty of this disgraceful act. I apologize to all for having suspected one of you unworthily. To Miss Carruthers, who has thus relieved our minds, we are all deeply indebted. And now 'To God the Father and to God the Son . . .' " and he plunged like a diver into the morning prayers.

This dénouement should have been embarrassing to O'Brien—ancestral decapitation was not, after all, an infallible indication of guilt—but that night in the dormitory he was unabashed. "I never thought that it really could have been Donal," he said. "If Donal had done it, he would have owned up. After all, Donals may have been executed, but they were not

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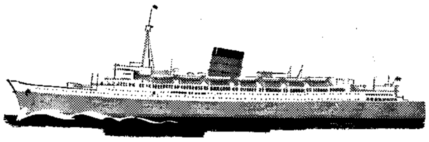

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"It may be a rotten thing, but it's not a cowardly thing," said O'Brien.

A general discussion sprang up, in which it became clear that what we all admired was "guts"—that even rebels and criminals often showed guts, and were to be preferred to the goody-goodies. After a while, we began to cap each other's boasts about the bold, bad things that we ourselves had done, and our relatives, too.

"I had an uncle who was a missionary," said Tremlett. "He was eaten by cannibals in the Fiji Islands."

"I don't see much in being a missionary," said Perkins.

Tremlett was quick to point out that he was missing the point. No one was suggesting that the uncle was to be admired for being a missionary. He was to be admired for being eaten—an entirely different affair.

O'Brien was a boy who could not bear to be out-trumped. He pushed back his bedclothes in disgust. "As a matter of fact," he said, very slowly and portentously, "as a matter of fact, my grandfather was hanged."

"Was he really?" asked Perkins, unashamedly impressed. "What was he hanged for?"

"He was in America," said O'Brien after only the merest hesitation. "He was hanged in America." Clearly, the simple fact of being in America was a sufficient reason for being hanged. No further offense was required.

"But I thought people weren't hanged in America," said Perkins. "I thought that everybody there was electrocuted."

"They hadn't got the electricity laid on yet at that time," said O'Brien. "Yes, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered."

"What does 'drawn and quartered' mean?" asked Perkins.

"It's something not very nice," O'Brien said.

"Well!" said Perkins. And I, reflecting that I had no uncles and that—even more shameful—both my grandparents were alive, had not even the heart to say "Well!"

THE next day, I ran into Donal and, speaking kindly out of an envious heart, congratulated him on his ancestor's execution.

"What ancestor?" asked Donal.

"Your ancestor who was a Jacobite and was beheaded, the man in history—

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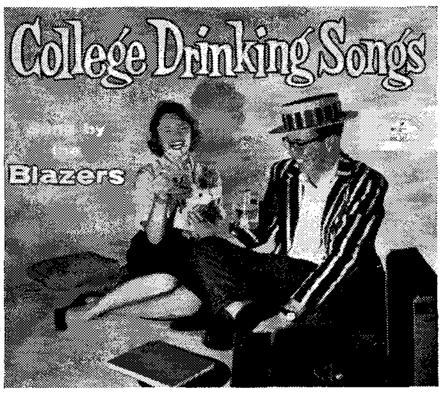

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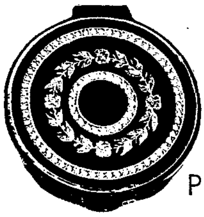

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Lord Something-or-Other," I said.

"He wasn't my ancestor," said Donal shortly.

I felt that I had gone out of my way to be decent, and I was not going to allow him to snub me like this. I would let him know that there were those who had equal claim to distinction and did not give themselves such airs.

"Anyway," I said, "O'Brien's grandfather was hanged."

"Oh, was he?" said Donal, as if the matter were of no interest whatsoever.

Talking to others in the school during the next few days, I found quite an extraordinary number of boys who, when they heard of Tremlett's and O'Brien's honor, revealed that they also had ancestral skeletons whose cupboards they were proud to open. Powell had a cousin who had been captured by Chinese brigands and tortured; the cuts were very painful to begin with, he explained, but after a time one got used to them and then they didn't hurt much any more. Tristram's uncle had been a pirate. Elkins knew a man who had fought in the Mexican Revolution and killed three generals with his own hands. Anstruther's father had been a judge in Africa and had condemned blacks to death "lots of times." "You thought nothing of it," he explained. It appeared that few of my schoolfellows had ancestors or relatives who had died in their beds. I grew increasingly ashamed of my undistinguished family.

Meanwhile, the day of the play arrived. The play was such a central event in our school life—parents and other relatives came to see it in such large numbers—that, in retrospect, it is hard to imagine the Headmaster ever carrying out his awful threat of cancelling it. But, thanks to the errand boy, this particular play day was especially happy. No boy, it seemed, could do a thing wrong, and we all basked in the sunshine of magisterial benevolence. The Headmaster was an even more genial host than usual to the parents, friends, and relatives who crowded in to the buffet supper that he served after the play.

I went into the dining hall along with my parents. The tables had been pushed over to one side of the room and were loaded with good things to eat and drink. It was a cheerful scramble, everyone laughing and jostling everyone else to get at the sandwich table. Just in front of me I saw O'Brien, who was carefully making his way through the crowd with a cup of coffee. He took it to an elderly, beaming clergyman, who

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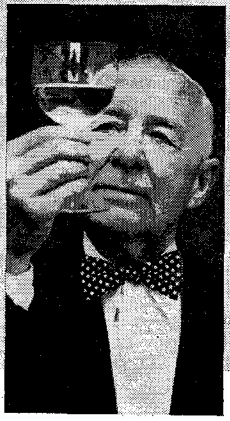

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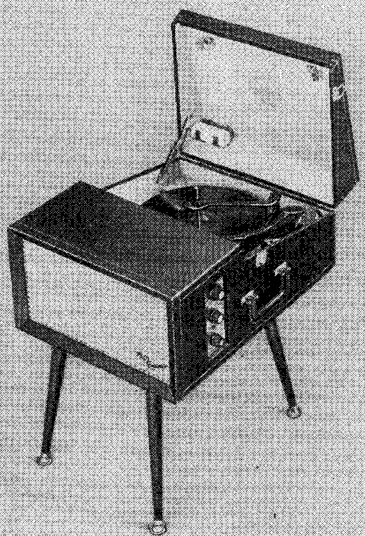

was leaning against a mantelpiece, and handed it to him, saying, "Here you are, Grandpa."

For a moment, I was shocked, because it had never occurred to me that O'Brien could possibly have an unhanged grandfather. But then I reflected that everybody has two grandfathers, and that O'Brien had never alleged that both of them were hanged.

"The clergyman must be the unhanged grandfather," I said softly, and then I jostled my way into the crowd to get my sandwiches and cider cup. A little later, I noticed O'Brien enjoying himself in the center of a lively group of all ages—a lady (his mother, I supposed), his grandfather, a little girl (his sister?), two youngish men, a young woman who might be the wife of one of them, and an old gentleman sporting a flamboyant stock (perhaps an elderly uncle in the City, who did a bit of farming in the Home Counties for a hobby). The family looked like most other families, and not at all like one that had lost a member to the hangman. "One never knows," I concluded in my new wisdom.

That night, in the dormitory, Perkins was full of enthusiasm. "I say, O'Brien," he said, "your grandfather's jolly decent. He lives only five miles away from us at home, and he was talking to my mother, and he said that if she brought me over one day in the holidays, he would take me round with a gun and teach me how to shoot."

I was surprised. The old clergyman had not looked at all like a shooting man. Clergymen—particularly in those days—were not apt to be shooters, and the old man looked as if his eyesight were no longer very good or his hand very steady. I still suspected nothing.

"But isn't your grandfather a clergyman, and isn't he—" Tremlett began, and then he stopped.

Perkins and I looked at each other, and the dreadful truth struck us both. O'Brien had had two grandfathers at the supper party. The gentleman with the sporty stock was the hunting grandfather; Perkins had undoubtedly seen the clergyman as well, and had perhaps taken *him* for an elderly uncle. No grandfather had been hanged. We both looked at O'Brien, but he turned away toward the wall, not daring to meet our eyes.

I do not know what would have happened next had it not been for Tremlett. Tremlett clearly had caught on and was as embarrassed as Perkins and I, and yet it was something of a moment of triumph for him. O'Brien's story had

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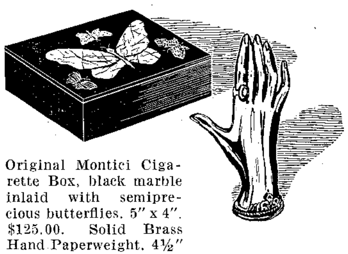

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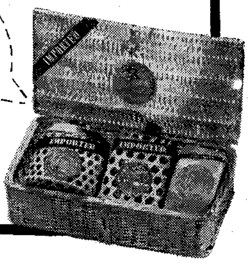

been exposed, but his own story stood. No Fijian stomach could be produced to disgorge his eaten uncle. But there was a streak of decency and generosity in Tremlett. Once, I remembered, he had discovered me being sick in the lavatory, and, with all the temptations of such a story, he had never told another boy at St. Leonard's about it. Now, once more, generosity was his master.

"As a matter of fact, O'Brien," he said, "my uncle *wasn't* eaten by cannibals. He was a missionary, but he wasn't eaten by anybody. He died of mumps."

"Oh, thanks awfully. Thanks awfully, Tremlett," said O'Brien, his pride wholly fallen.

For a terrible moment, I feared that O'Brien, who had been my hero, was going to blub—and blub, what's more, out of so unmanly an emotion as gratitude. A little later, in a mood of high honor, the four of us agreed that these two dreadful secrets—O'Brien's living grandfathers, and Tremlett's uncle dead in his bed—would forever remain secrets between us. No other boy and no master should ever know of them.

ALAS, it turned out not to be as easy as all that. Others had observed O'Brien's family at the supper, and, indeed, Powell—a nasty little Nosy Parker with yellow hair like candle grease—had either guessed or somehow learned that O'Brien had been entertaining two grandfathers at once.

Powell opened up next morning at breakfast. "O'Brien, I thought that you said your grandfather had been hanged in America."

O'Brien went on busily shovelling sugar into his tea, and affected not to hear. But Powell was not to be put off so easily. "I thought you said, O'Brien," he persisted, "that your grandfather was hanged in America. How many grandfathers have you got? I saw you talking to both your grandfathers at the Head's supper last night. Most people only have two grandfathers."

"My great-grandfather was hanged, I said," O'Brien began, but his confi-

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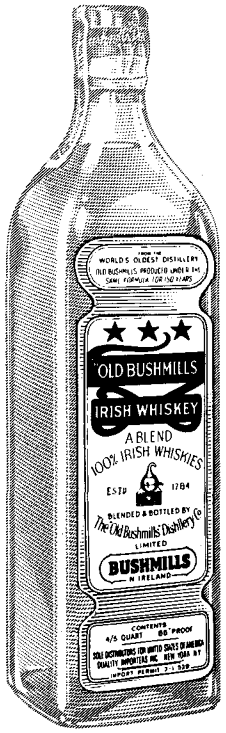
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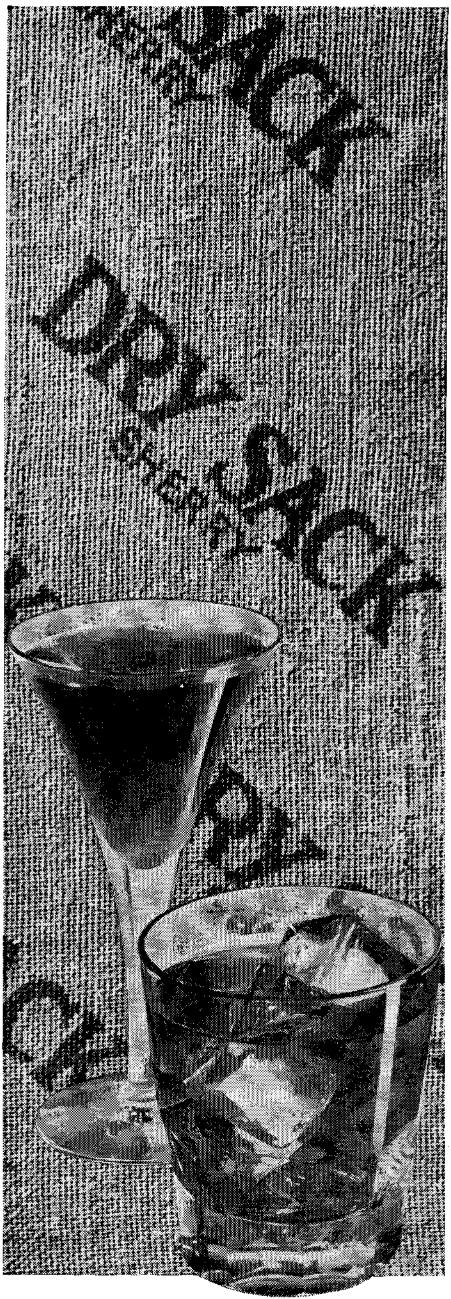

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dence was gone. He blushed and fiddled with his spoon, and was clearly on the verge of tears again.

Powell saw that he had him at a disadvantage. "Oh, no, you didn't," he said. "You said grandfather. Didn't O'Brien say that it was his grandfather who was hanged?" he asked, triumphantly turning to the rest of the table. "O'Brien's a fibber," he went on, with all the assurance of a judge pronouncing sentence. "O'Brien's a fibber. He never had a grandfather hanged at all."

"I'm *not* a fibber," O'Brien said miserably. "Fibber yourself."

It was again Tremlett, generous Tremlett, who saw how to save the moment. He remembered that Powell had boasted of a cousin who had been captured by Chinese brigands. "I don't believe for an instant that your cousin was tortured by Chinese brigands, Powell," he said with the utmost confidence. "If he had been, he wouldn't ever have said that it didn't hurt. He wouldn't have been such a bloody fool."

"Well, he did," Powell said, in a sulky, unconvincing voice.

But the argument was cut short by the master at the head of the table. "Tremlett!" he shouted. "I heard you use a disgraceful expression. You know very well that you are not permitted to use such foul language. Go up at once to the dais and report yourself to the Headmaster!"

"Yes, sir," said Tremlett meekly.

A silence fell on the rest of us. We watched Tremlett ascend the dais. We saw him exchange words with the Headmaster. He returned to his place, having made an appointment, as was the custom, to go to the study for punishment after the meal. The brief interlude of pale winter sunshine with which the Headmaster had favored us was over, and the season of storms had returned.

Ours, as I have said, was a school of many rules, but perhaps the most inviolate was a rule of honor—the one that demanded that no boy should hit another boy when he was down. None of us—not even the sneakiest and most unpleasant—would ever take sides against another boy when he was in trouble with the common enemy, the Headmaster. Even Powell understood this.

"Was your cousin *really* tortured by Chinese brigands?" Tristram whispered to Powell when Tremlett was seated again.

"No, as a matter of fact, he wasn't," Powell admitted a little sulkily.

"Well, as a matter of fact, my uncle

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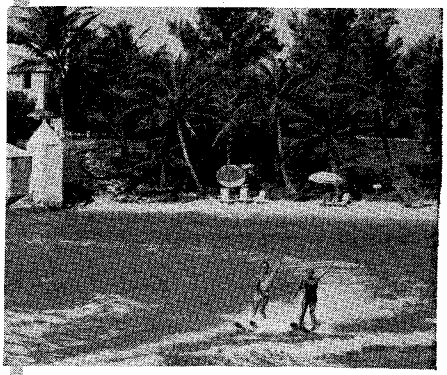

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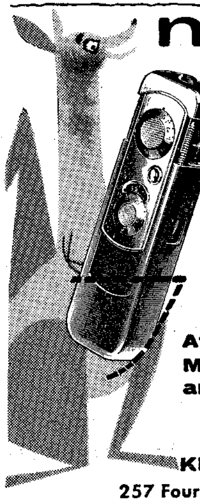

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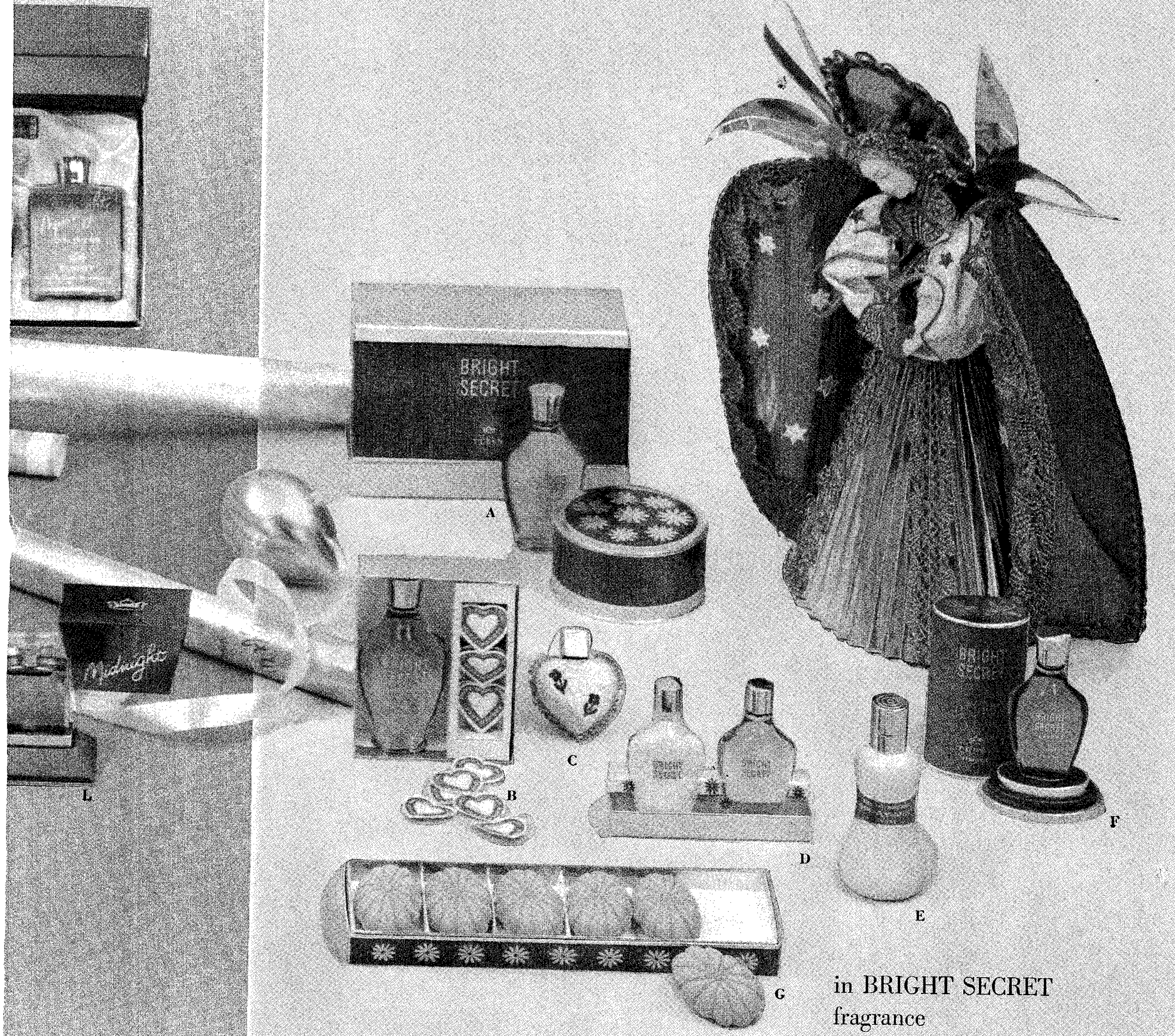
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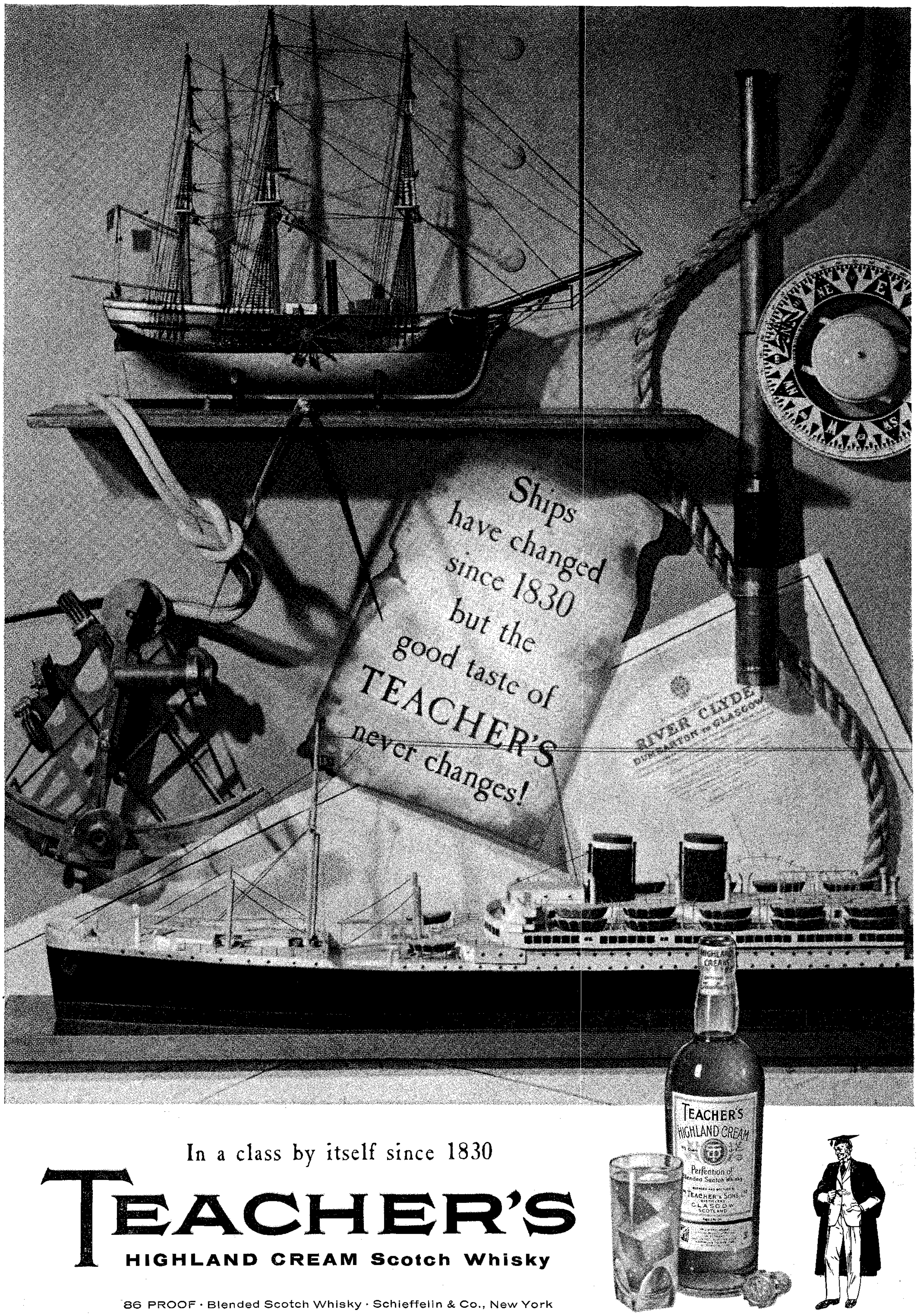
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wasn't a pirate, either," said Tristram.

"And I never knew anybody who killed three generals in Mexico," said Elkins.

I FELT a small glow of self-esteem. I, almost alone in the school, had never laid claim to an ancestor or a relative who had died by violence. I found that I was not as shamefully unusual as I had imagined.

For a few days, it seemed that there was no boy in the school with an ancestor who had even died rather unexpectedly. Then, while reading *Burke's Peerage* in the library, I discovered quite by accident that the Honourable William Donal (our Donal's father) was a son of the tenth Lord Culloden, who, in his turn, was a direct descendant of the fourth Lord Culloden, executed for high treason after the Jacobite rebellion of '45.

"I've found out something about you," I said to Donal the next day. "Your ancestor *did* have his head cut off. I've found a book that said that he did. So it's true for you!"

"You shut up!" said Donal. "What the hell's it got to do with you?"

—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS!

WE can look Santa Claus straight in his whiskers this week, confident that we've got everything ready for him. A month ago (Lord, it seems only yesterday!), we picked out the jewelry that everyone is going to need, and lined up the presents that have to be ordered in advance; the week after that, we took care of the householder and his house, and found suitable books for the children; and the next week we spent combing the big stores and the little specialty shops for gifts to beguile the ladies. We devoted last week to the toy stores (the top shelf in the hall closet is packed solid with the results), and this week, as soon as we have stocked the pantry against the holiday onslaught, we'll deal with the men and see what new perfumes are afloat. Next week, we'll tie up any loose ends we may have left behind us, but now let's start in on the comestibles and the wines to go with them.

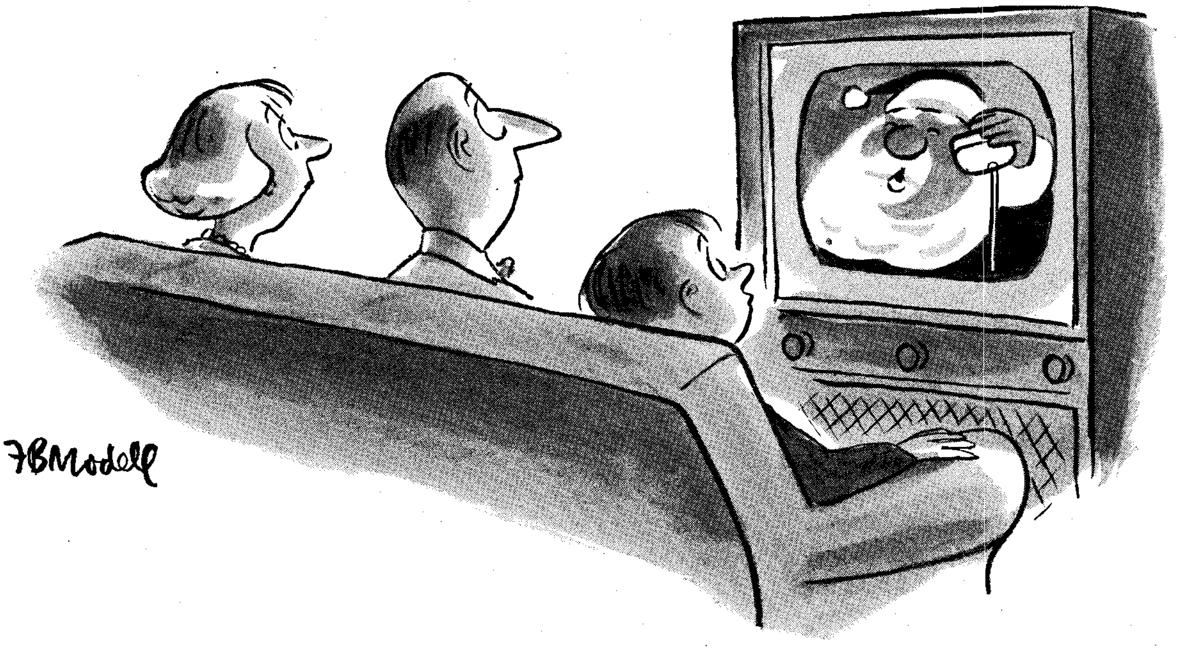
The Christmas Table

HAVING worked our way dutifully through the grimmer part of Christmas shopping toward the pleasurable planning of holiday meals, we now find ourselves, if not stumped, at least slowed down. In other years, we have had a fine time reporting on small culinary operations in home kitchens here and there that were dedicated to enlivening the Christmas menu. Upon recent investigation of many of these sources of cheer, we have discovered to our dismay that the kitchen has more often than not been replaced by the factory, and that the good lady whose setup was until lately a mixing bowl and a pastry board is now a syndicate with nationwide distribution; moreover, her product has only too frequently taken on the unmistakable and rather nasty taste of mass production. Far from being deterred by this discouraging outlook, however, we merely move out of the home kitchen this year to investigate new foods made by professionals whose reputations are sufficiently solid for us to count with some degree of certainty on their output's remaining tomorrow exactly what it is today.

It is with this confidence that we head our gastronomic report with some items recently added by the Café Chambord to its already respectable list of frozen delicacies, which are sold at the restaurant's new food shop (inevitably called the Gourmet Shop), 805 Third Avenue (49th). The most important of the new foods—or, at any rate, the one that occupies the most important place on the menu—is a bouillabaisse *à la Marseillaise*, an excellent fish stew and as nearly authentic as is possible, given the distance between Third Avenue and the Vieux-Port. For the Mediterranean fish—*rascasse*, dory, whiting, red mullet, *baudroie*, and so on, none of which flourish off our own shores—the Chambord chef has substituted red snapper and sea bass. The shellfish, however, remain the same, and it can't be helped that American mussels, which are part of the dish, are greatly inferior to the French variety. The section of lobster included in each portion, on the other hand, has all the tenderness you might expect of a crustacean that was swimming off Portland, Maine, only a few hours before appearing in the Chambord pot. We shan't venture to suggest that it is to the discredit of the bouillabaisse that the flavor of garlic has been subdued beyond recognition, since this is probably the Chambord's polite concession to the sensibilities of its genteel customers—and anyway garlic lovers have only to add what they will. The price is $5.25 for two very generous portions.

It is going to take a mighty subtle palate to distinguish between a *pâté de foie gras* of Strasbourg and Chambord's *pâté en terrine*, which is made of livers of chicken rather than of the proud goose. Certainly the Chambord pâté, seasoned with cognac, herbs, and so on, is extraordinarily fine, and, sliced thin on small rounds of crusty bread, it makes a perfect morsel to serve with a before-dinner glass of champagne. The price is $5.75 a pound. The pâté is sold unfrozen in the city, and we can't say how it stands up under the freezing it gets for out-of-town customers.

Three other items—a soufflé Grand Marnier, a chocolate and a strawberry mousse, and crêpes Suzette—complete the list of the Chambord's new frozen offerings. Of these, the soufflé is nothing short of a miracle; flat and unpromising in its frozen state, after about fifty minutes in a low oven it rises—if not quite as exaggeratedly high as some home-baked soufflés—at least to a very adequate height and to a beautiful fluffiness that is as im-



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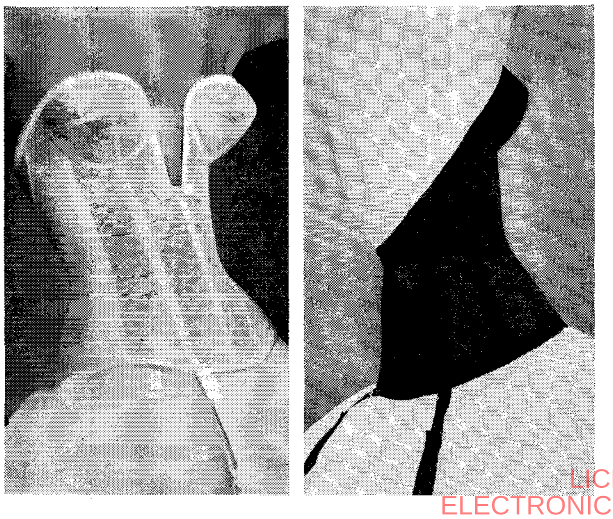

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If proof were needed that we are not a nation seriously given to café life, the curious fact that restaurants all over the country appear to be catering to a demand for restaurant food that one may eat without bothering to go to a restaurant would furnish it. The latest enterprise of this kind is that of a small French eating place in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, which has recently brought out a number of extremely good frozen soups, to be had at Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th). The new arrivals from the Wisconsin restaurant—which, by the way, is called the Postilion—are, for the most part, quite simple pottages: a good vegetable-and-barley combination, made with a strong beef stock, that goes by the fancy name of Dutch Peasant (ninety cents); another good family soup, called Pot Luck (eighty-five cents); a very superior cream of chicken ($1.20), which is none other than that rich and soothing old standby *crème de volaille;* a cream of crab ($1.60); a robust black bean ($1); and a few more, which we didn't get around to tasting. They come in sixteen-ounce cardboard containers.

WE feel intense satisfaction whenever we discover an American regional food that has survived over the years on its own merits, and we therefore find ourselves presenting with an almost personal pride a Cheddar cheese that has been made by the Cabot Co-operative Creamery Company, of Cabot, Vermont, since 1890. The five-pound wheel of white Cheddar that we ordered from this concern had been aged six months (the minimum aging period); it had a crumb comparable to that of a first-rate English Cheddar, and a fine, tangy flavor with a nutty undertone. The cheese is made in wheels of five pounds ($4.50) and three pounds ($3); the smaller cheeses,

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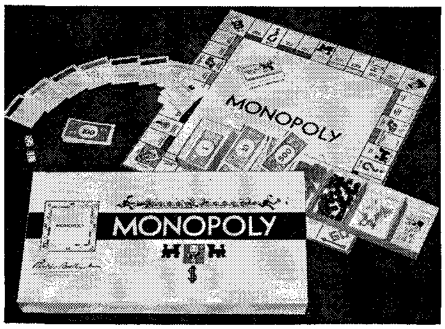

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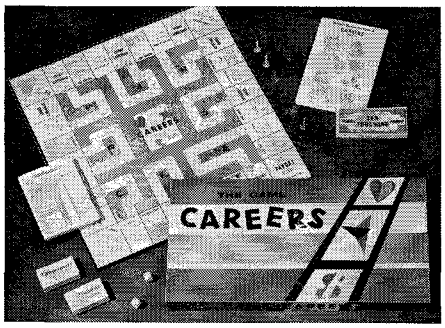

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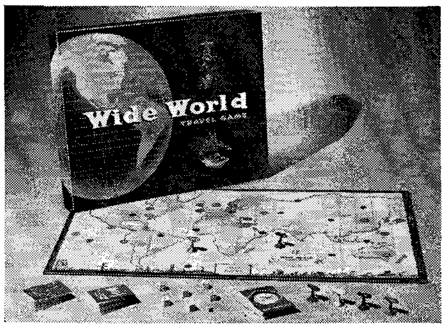

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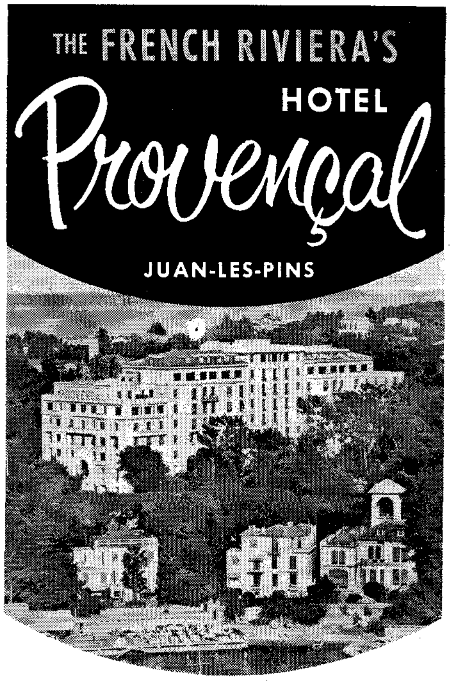

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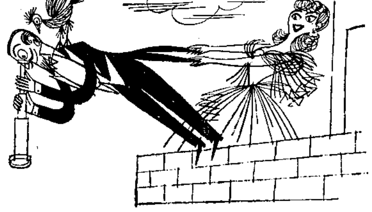

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though, will not have completed their full aging period until around the middle of the month.

Perhaps the French have too many troubles on their minds these days to bother about sending us any new cheeses. Whatever the cause, it is a fact that this season, just when our importers might have been counted on to bring in an array of unfamiliar French products to delight serious caseophiles, only three that are new to our market—and, in our opinion, rather mediocre—have shown up. We have, however, turned what seemed misfortune into a useful opportunity to check on the quality of a number of foreign cheeses that we hadn't tried for a good while. Before we make our report, though, let us say—and this should be the preamble to any remarks on the subject—that it is not the merchant with the largest and most varied assortment who is the most trustworthy purveyor of fine cheese; it is how the cheese is kept that makes all the difference. And, as it happens, the laurel wreath for knowledgeable and loving care of cheese in these parts goes to well-established shops where there is no phenomenally large variety on hand. The arrival of Hablé, the Swedish soft cheese to which we have, at one time or another, given unstinted praise in these columns, is expected daily, but on several occasions we have discovered that it has its ups and downs of quality, so you had perhaps better sample it before laying in a supply. When the expected shipment gets here, the cheese will be carried by practically every cheese shop in town and by most delicatessens, which makes us suspect that it gets around rather too much for its own good. . . . Brie, the queen of all cheeses, is offered in a beautiful *coulant* state by all our more serious cheese merchants, but, as far as we know, it is only at Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (62nd), and at Fraser Morris, 812 Madison Avenue (71st), that the great two-and-a-half-kilo wheels ($2.49 a pound)—ripened *à point*—will be cut into pound and half-pound wedges for the convenience of customers who regard the whole wheel as too ambitious a project. . . . Among the hard Scandinavian cheeses, Old Denmark (135 East 57th Street) has imported an elegant Danish Wedelsborg ($1.80 a pound) that has considerable character in spite of its mild, suave flavor; it is—and this to us is the test of quality—ideal to munch with wine or a cocktail without benefit of bread or cracker. . . . Banquet, which originally came to us from Iceland, now arrives from Denmark, and although

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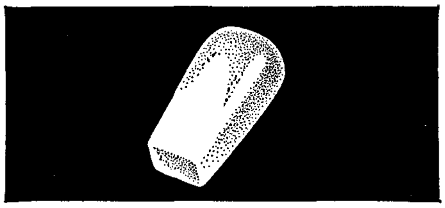

WHITE SHOE PEG CORN

A delicacy so uncommon few have had the good fortune to taste it

IF YOU have ever dined in New Orleans or Baltimore, you may remember the Country Gentleman white corn prized for generations in those citadels of *gastronomie.*

Well, recently a distinguished new representative of this variety has come to market. These crisp whole kernels are singularly different from other corn.

Their shape is tall and slender. Hence the name "shoe peg", acquired in bygone days when cobblers actually used tiny pegs to fasten fine shoes together.

As you might surmise, their flavor is something quite special, too. The taste of these tender white kernels will prove to be an authentic epicurean revelation.

Naturally, you would hardly expect corn like this to be overly plentiful. For one thing, it is grown from special seed developed through hundreds of breedings and crossbreedings. Then, too, this seed is planted only in certain uniquely favored acres.

But the more knowledgeable food shops now have a modest quantity of this delicacy. Le Sueur Brand White Shoe Peg corn. May we respectfully urge that you try it soon?

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WHITE CORN

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White Shoe Peg CORN
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P.S. Try Le Sueur Brand peas, too. Very young, very tender, very much like the celebrated *petits pois* of France.

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota
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we find that it has lost a slight something in the move, it is still a remarkably fine cheese, with a good firm crumb and a subtle, nutty flavor something like that of a superior Gruyère. It costs around $1 a pound at Scandinavian Delicacies, 1100 Third Avenue (65th). . . . Fraser Morris and Bloomingdale are headquarters for some English cheeses as fine as you will get anywhere outside a London club. Both shops have magnificent Stilton ($1.69 a pound), as well as Double Gloucester and Cheshire ($1.19), in the big wheels and in small loaves weighing just under two pounds (around $3), while Fraser Morris also carries a very fine Leicester, at $1.19 a pound. Vendôme and Hammacher Schlemmer also have the Gloucester and Cheshire Minors. (Perhaps right here we had better take time to tell you that Vendôme has struck up some sort of alliance with Hammacher Schlemmer, having taken over and greatly enlarged that shop's food department. You will find here most of Vendôme's canned and packaged specialties and certain boxed cheeses, as well as cheeses that can be cut into wedges and are sold wrapped in Pliofilm. Vendôme hams may be ordered through the Hammacher shop, but they are not on hand for slicing by the pound, nor are the Vendôme frozen items carried.)

LAST spring, there arrived at Ellen Grey some smoked fillets of eel from Holland, but they disappeared from the scene before many customers got a chance at them. If all you know of smoked eel is the variety that is smoked in Brooklyn or the Bronx—presumably over a very small match—you can have no idea of the delicacy of this Dutch import, which at the same time has a marvellously pungent smokiness. The eels in question come from the Zuyder Zee, which all eel connoisseurs concede to be for the eel what Maine is for lobsters or Strasbourg is for goose liver. Only the small, tender fillet is smoked, and the smoking process, over a slow hardwood fire, lasts two weeks or more. The result is something that many gastronomes consider far superior to smoked salmon. The smoked eel is again on hand at Ellen Grey, for $7 a pound (no mail orders) and is wonderful on dark bread spread with good sweet butter—if you can get it—dusted over with a grinding of black pepper.

When we learned recently that High Valley Farm, in Colorado Springs, long honored for its smoked rainbow trout, had undertaken to can some of its products, we thought sadly that that

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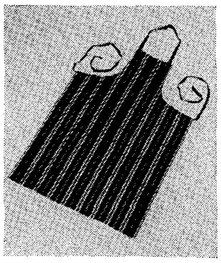

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was where one more fine enterprise had gone wrong. Well, that's not at all the way things have turned out; in case other admirers of the little High Valley fish have had the same gloomy forebodings, we hasten to say that the canned brook trout are extremely good. The halved fish come in seven-and-a-half-ounce tins, and although neither the flavor nor the consistency is exactly like that of the uncanned product, they have a quality of their own—reminiscent of a kipper, which, garnished with crisp curls of bacon, they might advantageously replace on the breakfast table. Small sections of the fillets, packed in four-ounce tins, make very good cocktail tidbits, piled on small rounds of toast and served hot with melted butter, a generous grinding of pepper, and a squeeze of lemon juice. At Bloomingdale and Ellen Grey, the price of the trout halves is $1.95 the half-dozen tins; the small tins cost $1.49.

In our book, nothing could disprove the old adage that says if a little is good a lot is better so effectively as one of those enormous smoked fowl, the remnants of which clutter up the refrigerator long after the most intemperate smoked-fowl enthusiast has lost all interest. What we consider the ideal amount of smoked anything is the brace of plump little Rock Cornish fowl, from Rolling Ridge Farm, in Ossining, that are to be had at Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street, cellophane-wrapped and packed in a small carton. These are tender and unusually juicy little birds, weighing two pounds each, and, when served along with other appetizers, they will take care of eight or ten people very nicely. If by chance there are a few scraps left over, they can make a brilliant reappearance on the next day's cocktail tray as a hot hors d'oeuvre (in a sauce of heavy cream that has been reduced over a quick fire with butter, chopped chives, a few capers, and Tabasco) served on small rounds of crisp buttered toast—a manifestation that, to tell the truth, we find more interesting than the cold unsauced fowl. If you share our preference for unfrozen birds, you will have to say so, as Maison Glass carries them both frozen and unfrozen; either way, they are $9.50 the pair. Perhaps, too, we had better warn customers with ultra-refined palates that somewhere in the course of their preparation a breath of garlic has been added.

Serious ham fanciers might as well face the grim fact that there is precious little good ham around these days, the

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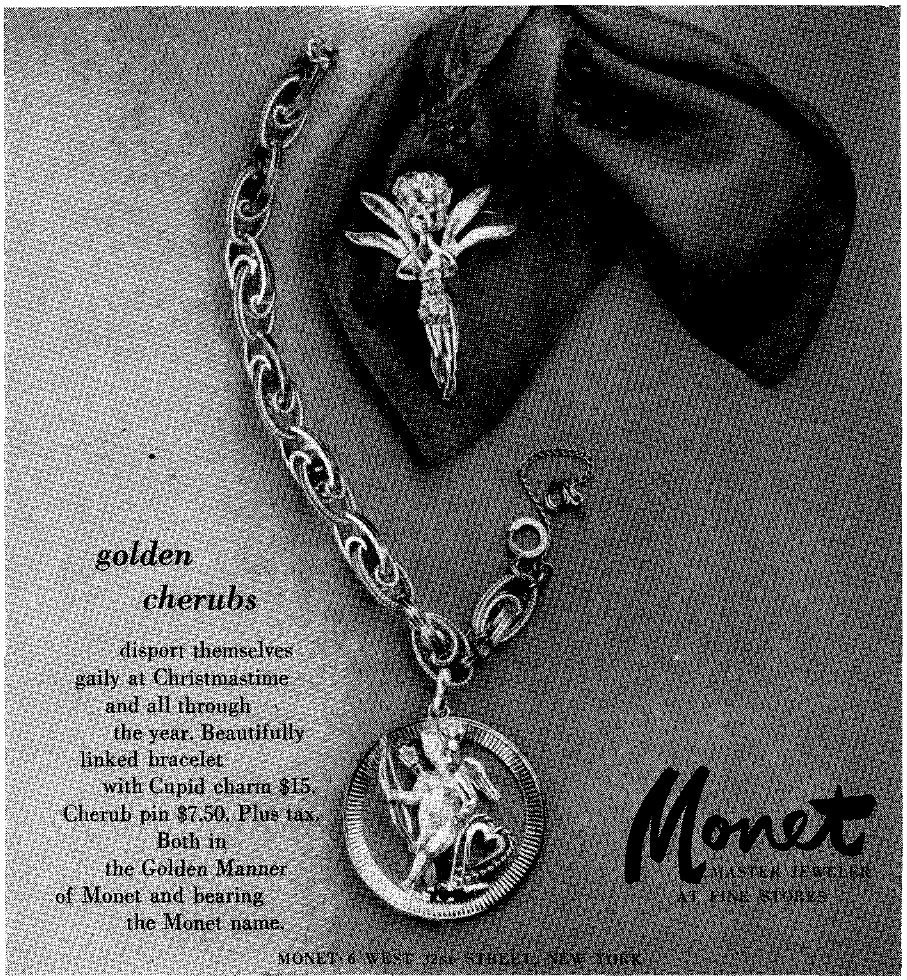
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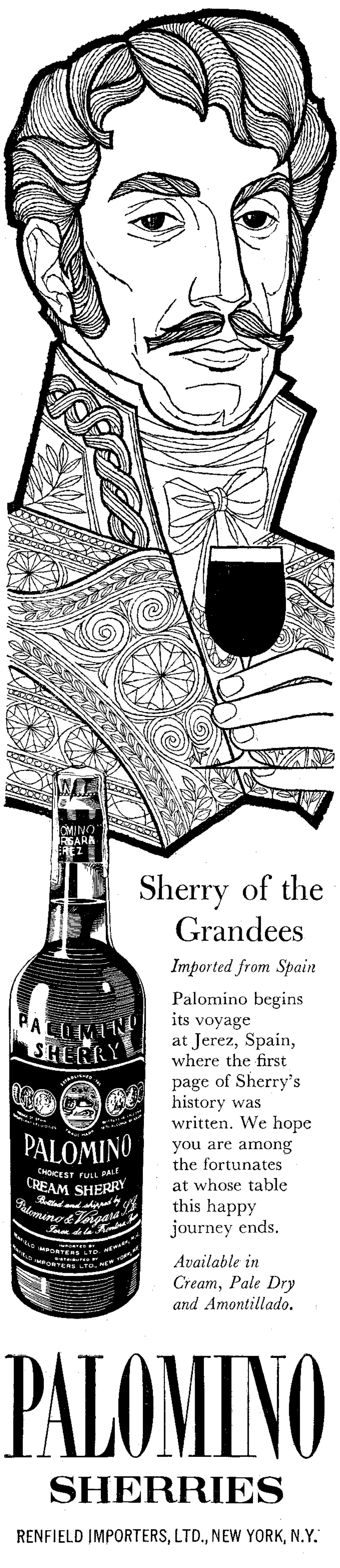

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hypodermic needle having to a certain extent replaced the smokehouse even on the farm, and a former generation of almost fanatical ham connoisseurs having given way to a breed of customers who take what they can get. This is not to say that here and there (especially in Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, and Tennessee) you won't find estimable well-aged hams, and to prove it we offer a product that we have once before spoken of feelingly in these columns—the excellent ham sold by Thalhimer's Department Store, of Richmond. Not only has the quality of the Thalhimer article remained exactly the same as when we last spoke of it but, *mirabile dictu*, the price hasn't gone up by so much as a penny. The Richmond store sells the uncooked hams, which weigh from eleven to fourteen pounds, at ninety-eight cents a pound, and the cooked, weighing from eight to eleven pounds, at $1.98, with postage extra. Even if, as is doubtful, the Christmas melee should leave you any free time for cooking hams, we strongly advise letting Thalhimer take on the chore, since the shop appears to have got its hand in over the years, and turns out an absolutely unbeatable job. . . . The ham produced in the smokehouse of Hill Top Farm, West Willington, Connecticut, is not, perhaps, the sort to grace stylish buffet tables, where a spicier, longer-cured article is demanded, but if you are looking for a first-rate country product of the sort that makes the good, honest sandwich the delicatessen wots not of, or that goes so comfortably with hot corn-meal muffins, this very neatly hits the spot. The farm, we regret to say, won't cook your ham for you, but such easy-to-follow baking directions come with it that the operation is not too onerous. The price, which is $12.95 for a ten-pound ham, includes postage within three hundred miles.

These days, if one dines out with even moderate frequency, one encounters so many exotic breeds and crossbreeds of fowl on the dinner tables of one's friends—Malay gamecocks crossed with that, Cornish fowl bred with this—that it is a relief to meet up with a fresh-killed bird, plump as a partridge and tender as butter, whose mother and father and, presumably, remoter forebears were just chickens. These exemplary little fowl are sold as squab broilers at Maryland Market, 412 Amsterdam Avenue (80th), and we can think of no explanation for the delicate flavor and melting-in-the-mouth tenderness except their extreme youth and the superior conditions under which they are raised on a nearby Connecticut farm. The birds, which weigh about a pound and a quarter, are sold dressed for roasting; they cost eighty-five cents each (allow one for a portion), and they should be ordered a day in advance.

Food being the serious, as well as the pleasurable, matter it is, we have not often ventured to discuss an item that has never passed our lips; the exception we now make to this rule is a particularly well spoken of frozen rabbit. Since we are no authority on rabbit and are entirely without ambition in that direction, we turned the tasting of our animal over to an exile from Kansas (the finest rabbits in the world are the cottontails of Kansas, or so we are told) who has long complained of the miserable quality of the rabbits in New York markets. In case there are others in the city who sigh for a nice tender bit of this countrified dish and scorn the high-flavored hares (we are quoting now) to be had in these parts, we pass on the findings of our obliging sampler. The frozen product in question, which is put out under the brand name of Pelfreeze, is, we are assured, small and extremely tender and delicate—so delicate, indeed, that it is hardly suitable for stewing but should be fried or sautéed in butter, like chicken. As a matter of fact, it was emphasized that it would be hard to tell the cooked result from chicken, which raises the interesting question: What's the matter with frying a chicken in the first place? Be that as it may, these superior rabbits are raised under the most hygienic conditions on an Arkansas farm, and they are sold at all Grand Union stores. They are government inspected and Grade A, the average weight is two and a half pounds, and the price is ninety-nine cents a pound.

What with all the costly and elaborate delicacies that are served up at holiday parties, you may have forgotten how good that unsophisticated old American standby, chicken salad, can be when it is really well made. In our innocent past, chicken salad was what our débutantes came out on and what our brides got married on, and mighty good refreshment it was. Well, we are in a position to tell you that Schrafft's chicken salad is still mighty good refreshment. It is, in fact, just about as good as chicken salad can be, and, considering the usual

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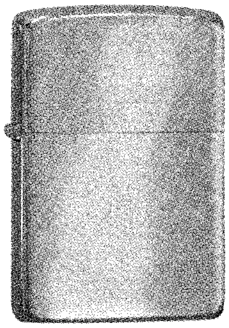

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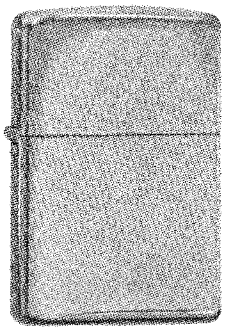

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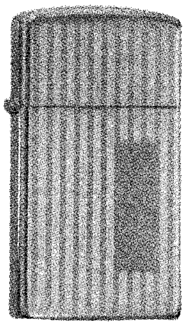

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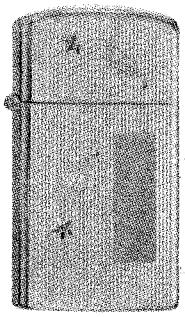

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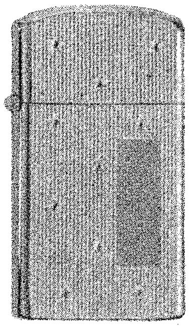

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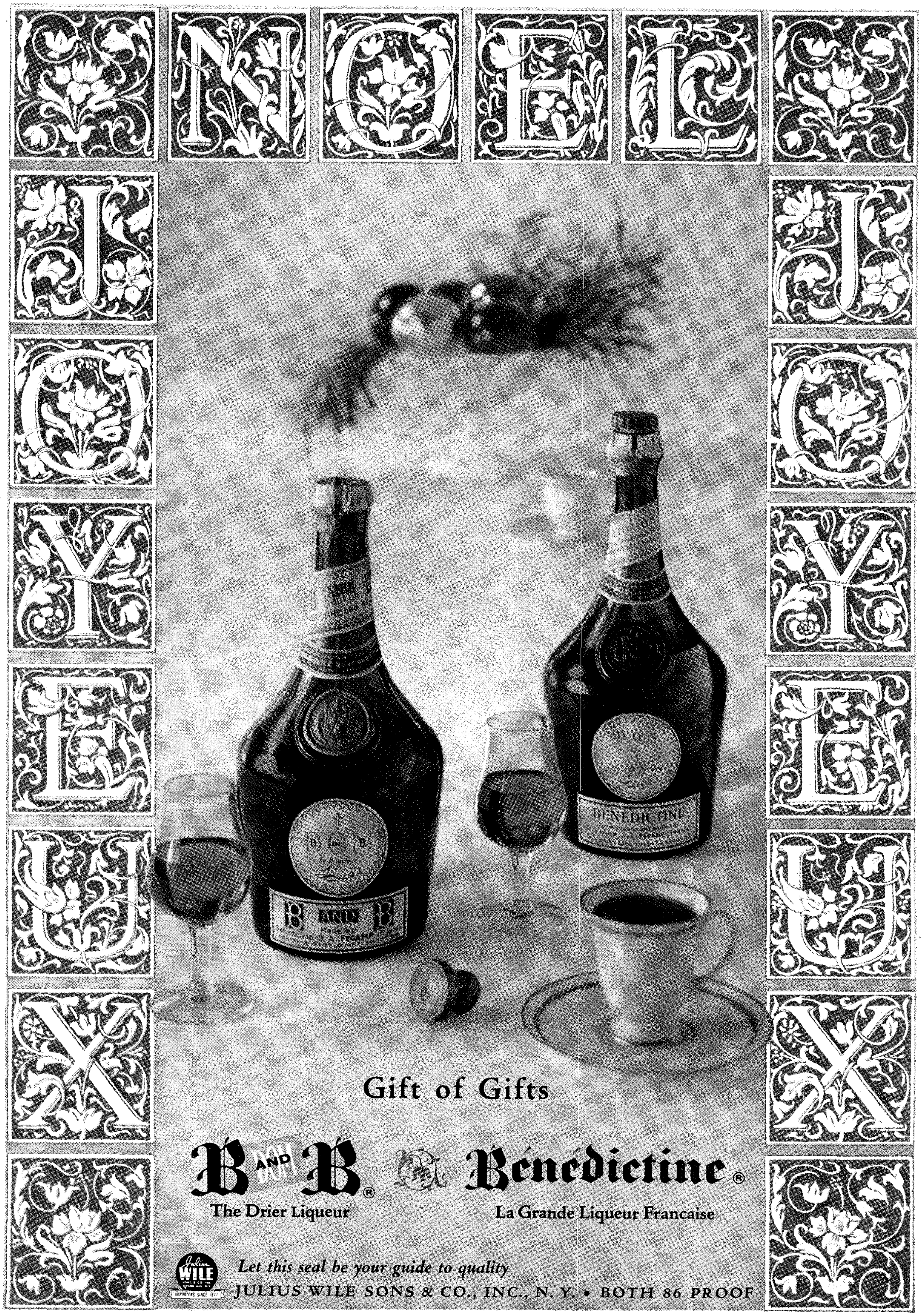
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bumpy going of Christmas holidays, we think that any hostess who has reason to expect the unexpected would be well advised to put in an order for some. A chicken salad that Schrafft calls "home-style," or some such name, is all right for busy lunchers, but the superior salad we are talking about is made of very large pieces of only the breast of chicken and costs $5.75 a quart, complete with a generous portion of lettuce. It must be ordered a day in advance. . . .We had occasion the other evening to try Schrafft's plain chicken sandwich, and for a simple after-theatre snack with a glass of cold beer we recommend it heartily. It consists of thickish slices of breast of chicken (they need a grinding of pepper and a sprinkle of salt) laid on buttered slices of Schrafft's very good sandwich loaf with the crust left on—no mayonnaise, no lettuce, no nothing. The price is eighty cents a sandwich.

BLOOMINGDALE has received from the celebrated *chocolaterie* of Corné de la Toison d'Or, in Brussels, what we recklessly hail as just about the finest chocolates that have ever appeared in these parts. Brussels, as every Bruxellois will maintain until death, is the chocolate capital of the world, and in Brussels there is no more exalted manufacturer than the firm of H. Corné, whose main shop is on the fashionable Avenue de la Toison d'Or. The workshop of the concern is equipped for the complete manufacturing operation, from the processing of the cocoa bean to the concoction of the butter-cream and fondant fillings of the bonbons. These are of such exquisite quality that even in Paris and The Hague, which rank next to Brussels in the production of de-luxe chocolates, there is nothing in quite the same class. As for our native offerings here in town, it has long been a minor mystery that no *confiserie* in the great tradition has ever flourished in New York, one of the biggest cities of the world. Plenty of excellent, one-hundred-per-cent-pure candies are to be had, of course, but nothing comparable to the Corné de la Toison d'Or chocolates, which Bloomingdale now brings to us once a week by air and sells for $3.75 the fourteen-ounce box—surprisingly near what the chocolates cost on their native heath.

To people who have spent many of their Christmases in France or Italy, it must have come as a small recurrent disappointment at this season that our confectioneries have never carried the freshly made *marrons glacés* that are so

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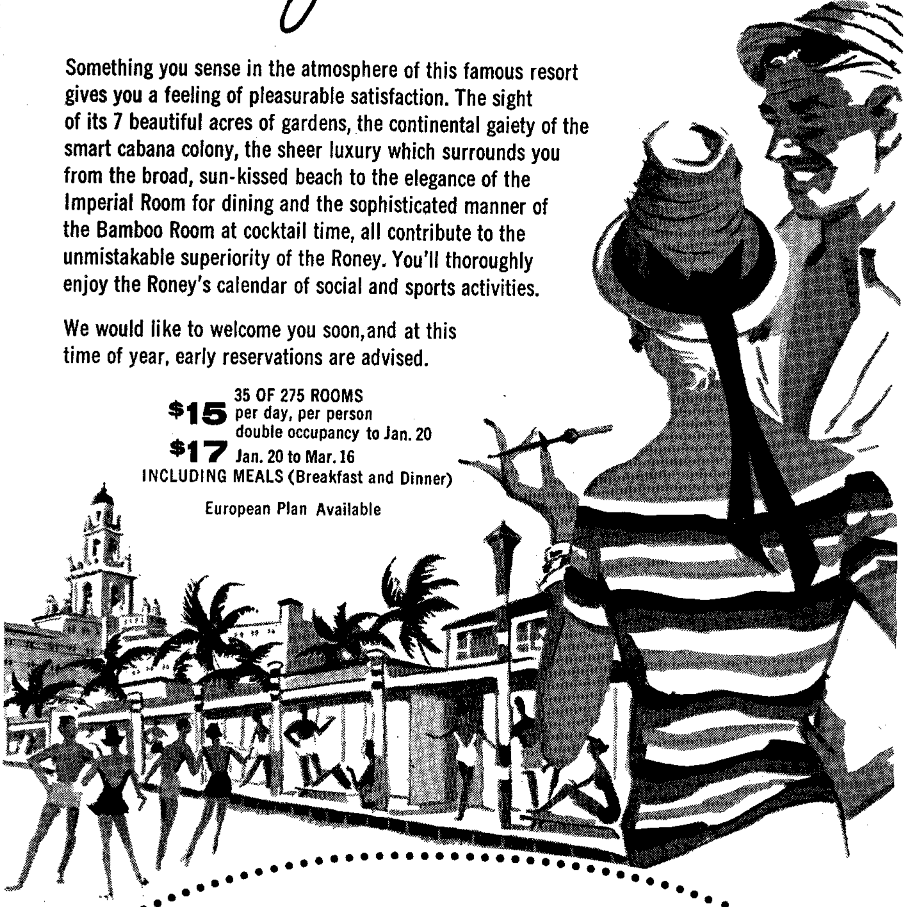

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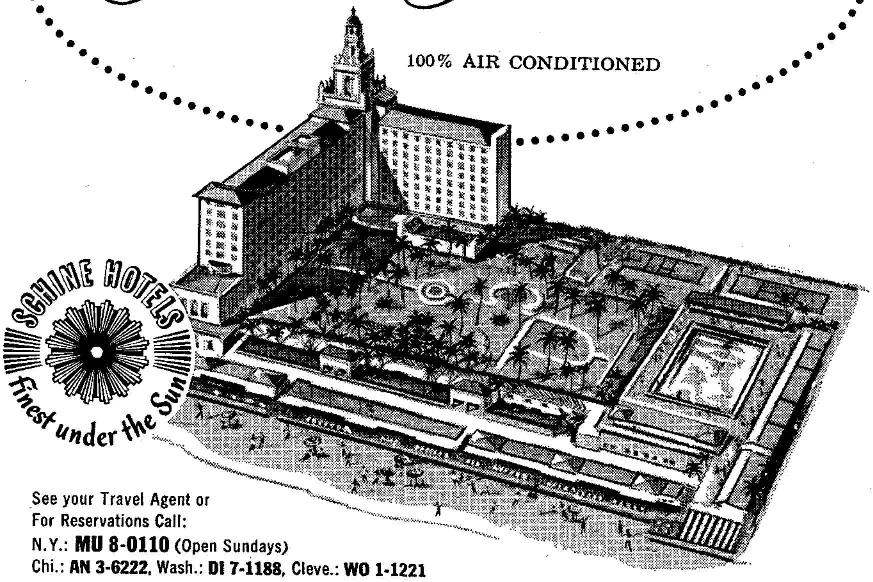

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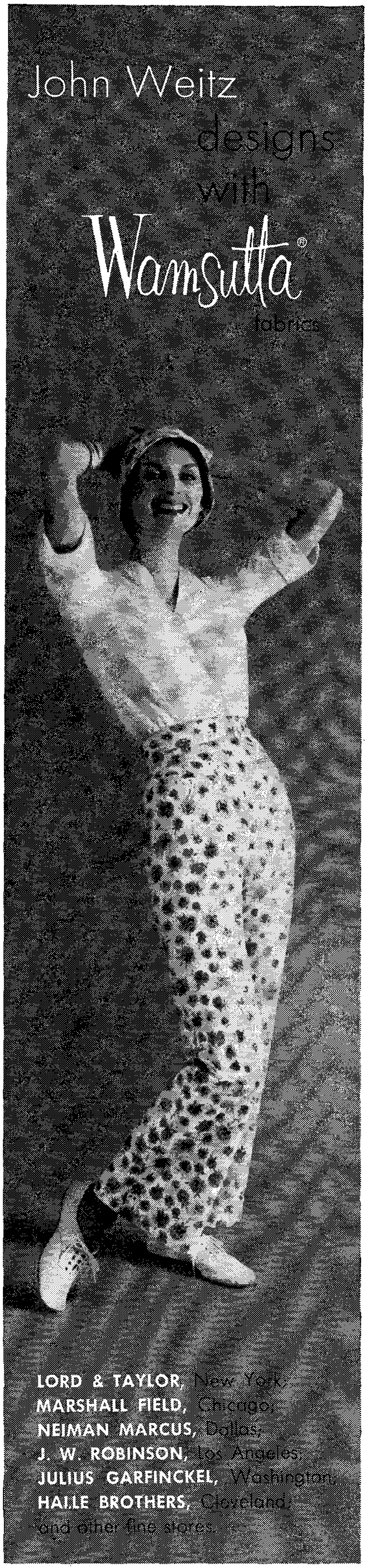

Wamsutta Mills, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
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delectable a part of holiday feasting in most European cities. In the hope that it indicates a first step toward getting those elegant sweets into common circulation, we announce with a flourish of satisfaction that Vendôme has on hand, for the first time, trays of beautifully made *marrons glacés* in their little paper frills, and sells them by the pound ($3.50) or any fraction thereof. Of course, at most topflight delicacy shops we have had, right along, vacuum-packed boxes of *marrons glacés*. Ellen Grey, Fraser Morris, Maison Glass, and Vendôme carry the French *marrons* of Clément Faugier; Bloomingdale, Macy, and the Gourmet Shop, 1302 Madison Avenue (92nd), have *marrons* packed by Motta, in Italy.

Households not hopelessly bogged down in the tradition of fruitcake for holiday refreshment will, we should think, be delighted to know about three delicious cakes made by Le Gobelin—a small coffee shop, at 26 East 66th Street, that specializes in exquisite homemade pastry of the Viennese type. The most delicious of these cakes is called Biscuit; made of a sponge (the Austrian sponge has a much closer and moister texture than our American spongecake), the two layers are put together with a light-as-air butter cream of either mocha or chocolate, and the whole is covered with a pistachio or marzipan icing. The price of a seven-inch cake, which serves fifteen, is $4.50. A confection to break down the high resolve of the most calorie-conscious lady is Le Gobelin's Truffle—a wonderful creation consisting of a chocolate base topped with the most delicate chocolate truffles and decorated with a complete trimming of whipped cream; $2.75 for a seven-inch cake, which serves ten. A pastry to which the shop has given its own name is made of a chocolate batter, the two layers being put together with butter cream or with raspberry or currant jam and covered with a thick chocolate icing. The seven-inch size costs $4.50. All orders must be placed twenty-four hours in advance.

For those who prefer simpler sweets, Peb's, 146 East 58th Street, carries delicious and most unusual little cookies of an incredible thinness, flavored with a faint whiff of nutmeg. They cost sixty cents a dozen and would be perfect with tea, if any such sensible refreshment as a cup of tea is to be offered in the mad days ahead of us.

ONE of the very best cocktail accompaniments we have had recently is the clams Casino made by the Rosedale

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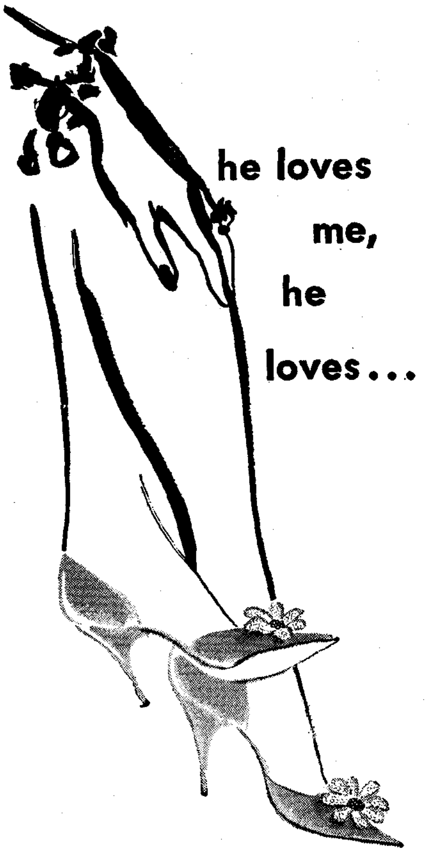

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Market, 1132 Lexington Avenue (79th). The steamers are sent out raw on the half shell, sprinkled with chopped chives, and topped with a slice of good bacon, to be put under the broiler for five minutes or so. They are not, of course, refreshment for a big cocktail party, but as tidbits for a few friends to linger over with before-dinner Martinis they are simply wonderful. They do splendidly, too, as a first course for lunch or dinner, but there is something so unexpected—so pleasurably perverse—about the piping-hot clams with the icy Martini that we think we will take ours that way. The price is $2.50 a dozen, and the minimum order that the shop will deliver (from 96th Street to 57th Street, on the East Side) is two dozen clams. Rosedale begs to be excused from filling any orders on Friday; the staff is just too busy. . . . Another elegant morsel for the cocktail hour is frozen lobster tails, carried for the first time by Vendôme. It would be a pity to confuse these with the ignoble rock-lobster tails from South Africa, since they are as tender and sweet-flavored as a Maine chicken lobster—which is what they are. One tail makes three or four bite-size accompaniments to a cocktail, but since one tail costs eighty-five cents, we can see no very good reason for not ordering your lobster live from the fishman—except, of course, that it's easier this way.

Because all of us, it is to be feared, are going to be offered in the ensuing weeks a terrible lot of the sort of little hors-d'oeuvre things that come on a platter, it might be a good idea if hostesses who have such refreshment in mind took down the name of Alyce McComb (Adirondack 4-7900), who will furnish some extremely good cocktail odds and ends. The best, as well as the most unusual, of these are little cigarette-shaped rolls made of the thinner-than-paper sheets of dough called *filo*, which Greek and Turkish bakers use for many of their famous honey-drenched sweets. These unbelievably fragile leaves are rolled up with a mixture of three cheeses, cut in two-inch lengths, and delivered to the scene of festivities ready to be popped in the oven and browned. The price is $2 a dozen. For hostesses who don't hold out for originality in their cocktail provender but demand appetizing items that involve absolutely no trouble, Mrs. McComb will arrange, on a nice-looking, expendable platter, an array of very good *hors d'œuvres variés*—Beluga caviar with sour cream, in tiny cups of cucumber; cream cheese with chives in little rolls of Westphalian or Smithfield

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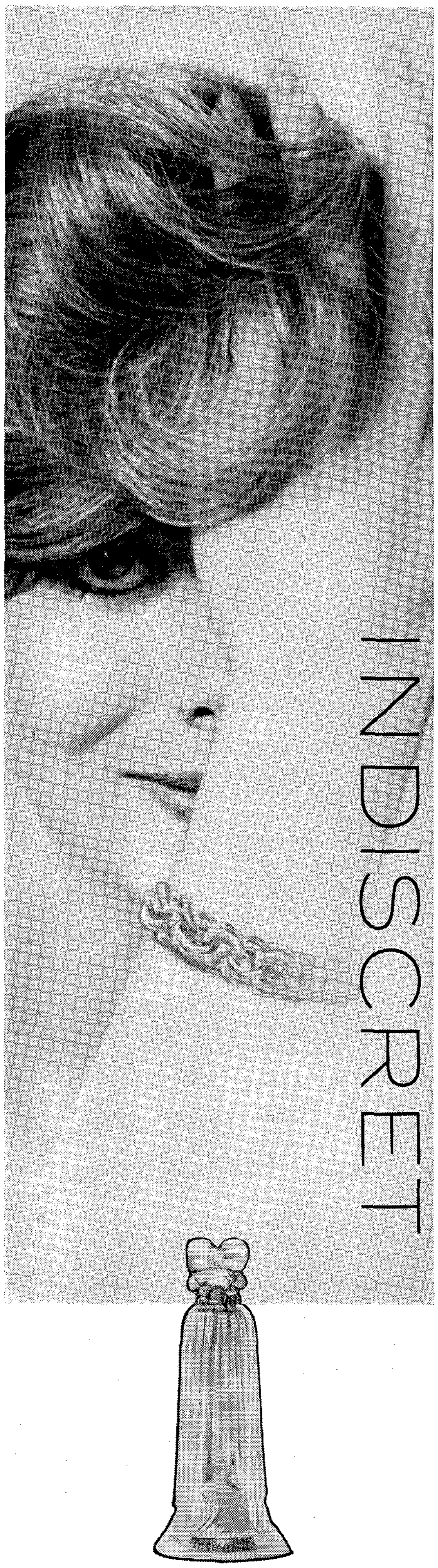

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ham; miniature *barquettes* heaped with salmon mayonnaise, and so on—all zesty and well flavored, and presented with a centerpiece of some vegetable cleverly cut to look like a flower, if you don't mind that sort of decoration. A platter of three dozen such frivolities will be delivered anywhere in Manhattan for $7.50. A less extravagant setup—that is to say, the same garnished platter but with simpler canapés (no Westphalian ham, no Beluga caviar)—will be furnished in various combinations (fresh crabmeat mayonnaise, salmon mayonnaise, herb-seasoned cheese wrapped in American ham, and such), at $1.50 a dozen canapés. Deliveries will be made about two hours before the party is scheduled to get going.

THE town being as full as it is of authoritative wine reporters bubbling over with discussion of high vinous matters, we feel a certain shyness in raising our entirely unauthoritative voice to speak of a few bottles that can't possibly be called great but that have lately given us keen pleasure. Our excuse for bringing up the subject at all, in the face of so much *expertise*, is that most of the wines in question are from small, not particularly well-known vineyards that we think it would be a pity to overlook. Under this head is a most engaging St. Emilion—a Château Pavie-Macquin '53—to be had at Lehmann, 40 East 66th Street, for the most engaging price of $1.50. It was exactly a year ago that we made the acquaintance of this unusually pleasant claret, and, sampled again the other day, it seemed to have acquired to an even more marked degree the quality one associates with much more distinguished St. Emilions. Altogether, it is a very accommodating and highly enjoyable find. . . . A softer, fatter St. Emilion, with a surprising bouquet and extremely good flavor, is a 1953 Clos de l'Angélus, for which Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th) asks $2.19.

We now call your attention to a trio of immensely serviceable Pomerols, and if you feel that this brief report is being made somewhat top-heavy with the wines of that region, we have three good excuses to offer. First, there have never before been so many admirable Pomerols around (many of them from unclassified vineyards but excellent, all the same); second, the devastating 1955 frost will make these wines scarce and costly next year; third (and this, of course, is our clinching excuse), of all clarets, we find Pomerol the most completely irresistible. With this introduction, we bring on our first entry—Clos l'Eglise '53, a lovely claret with depth, a certain elegance, and the very distinctive Pomerol bouquet. It is to be had at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 697 Madison Avenue (61st); Ellis-Meadows, 805 Park Avenue (75th); Colony Wine & Spirits, 809 Madison Avenue (68th); Casner, 922 Park Avenue (80th); Delmoro Liquors, 128 West 48th Street; and Luria, for a bit over $2. A Château la Pointe '53, at Lehmann, is a bargain for $1.89, having a smoothness that approaches that of more important Pomerols, as well as an attractive bouquet. Château Tailhas '53 is a fairly light claret with a certain finesse and a pleasing softness; it is at Luria for $1.90.

An unusual red Burgundy that we had never before tasted is the Auxey-Duresse in the great 1955 vintage, from one of the smaller vineyards of the Côte de Beaune. It has been imported, for the first time, by Lehmann, and costs $2.59. There seems such reckless determination on the part of wine drinkers these days to drink fine wines too soon that we can hardly expect to be heeded when we suggest that this delightful Burgundy be bought today for somebody's next year's Christmas roast. It is true that the wine has already acquired a mellowness and flavor beyond its years, but we should like to see it develop still further. *Un petit vin de deux ans* can be, as the French love to remind us, a very good thing, but this uncommon Beaune is no *petit vin*.

Another most agreeable red Burgundy—a well-known one, this time—is Beaune Cras '53, available at Sherry for $2.99. This is soft and comparatively light, as a good Beaune should be, and it is a safe bet to take along for a friend's dinner table, since it will accommodate itself to whatever there is in the way of roast.

Among white Burgundies, Sherry has come up with a real find, which is what all wine merchants dream of coming up with. The find in question (it's called Clos du Chapître and is of the 1955 vintage) is from a small vineyard at Vire that has no more than a local reputation. Dry, with a beguiling freshness and a well-balanced character, it should make a host of friends among those wine drinkers who are looking for an unusually agreeable white Burgundy at $1.99.

A Moselle of especial interest to budgeted customers is a Berncasteler Weissenstein '55, to be had at Lehmann, since it is considerably more pleasing than its price—$1.49—might lead you to expect. Not only is it without any of the acidity that usually mars bargains in German wines but it can even boast a faint and attractive bouquet.

Two charming white wines from the Loire Valley are a Château Moncontour '55, from Vouvray, and a Château de Plaisance, which is a very appealing Anjou from the town of Chaume. The first is a dry, clean wine with a delicate fruity flavor, which, in this '55 vintage, has a certain distinction; it is to be had, for $2.49, at Vendôme; Ambassador Liquors, 144 East 86th Street; Lehmann; and Sherry. The Château Plaisance, carried by Luria, at $1.90, is, like all the best wines of Anjou, frankly sweet, but to counterbalance the sweetness it has a fresh lightness and a flowery bouquet that give it great charm and put it in a very different category from the sweet white wines of Bordeaux.

It mustn't be thought for a minute that this report's emphasis on sound, moderate-priced wines means that they are all your merchant has to offer. On the contrary, we have not for a good many years seen more magnificent bottles on local shelves. Lehmann, for instance, has just received an immensely valuable group, comprising many of the great vintages of Château Lafite-Rothschild since 1883; Sherry has recently acquired two splendid English cellars that include many of the most famous Bordeaux *crus* from 1888 to 1920; and Colony Wine & Spirits has a small but impeccably chosen cellar of great wines. And for the benefit of the customer who stubbornly holds out for the Christmas present that is unique, highly personal, indicative of much loving thought, and yet not ruinously expensive, perhaps we should mention a shipment recently received by Sherry of vintage ports from the honorable Oporto firm of Richard Hooper & Sons, in which bottles of every vintage (though not every year) since 1882 are represented. What more touching consolation for having been born in the dim, or even in the comparatively recent, past than to receive on December 25, 1957, a bottle bearing the historic year of one's birth?

Gifts for Men

BEFORE we set out on our guided tour of the men's stores, we'd like to make one general observation, which is that, to judge by the amount of vicuña cloth in the shops, there isn't a vicuña left in the Andes with all his wool. The cloth, woven in Scotland, turns up in dressing gowns so expensive that they probably rank as jewelry (one at Sulka, generously cut and with silk-lined sleeves, costs $750); in topcoats,

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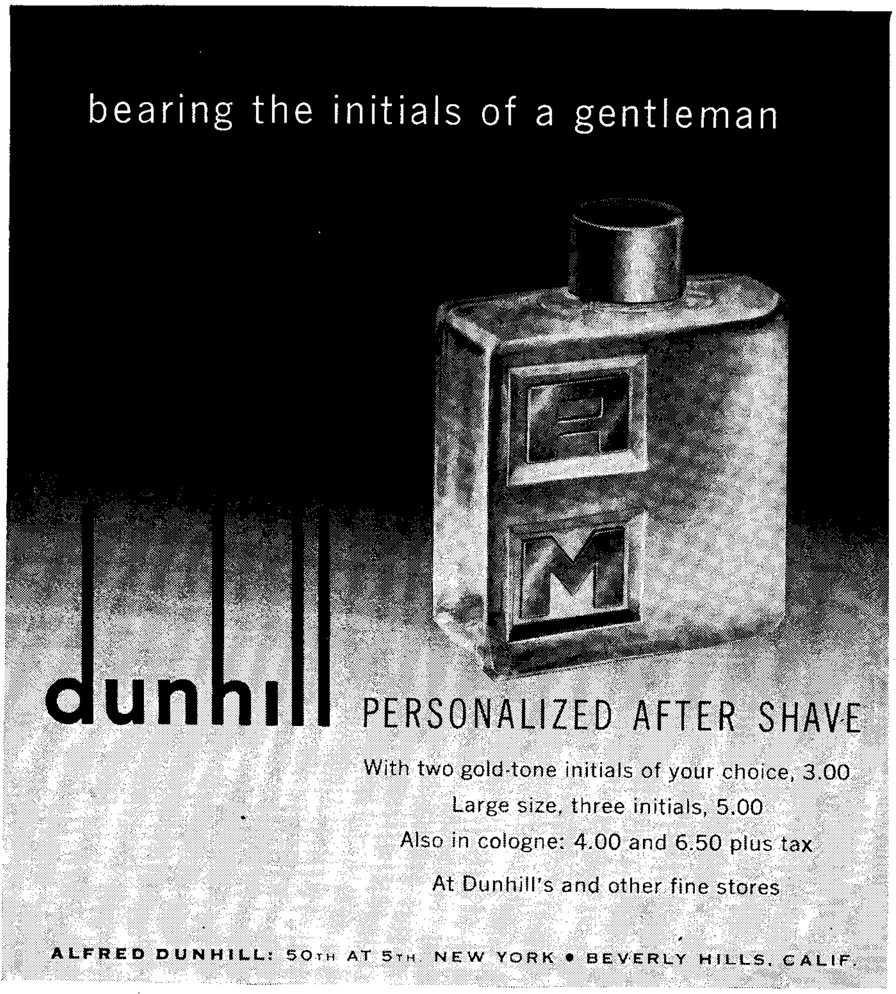

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MG V-8235	Teddy Wilson, Trio, Gerry Mulligan Quartet with Bob Brookmeyer
MG V-8236	Toshiko-Leon Sash
MG V-8237	Eddie Costa Trio with Rolf Kuhn and Dick Johnson-Mat Mathews, Don Elliott
MG V-8238	Gigi Gryce-Donald Byrd Jazzy Laboratory – Cecil Taylor Quartet
MG V-8239	Oscar Peterson Trio with Sonny Stitt, Roy Eldridge and Jo Jones
MG V-8240	Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Pete Brown, Jo Jones All Stars
MG V-8241	Ruby Braff Octet with Pee Wee Russell-Bobby Henderson
MG V-8242	Dizzy Gillespie
MG V-8243	Count Basie with Lester Young, Jo Jones, Jimmy Rushing, Illinois Jacquet, Roy Eldridge
MG V-8244	Dizzy Gillespie with Mary Lou Williams – Count Basie with Joe Williams
MG V-8245	Gospel Singing at Newport with The Back Home Choir and The Drinkard Singers

and even suits ($655 and $695, respectively, at De Pinna); and in pullovers ($85, at Saks, Altman, and Sulka). The vicuña—if it is any consolation to you, or to him—is the only beast we know of who can run swiftly as soon as he is born. Presumably he has to.

Abercrombie & Fitch: A man who would love to take invigorating, health-giving walks every day if only he didn't have to go outside to do it is the target for a treadmill here that resembles a sawed-off gangplank with a marked uphill tilt to it. A length of stout webbing is stretched over the rollers; there's a handle bar up front for the pedestrian to hold on to; and there's a belt for him to lean back on as he climbs to nowhere. A pedometer attached to the frame (which, by the way, is three and a half feet long and sixteen inches wide) keeps tabs on how far the walker has walked. The price is $197. If that seems excessive, a superior skipping rope, with nicely turned wooden handles, is available for $2.95. Zenith's Trans-Oceanic portable radio, which is not much bigger than a Manhattan phone book and weighs only thirteen pounds, operates on nine transistors and nine flashlight batteries and can be tuned in on short-wave broadcasts all over the world, as well as on marine, aviation, police, and amateur channels, not to mention ordinary broadcasts. Moreover, it works in trains, airplanes, ships—almost anywhere; $250, with a chart listing all the big short-wave stations and the hours they broadcast, and a device that shows what time it is anywhere on earth. A three-speed portable record-player, a foot square and weighing fourteen pounds, also works on transistors (three) and flashlight batteries (four), and has a splendid tone; $59.95. Suitcases that can be stowed under an airplane seat save an awful lot of time at airports. One such bag here has two zippered compartments, which can be opened independently; one side will hold two suits and the other side shirts, shoes, and so on. The price is $88 in tan cowhide, $59.50 in brown canvas. Does the man you're concerned with have an arsenal cluttering up the closets? Then A. & F. has just the thing—a superb gun cabinet, up to six feet high, with provision for as many as eight shotguns and rifles (plus a couple of pistols) in the upper section, which has glass doors, and

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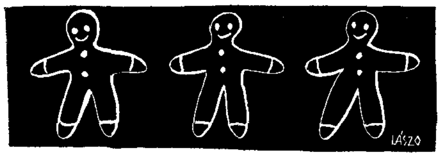
room for plenty of ammunition and cleaning equipment behind stout wooden doors at the bottom. Both sets of doors have excellent locks, and the price ranges from $150, for a knotty-pine cabinet that can accommodate five guns, to $285, for a mahogany cabinet that can accommodate eight. A gun sling of vinyl is reminiscent of a standard-bearer's flag belt, since it hangs at the hunter's hip and holds the rifle or shotgun butt; $5. One final notion here: a heavy-duty inner tube strapped inside a waterproof canvas cover that is fitted with a deep, adjustable sling seat, a pair of shoulder straps, and pouches for bait and tackle. Once a fisherman or duck hunter has inserted himself into this harness, which is not difficult to do, he can wade right out into water over his head and be dry and safe as houses; $31.95. To give him mobility out there, Abercrombie offers a pair of metal fins that can be buckled on over his waders and will propel him along as he treads water; $8.95.

ALTMAN: An English topcoat-raincoat of silky wool gabardine treated to resist a shower has a military collar, raglan shoulders, and a fly front ($139.50), whereas a trim jacket of water-resistant, dry-cleanable suède is trimmed with ribbed knit cotton at the collar, the cuffs, and the edges of its slashed pockets ($42.50). Gloves, maybe? Hand-sewn capeskin gloves from Dublin, lined with rabbit fur or wool, and for some reason neater on the hand than most lined gloves, are $15. A simple eighteen-inch Vuitton overnight case, of the murky-brown canvas that Vuitton has long been known for, has riveted vulcanite bindings, strong brass corners, handsome locks, and a washable lining. It costs $176, and can take all the banging around that the most vigorous porter is capable of.

T. ANTHONY, 751 Madison Avenue (65th): There's a really sumptuous Christmas idea here—a travelling bookcase that not only will hold eight or ten volumes but can double as a travelling desk. Its front, fitted with a desk blotter, drops down to provide a writing surface; $55 in cowhide and $85 in imported pigskin. Thirty-six-inch airplane-weight



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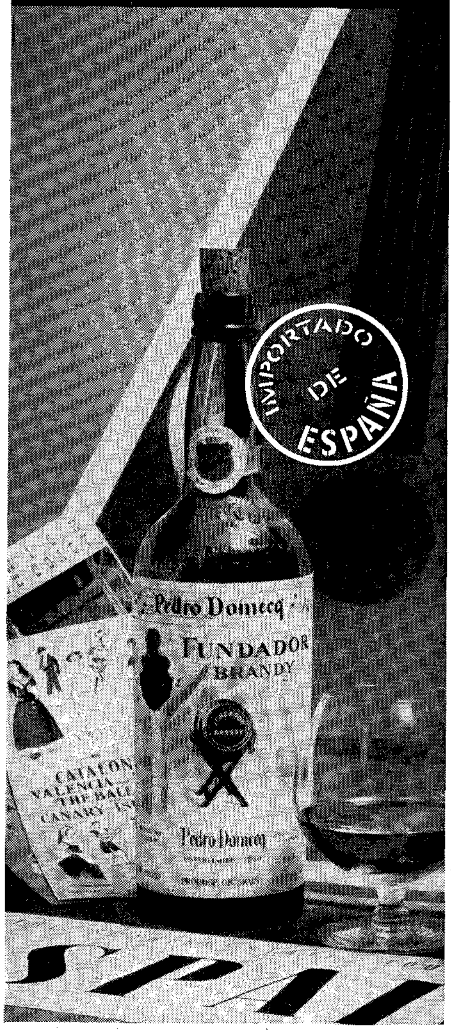

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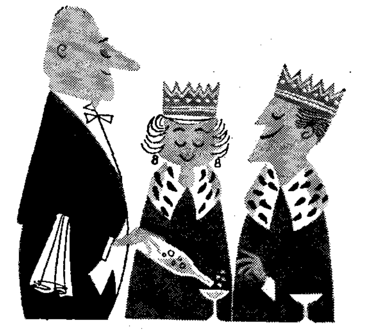
canvas suitcases, as capacious as an old-time steamer trunk and meant to be packed flat, like a foot locker, weigh only ten pounds four ounces empty and cost $98.45. The face of a hypochondriac might light up at the sight of a zippered cowhide case, the size of a pocket radio, fitted with six roomy pill bottles and a pocket for extra prescriptions; $7.50. An eighteen-inch zippered roll, with hard leather ends and either canvas or soft, hand-boarded cowhide in between—the sort of thing that many men like to use for a club bag—costs $16.50 in brown canvas and $38.50 in cowhide.

L. L. BEAN, Freeport, Maine: No nonsense at all about the sports wares in this mail-order country store. For instance, a three-and-a-quarter-inch jackknife with an ivory plastic handle, nickel-silver ends, and a two-and-a-half-inch blade will cut a plug of chewing tobacco and clean a fish with equal efficiency, and it costs only $1.95. A two-man carrier designed to get big game out of the deep woods looks pretty much like a canvas stretcher with a single bicycle wheel on a light magnesium frame in the middle, which is precisely what it is. And, of course, it will transport blankets, tents, food, and a case of bourbon into the woods as easily as it transports a deer or bear carcass out. What's more, it can be folded up for between-season storage; $43.35. A hooded pullover rain shirt of very lightweight rubberized scarlet nylon zips up over a gusset at the neck and has a drawstring at the waist and a pucker cord around the hood. It weighs twelve ounces and costs $7.35. A waterproof match case big enough to hold a small candle has a piercing whistle at one end and a compass at the other, which is a sensible idea all around; $2.27.

BLOOMINGDALE: A foul-weather garment that its makers, the Jaeger people, have named Bowline derives from a seaman's pea jacket but is tan instead of blue. It is of heavy wool lined with flannel, and its collar and big slash pockets have wool-knit facings; $95. Heavy but very finely woven Egyptian cotton twill is used for an admirable new sand-colored Aquascutum raincoat, with raglan shoulders and a fly front; this is $75, and for $24.95 you can get a button-in alpaca-pile warmer to make it as snug as it is dry. Some Viennese brass doorknobs, replicas of the brass doorknobs in the Staatsoper,



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are on hand here, too, and it's entirely possible that a gentleman you know would be delighted to receive one for Christmas; $12.50. The same Viennese doorknob-fabricants have turned out a noble group of brass coat hooks, in various sizes and at various prices, though all in the neighborhood of $3. From Denmark, there's a nicely turned cylindrical tobacco jar of teak, with a tight-fitting cover and a moistener ($19.95); from Japan, an assortment of shallow cast-iron cooking vessels about five inches long that make excellent ashtrays ($4.50); from Sweden, a foot-high crystal goblet, destined to hold a pint of beer ($5); and from France, a set of rectangular glass coasters (three inches by four) on which Paris street signs—Place de la Concorde, Place de l'Opéra, Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés, and Place du Tertre—are painted in blue, green, and white (all four for $5.95).

Brooks Brothers: Peal & Co., the august London bootmakers, put down their lasts for a moment and turned out their first suitcase only a few years ago, but it was such a superlative job—of full-grain cowhide and lined with red leather—that Peal & Co. has so far found no way of improving upon it. Eight sizes of this distinguished suitcase have been imported by Brooks Brothers, and they range in price from $101.20, for an overnight case sixteen inches long, with two straps in the bottom for battening things down, to $176, for a thirty-incher, which has straps in the bottom and large shirt pockets in the top. Peal's attaché cases, of the same leather, are built on a steel frame and measure sixteen inches by twelve and a half by three; $96.80. The local sleeveless cashmere cardigan is meant to be worn as a waistcoat, so it has two waistcoat pockets; $32.50, in medium gray, natural, or heather blue. The same cardigan in natural vicuña is $62.50. The dressing gowns at Brooks are for the most part cut to one pattern—medium shawl collar, three pockets, and tie belt. However, there's considerable variety to the materials involved. There are some of English wool, with a simple overplaid, at $40; of silk foulard, at $28.50; of Swiss Lanella, a fifty-fifty mixture of wool and cotton, in a number of Scottish tartans, at $32.50; of Swiss gingham, also in tartans, at $23.50; of navy-blue or natural-tan cashmere, at $125; and

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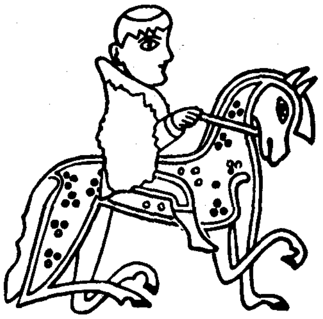

From the Book of Kells (Seventh Century)

Back in the dawn of history, King Conari of Ireland kept a royal stable of thoroughbred horses. Ancient records from the first century A.D. tell of his entries in the races held at the Curragh of Kildare. The royal sport is still dear to the hearts of Irishmen, and still the pounding of thoroughbred hooves thunders over this famous racecourse.

Like Ireland's horses and their riders, Irish Whiskey ranks among the greatest in the world. So it should, for *whiskey was born in Ireland.* It is still made from the finest grains, the purest water, and aged with loving care.

Enjoy this whiskey with a thoroughbred tradition—mild, smooth, flavoursome 'Irish': Take it straight, with tonic, highballed, mixed, on-the-rocks, or in Irish coffee. You'll agree it's a very fine whiskey indeed.

Small wonder so many who know ALL whiskeys drink 'IRISH.'

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Old Bushmills
Tullamore Dew
Dunphy's Original Irish
Gilbey's Crock o' Gold
John Jameson
John Locke
Murphy's
John Power's Gold Label

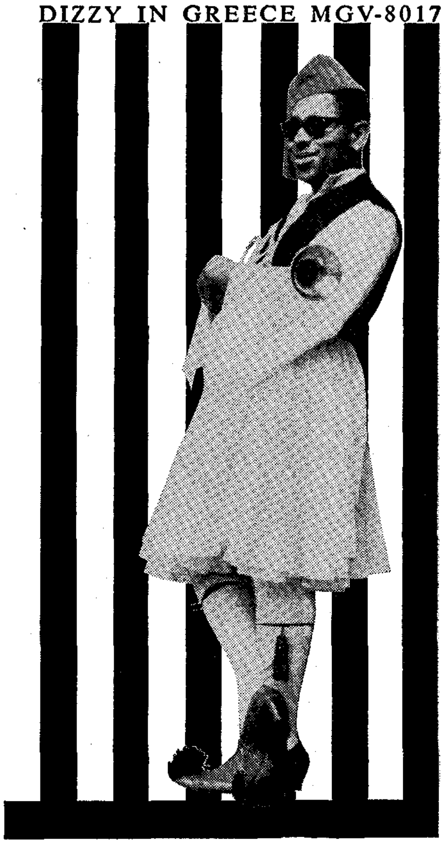
IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, IRELAND

finally, of natural vicuña, at $450. Whew!

Mark Cross: Some exceptionally sturdy and good-looking luggage here is made of sand-colored twill laminated with the tough material that car tops are made of, and bound and reinforced at the corners with saddle leather. This luggage comes in a dozen shapes and sizes, and in weights that will appeal to air travellers. A two-suiter wardrobe case, for example, costing $65.45, weighs eight and a half pounds, and a small bag called a "*rapido*"—something like a briefcase and large enough for overnight necessities—weighs two pounds and costs $32.45. Christmas comes for doctors, too. A sixteen-inch doctor's bag, long and narrow and, on the whole, much sharper-looking than the old-fashioned satchel, costs $35 in black cowhide and $42.50 in tan pigskin. Either way, it has a plastic lining, plenty of straps and loops for bottles, and two full-length pockets, for instruments. A magnificent rust-colored coat-sweater turned out by the skilled knitters of the British Home Industries is modelled on the sweaters worn by village curling teams in Scotland, which means that it is of heavy wool and can be buttoned high; $59.50.

The Crow's-Nest, 475 Fifth Avenue (41st): A yacht owner's paradise, and therefore a paradise for people who want to give a yacht owner an extremely jolly Christmas. Lots of the gear here has the advantage of folding up or collapsing when not in use. For instance, an oven with two shelves, which will fit comfortably on the top of a ship's stove and is large enough to roast a sizable joint, folds up into a flat bundle twelve inches long and eleven wide ($23.75), while a solid table, with a top almost three feet long and two feet wide, rolls up into a cylindrical bundle seven inches in diameter, and can easily be stowed under a bunk. The frame and legs of the table are of mahogany, finished with marine spar varnish, and the top is of kiln-dried poplar slats; $19.95, in a strong plastic carrying case. A pair of percale bunk sheets that are really a top and bottom sheet in one and turn bunk-making into a cinch cost $6.95, and can be embroidered with the name of the owner's boat (ten days). Pillowcases are $2.25 each. The Mini-Scoot Folding Land Dink turns out to be a folding motor scooter (yachts-

DIZZY IN GREECE MGV-8017



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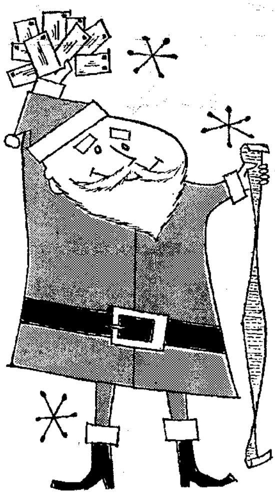
men talk that way, and we all have to humor them), intended to preserve a sailor from the indignity of having to walk when he puts in somewhere for supplies. It is made of aircraft aluminum, has a two-and-a-quarter horsepower two-cycle engine, and goes a hundred miles on a gallon of gas, at a speed of up to twenty miles an hour. It weighs only fifty-six pounds and folds up into a lump of machinery about forty by thirteen by eighteen inches; $200. A cigarette lighter here ($2) works even in a good blow, but only in the daytime, since it operates on solar energy. A polished-aluminum parabolic reflector concentrates enough sun rays on a cigarette tip to light it even on a hazy day, though. It's clearly for fair-weather friends.

DE PINNA: A golfer who can't do without his eighteen holes no matter how rainy and windy it is will appreciate a cotton-and-dacron golf jacket here. It has raglan shoulders, a trim collar that can be buttoned high, buttoned cuffs, two slash pockets, and a zipper closing, and, furthermore, is washable, water-repellent, and practically wrinkleproof; $14.95, in tan or smoky gray. A matching visored rain cap is $3.95. The sports-car coat is with us to stay, apparently, having won the attention of some very distinguished tailors, who turn it out in first-rate materials. A good example at De Pinna is made of heavy English tweed in a dark-gray or brown mixture, with a lining and collar of alpaca pile. It has slightly slanting flapped pockets, braided leather buttons, and a price tag that reads $78. Turnbull & Asser, the London haberdashers, have a counter of their own here, on which we found some sleeveless lamb's-wool pullovers from Scotland, all in attractive stripings—oxford gray and light gray, say, and medium gray and Lovat green. These are $14.50 apiece, and socks to match are $4.50 a pair. The Messrs. T. and A. have also sent over some handsome pajamas of an especially silky Sea Island cotton; $16, in white, cream, or blue.

ALFRED DUNHILL, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): A princely desk set of Madagascar crocodile, which is a very high-toned breed of crocodile, consists of a big writing blotter with a cover that folds back, a letter tray, a stand for stationery, a note pad, and a hand blotter. It costs $450, which should give you an inkling of how *really*



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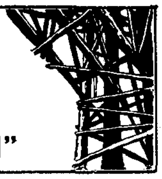
"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI"



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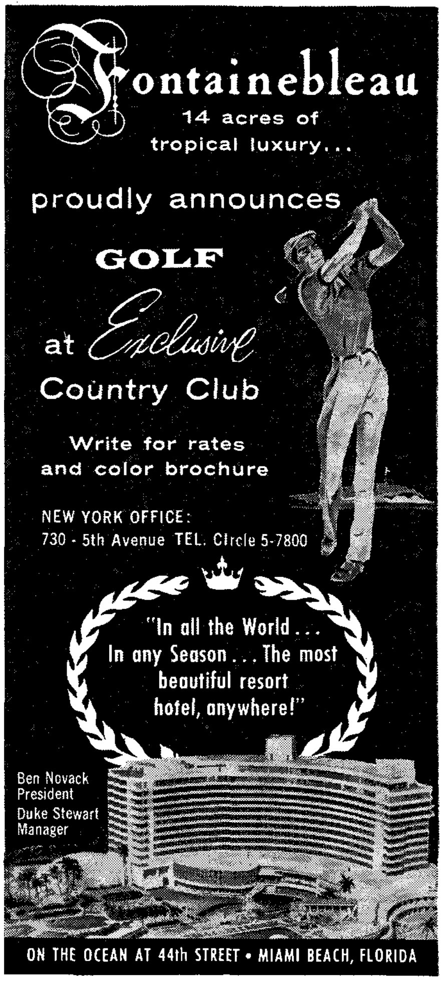
high-toned the Madagascar crocodile is. The redoubtable Dunhill Rollalite lighter is now available in a silver model with a butane tank in place of a lighter-fluid reservoir. The flame can be adjusted to either cigarettes or pipes, and the price is $38.50. Word has seeped out to us from the cloistered Dunhill Humidor that cigar fanciers are speaking highly of a new all-Havana number, called Rounds, which is by Partagas and is preserved in practically the same pristine state in which it left the rolling counters in Cuba. It isn't jammed into a box, the way plebeian cigars are, but is tucked into a comfortably loose cedar box with rounded ends. In three lengths—five and five-eighths inches, six inches, and six and a quarter inches—a box of twenty-five costs $12.50, $15, and $16.25, respectively.

GUCCI, 7 East 58th Street: This house, which for years has been turning out superbly made but uncomplicated suitcases in just about the finest leather possible, has now succumbed to the suitcase with hangers, a regal example of which has mechanical provisions for two suits, and room elsewhere for the complementary linen and other gear. Made of heavy saddle leather and fitted with the estimable clasps, buckles, and locks characteristic of Gucci, it costs $187. At one end of a leather-covered foot rule, marked on the reverse side with centimetres, is a magnifying glass, and at the other is a slot containing a composition letter opener; $7.50. A billfold that will stay flat, as opposed to V-shaped, no matter how crammed it is with bills—or even money—does so by means of a sort of gusset in the middle. In black calf or black sealskin, it costs $11. So does a flat leather cigarette case that closes with a flap slipped under a miniature chrome-and-gold-plated horse bit.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER: Thanks to a battery of silicon solar cells that absorb energy not only from the sun's rays but from a reasonable facsimile (a sixty-watt bulb, say), the Seth Thomas people have been able to devise a clock that doesn't have to be wound *or* plugged in. People who know all about silicon solar cells will understand how it works; we don't, but we can tell you that it comes in a sleek rectangular brass case about nine inches long and five inches high, with ten round holes in the top to let the light rays in, and that it costs



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From Eleven on...
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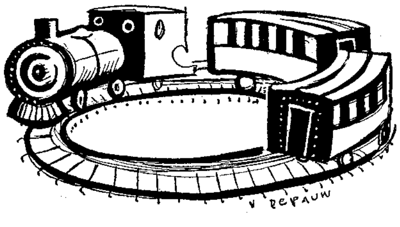
$275. Eight bottles can be stored in a brass wine rack, eighteen inches tall, that costs $11, and a dozen in a rack, twenty-six inches tall, that costs $20. The racks can stand on the floor in a closet or be hung on a hook. A set of noble Henckels carving tools—knife, steel, and fork, all with staghorn handles and banded in silver—comes to $34. And Henckels poultry shears with a bone saw on the back of one blade are $12.25.

HAMMOND MAPS, 1 East 43rd Street: A remarkable three-dimensional relief map of New York State and Connecticut, which runs over into parts of New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ontario, is on a horizontal scale of nine miles to the inch, which makes it fifty-two inches long and forty inches wide. Molded of vinylite and employing nine colors, it shows four thousand cities and towns, seven hundred lakes and rivers, and three hundred forests and parks, not to mention all the state's islands and mountains (Mount Marcy is three-quarters of an inch high), the St. Lawrence Seaway in its projected entirety, and the whole of the New York Thruway, including extensions, completed or planned; $45, framed. This year's edition of the "Ambassador World Atlas" is bound in top-grain cowhide embossed with eighteen-carat gold lettering, and has four gold-metal reinforcements on the spine, speckled edges, and a detachable three-by-four-foot map of the world; $25. The third volume of the projected five-volume London *Times* atlas of the world, covering North, Central, and South America, the West Indies, and Arctic America, is now available, also for $25.

HOFFRITZ, 331 Madison Avenue (43rd): A tool for extracting the ultimate shred of meat from a lobster has at last appeared, looking somewhat like a pair of poultry shears. There's a stout barrel spring between the handles, to help in the operation, and the price is $3.50. A left-handed man might beam when he beholds in his Christmas stocking a pair of scissors designed for southpaws; there is a considerable difference in the align-



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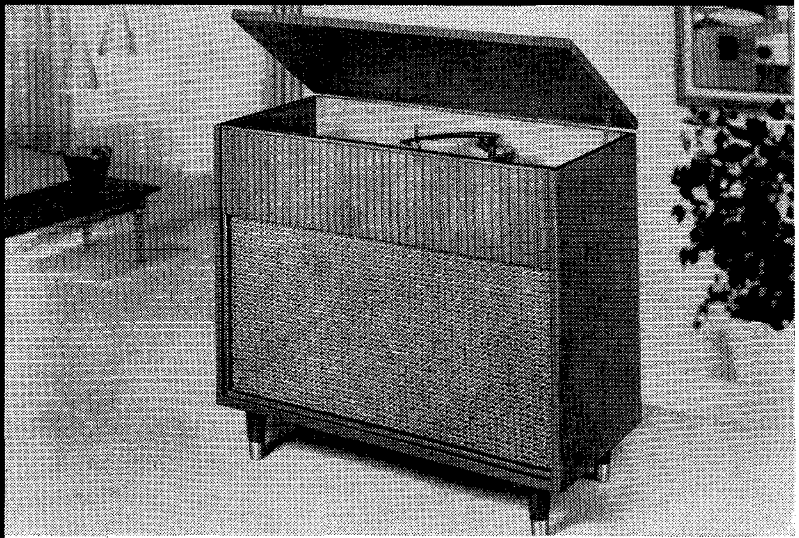

"AN OVERWHELMING HIT!" —McClain, Jour. Amer.

WEST SIDE STORY
A new musical
Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT CHITA RIVERA
Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Boxes $8.05, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Matinees Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
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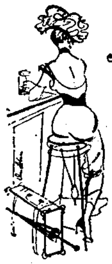

"..A BROADWAY MUSICAL JAMBOREE!"—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES
Gwen Verdon
Thelma Ritter
in the New Musical
New Girl in Town
WITH
GEORGE WALLACE CAMERON PRUD'HOMME
Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs. Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $8.60. Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90, 6.00; Balc. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs. Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $9.20. Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $6.90, 6.00; Balc. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Wed. Mat. Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $4.80; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.00, 3.50; Balc. $3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat. Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $5.00; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.00, 3.50; Balc. $3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
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"GORGEOUS THEATRE!" —Atkinson, N. Y. Times

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PULITZER PRIZE & DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
Fredric MARCH · Florence ELDRIDGE
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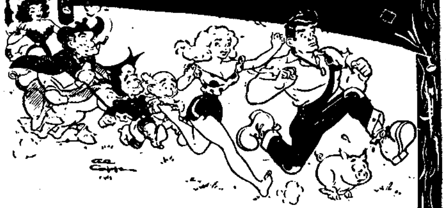
$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90—Eves. Only, 7:30
HELEN HAYES Theatre, 210 West 46 Street, N.Y.C.

ment of the blades. A pair with six-inch blades costs $2.50. Left-handed nail scissors are $4.50. A pants-creaser that resembles a curling iron and has a heating element that can be used in a pinch to hot up shaving water or coffee (there are mornings like that when a man just shouldn't get up) costs $9.95.

JOHN JARRELL, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd): This house recommends a *wooden* putter, if you please, but, as you might expect, it's not made of just any old wood. This is densified, laminated wood, of the kind once used for airplane propellers, and is produced by a process in the course of which all the wood's natural moisture is removed in a vacuum tank, and Bakelite resins are forced into the pores. The putter heads are cut in ten different shapes, most of them conventional, and, for extra weight, lead slugs are inserted just behind the point where putter meets ball. A wooden copy of an old Ray-Mills aluminum putter of fifty years ago is $18.50; one that looks like a miniature croquet mallet is $20; and one with a bladelike shape (it's called Ace) is $25. A Russian-calf golf bag turned out by H. Hotze & Sons, of St. Louis, has sterling-silver buckles and snaps, and ought to arouse envy around the clubhouse, if not enthusiasm in the caddy house. It costs $175.

LORD & TAYLOR: What caught our eye here first was a warm overcoat of heavy melton cloth—the stuff used for Navy pea jackets. This one zips down the front, is lined with orlon pile, and has flapped breast pockets, slash warmer pockets, and wristlets to keep the wind out. It costs $47.50. There are sweaters from all over the place. From Scotland, long-sleeved pullovers of Shetland wool ($14.95); from Switzerland, heavy rib-knit ski sweaters in solid colors or bright patterns ($35); and from Italy, lightweight wool sweaters in multicolor stripes with crew necks or polo-shirt collars ($19.50). In the Hermès shop, on the first floor, we saw a series of handsome French briefcases; prices start at $34.65, for a simple fourteen-by-ten-inch envelope with a zipper on two sides, and zoom to $121, for a large leather-lined case, with three sections designed to hold majestic documents like mortgage foreclosures. Among various Hermès oddments are a stirrup-shaped silver money clip ($16.50), a black or tan leather

"WONDERFUL-SIMPLY WONDERFUL" —Chapman, News
NORMAN PANAMA, MELVIN FRANK & MICHAEL KIDD present
LI'L ABNER
An Original Musical Comedy
Book by NORMAN PANAMA & MELVIN FRANK
Based On The Characters Created by AL CAPP
Direction and Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by GENE de PAUL
with PETER PALMER HOWARD ST. JOHN STUBBY KAYE JOYCE GLADMOND



PRICES: Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90; 1st Balc. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; 1st Balc. $3.60, 3.00; 2nd Balc. 2.30, 1.75 (Tax Incl.) Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope and suggest alternate dates.
ST. JAMES THEATRE, 246 W. 44 St., N.Y. 36,

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD MULHARE · JULIE ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
REGINALD DENNY
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Funnier than 'The Moon is Blue'. Should run for 3 years."—WARD MOREHOUSE, N.A.N.A.
SAM LEVENE in
FAIR GAME
with ELLEN McRAE, ROBERT WEBBER
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45. Balc. $2.30. Mats.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30, 1.75.
LONGACRE, W. 48 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SWEETHEART OF A MUSICAL" —Kerr, Herald-Tribune
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

CHRISTMAS MASQUE
of TRADITIONAL REVELS
FOR CHILDREN
MUSIC • DRAMA • DANCE
JOHN LANGSTAFF
Baritone Soloist with Audience Participation
N. Y.: TOWN HALL • DEC. 29th at 3 pm
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"A DRAMATIC SMASH!"—WALTER WINCHELL
"Roddy McDowall · Dean Stockwell
COMPULSION
Eves. 8:30 Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:30
AMBASSADOR 49th St. W. of B'way

strap that loops through a bell-shaped brass tag to make a key holder ($8.25), and a paper cutter, with an eight-inch steel blade, that has a tiny polished hoof of an Alpine goat fastened to the tip of the handle by means of a silver band ($38.50).

MACY: *La moda maschile d'Italia* is exemplified here in heavy, double-breasted coat-sweaters of white, olive-green, beige, or navy-blue wool, for $37.50; in an écru or light-gray pullover of very heavy wool that is as loosely knit, almost, as a fish net, for $28; in warm gloves with crocheted-wool backs and capeskin palms, for $6; in heavy calfskin sports belts with fastenings ranging from a simple buckle to a series of snaps with brass screw tops, for $7 and $8; in strong and tough sailcloth or corduroy fishermen's pants, or silky white gabardine fishermen's pants, for $18.74; in (you still with us?) fine lisle socks shot with threads of eighteen-carat gold, for $7.50; and, finally, in a resplendent tie-silk dressing gown that has a detachable collar of sheared rabbit—just the thing to keep a tenor warm in his dressing room—for $69.95. And that's enough of Italy. Let's move along to the Humidor and inspect a butane lighter recently developed by Schick. It has an engine-turned chromium case, two and a half inches tall and an inch and a half wide; a nameplate to be initialled (free, in half an hour); and a setscrew with which the size of the flame can be easily adjusted; $12.50. Refill tanks, good for a couple of months, are seventy-five cents each.

MEYROWITZ, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd): A barometer that records the atmospheric pressure for a full week and never has to be wound up (the cylinder works on house electricity) comes in a clear-plastic case a foot long, six inches high, and five and a half inches deep. Complete with a year's supply of graph paper cut to fit the cylinder, and a bottle of special ink for the recording pen, it costs $49.50. (An extra year's supply of graph paper is $3.50.) Pocket-size wind gauges, seven inches long, look very much like window thermometers—even to the column of glass running from top to bottom—but instead of mercury they have a pith ball that moves up and down inside the glass, registering the velocity of the wind—up to

CHERRY
LIQUEUR
BOLS
Lucas Bols

Cherry Liqueur

Appreciate the tangy natural flavor of choicest ripened cherries, skillfully blended into a smooth delicious liqueur by the famous House of Bols! *(Try 1½ ounces of Bols Cherry Liqueur "on the rocks". It's wonderful!)* *Also:* Apricot, Blackberry and Peach Liqueurs

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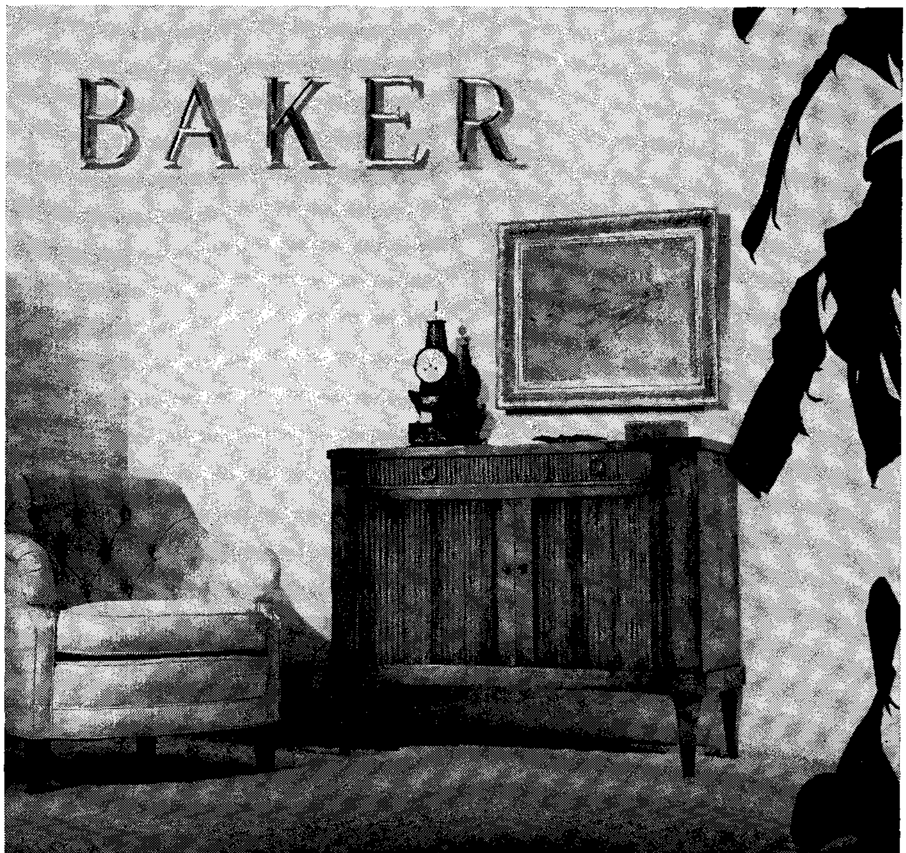

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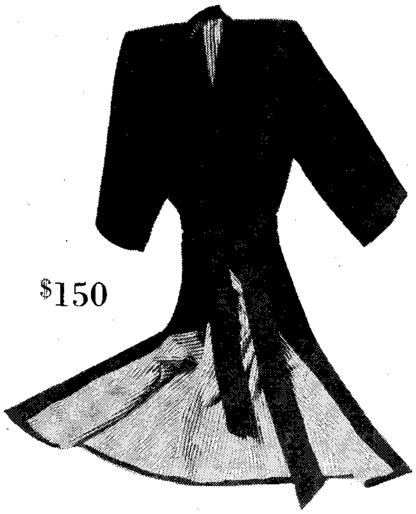

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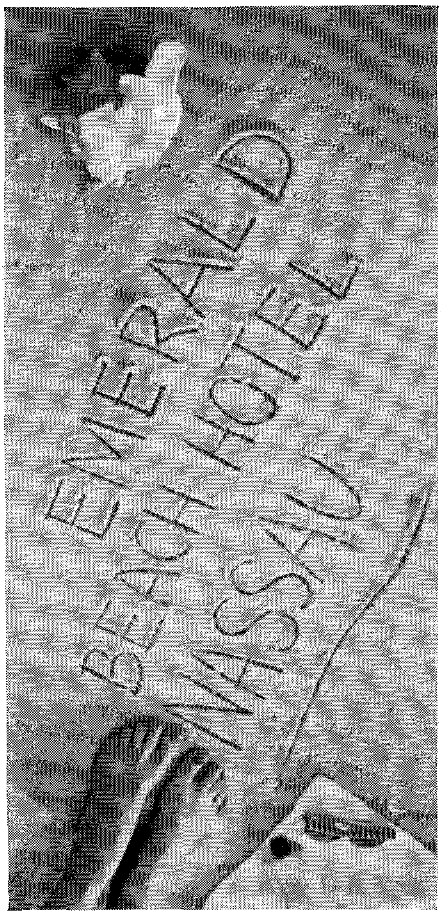

Wesler T. Keenan, General Manager. See your Travel Agent, or call Circle 7-7946, New York; WHitehall 4-7077, Chicago; SUperior 1-0420, Cleveland; MEtropolitan 8-3492, Washington, DC; FRanklin 9-7852, Miami

sixty miles an hour, anyway; $4.95. The GaMi-16 camera, which is disc-shaped and only four inches in diameter, and is made by the Galileo Optical Company, of Milan, combines an exposure meter, a view finder, a range finder, and a parallax corrector in a single viewer. It uses sixteen-millimetre film (standard or color), which can be changed in the middle of a roll; $297.50.

William Mills & Son, 21 Park Place: If there's an angler on your list, this is a good place to head for, and if your angler isn't as nimble as he once was, a likely notion is a Leonard wading staff, made of Tonkin bamboo (H. L. Leonard built the first split-bamboo rods, in the eighteen-seventies), with which a fly-fisherman can brace himself in swift water or feel his way over slippery rocks. It has a thumb crotch at one end, assuring a good grip, and a hook at the other, so that the angler can catch a branch or a bush at the top of a steep bank and pull himself up by it; $12.50. An angler's shirt with enough pockets to meet any conceivable need is of forest-green cotton. To enumerate the pockets, there's a large bellows one on the left side, two large bellows ones on the right side, a plain pocket above the elbow of each sleeve, and a whopper of a pocket in the back, which can be got at from either side and is meant for a rain shirt, caviar sandwiches, or whatever. In addition, there's a strap on the right side of the chest for holding a casting rod while the caster is changing flies; $15 in small and medium sizes, $16 in a large size. A palatial storage box for flies, made of tin with a blue crackle finish and containing five trays capable of housing a grand total of five hundred and seventy flies, costs $37.50, including a stout lock.

Old Hickory Bookshop, 31 East 10th Street: If you should want to reward your doctor for his loving care and low fees all year, you might find just the right present among the medical memorabilia here. A first edition of "Discovery of the Unconscious," written in 1895 by a fellow called Freud, in collaboration with Joseph Breuer, costs $65. A metal shingle, dating from 1840, has the legend "Mme. Popon, Sage-Femme" and, just to make Mme. Popon's profession perfectly clear, also has a painting of a large baby under a cabbage leaf; $125. Then, there's a collection of eighteenth- and nine-

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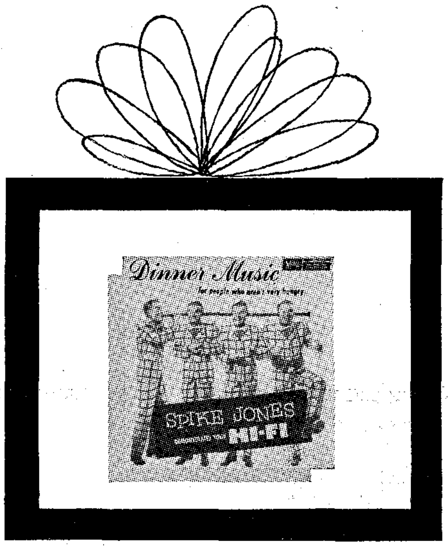

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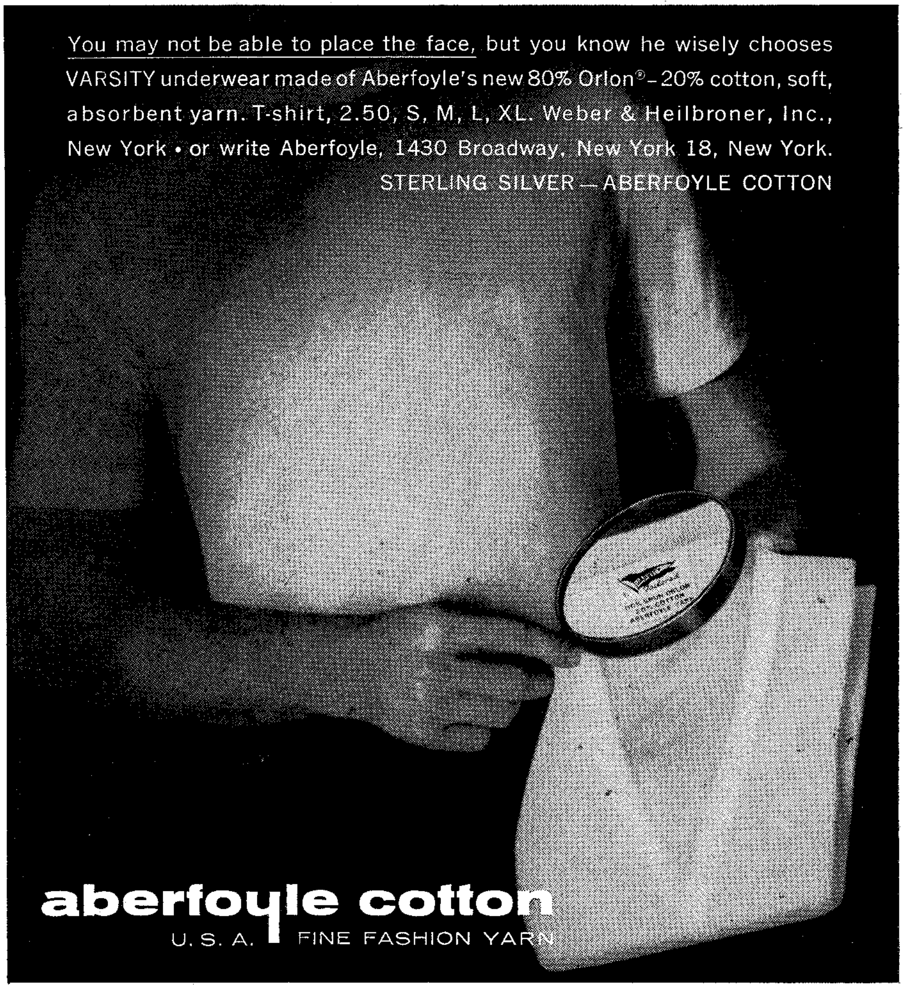
teenth-century eyecups in amber, green, or clear glass ($90 for the set, which contains thirteen pieces), and an 1868 broadside (thirteen by twenty inches) advertising Green Mountain Balm of Gilead and showing Green Mountain people tapping the Balm of Gilead trees in their forest ($12.50). From the office of a Victorian phrenologist comes a miniature bust showing the bumps of Caution, Secretiveness, Stubbornness, and so on; $17.50.

J. Press, 341 Madison Avenue (44th): Corduroy, as sturdy as the kind once used for small boys' trousers, but with a slightly wider wale, appears here in car coats. One in olive tan, imported from England, is lined with scarlet wool fleece and has a short, narrow shawl collar that can be buttoned high to protect the throat. (Many of the rugged coats we've seen this year have this kind of collar.) There are snaps at the wrists to keep the wind out, and leather buttons; $34.50. A man who shoots will present a dashing appearance to hound and quail alike if you give him an English shooting cape; $90, in a Lovat-green border tweed or a Glenurquhart check. Shetland Isles tweed jackets come in three weights and in such zoological weaves as herringbone, bird's-eye, and hound's-tooth, as well as plaid and plain; $75.

Rogers Peet: So many young blades are running around in cold weather without their topcoats these days that this humane establishment has devised a sports jacket of topcoat material—a twenty-ounce tweed woven in Scotland of grayish heather mixture or tan herringbone flecked here and there with a thread of bright color. The collar has a tab on it, so the jacket can be buttoned high, and the price is $70. Honest-to-goodness topcoats of the same material are $95. Country shirts of red, brown, gray, or blue oxford woven with a black thread have button-down collars and straight buttoned cuffs; $7.50. The fine old Italian house of Borsalino has at last yielded to the notion of making hatbrims narrow, and the result is a dashing gray felt number with a brim our calipers clocked at two and one-eighth inches wide. The price hasn't changed, though; it's still $20.

Saks Fifth Avenue: A quick survey of the local humidor reveals such Royal Doulton porcelain figures as Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Micawber, Cap-


You may not be able to place the face, but you know he wisely chooses VARSITY underwear made of Aberfoyle's new 80% Orlon®-20% cotton, soft, absorbent yarn. T-shirt, 2.50, S, M, L, XL. Weber & Heilbroner, Inc., New York • or write Aberfoyle, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, New York.
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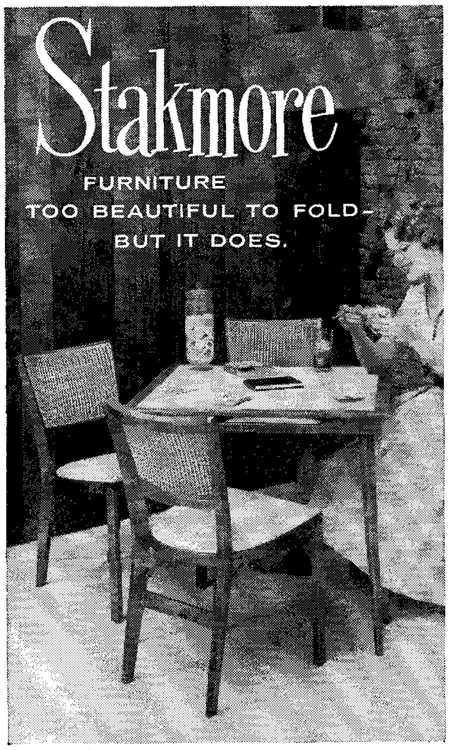
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tain Cuttle, Buzfuz, a poacher (seedy), and a Beefeater (bulky), who have been fitted out with Evans lighters; $13.50, and four and a half inches high. A belted Italian trench coat of sand-colored poplin, bound with brown leather and lined with bright-red wool, has wind tabs on the cuffs and—for the convenience, perhaps, of a motorbike rider—a deep slit up the back; $125. There's a meritorious line of luggage here—soft tan canvas lined with cotton twill, bound with leather, and equipped with strong, wide leather straps. A wardrobe case that will hold one suit is $60.50, one that will hold two suits is $65.45, and one that will hold four suits is $76.45.

PAUL STUART, 18 East 45th Street: A tidy wool-knit waistcoat, in a cable stitch, has been provided by Jaeger; it is constructed like a regular waistcoat—it comes down to the usual points, that is—and is on hand here in tan, gray, and cherry red, at $9. One of the better heavy wool sweaters around town has a low rib-knit turtleneck, and comes in dark spruce green, natural tan, white, black, or cherry red; $25. Numberless patterns of wool challis appear in belts with leather extremities and cinch-ring fastenings ($3.50), while ancient madder tie-silk patterns appear on numberless oxford shirts of ordinary day-shirt cut ($8.95).

SULKA: Cashmere abounds, as can be seen from the following far from complete roster of the stuff: a pullover sports shirt, in gray or natural tan, with short collar points and long sleeves ($45, in sizes up to 44); medium-weight socks, with wide ribbing, in navy blue, brown, natural tan, or black ($10.50); a long-sleeved V-neck pullover in any of seven muted colors ($41.50); a sleeveless V-neck pullover, in a variety of colors, including cherry red, canary yellow, and white ($30); a quiet cardigan, with two pockets at the waistline, in tan, navy blue, or medium or dark gray ($52.59, in sizes up to 46); and—since we have to stop somewhere—a turtleneck dickey, in light blue, black, brown, or red ($10). Taking a leap into the hitherto unthinkable, Sulka offers a clip-on evening tie; $6, and you'd swear it was tied by hand. It comes in midnight blue, navy blue, or black, in each case streaked with silver, and there is a cummerbund to match, at $25. Oh, yes, there are some brown or gray suède slip-on gloves here, and

Q.

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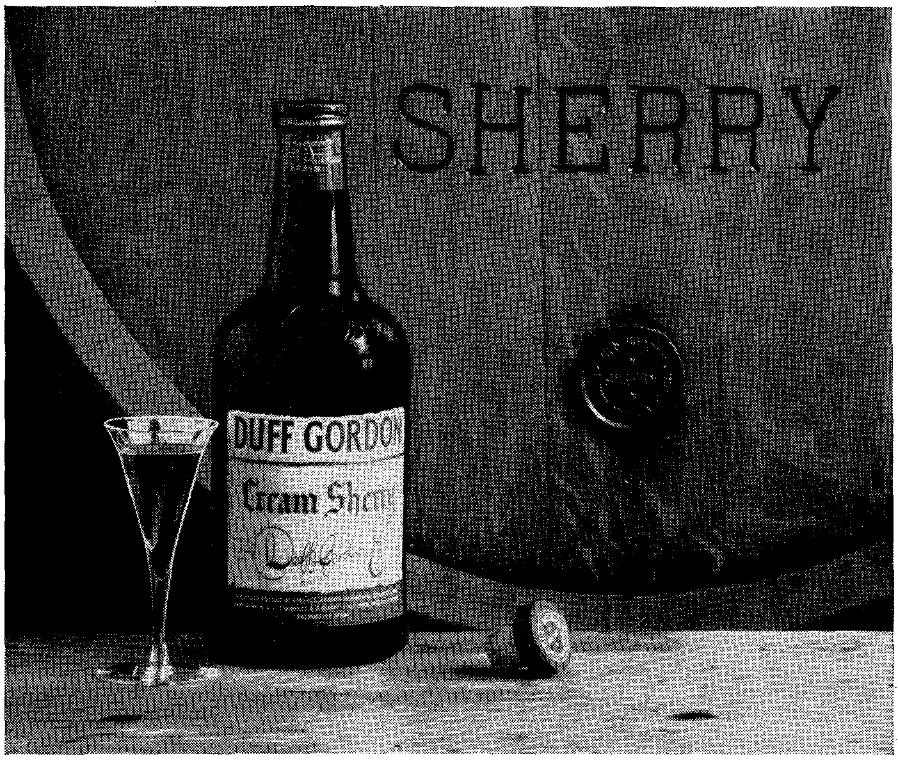
if they cost $40 a pair, the reason may be that they are lined with mink. TRIPLER: A golf shirt? Consider the René Lacoste model, which is available here in white, heathery-gray, beige, yellow, or bright-red wool jersey, with long sleeves, a short-pointed collar, a three-button closing, and the Lacoste talisman—that little green alligator. The price is $12.95. For those who find silk, velvet, and brocade smoking jackets a trifle too heady, there is a modest wool gabardine number here, in gray or navy blue, with a narrow shawl collar and three patch pockets; $75, in sizes up to 46. Liberty, the old English firm, uses one of its lovely tie patterns in a warm challis dressing gown; $55, in red with a blue design, or in blue with a red design. A three-quarter-length coat of tan corduroy, for rugged weather, is pretty rugged itself, and just about devoid of embellishment; lined with alpaca pile, it has leather buttons down the front and wind tabs at the wrists, and it costs $65, in regular sizes only.

ODDS AND ENDS: The pursuit of something for a hockey player might well lead you to Gerry Cosby, 12 West 48th Street. Knee-length hockey pants of cotton gabardine or tackle twill, reinforced with fibre and kapok at the base of the spine and around the hips, and further reinforced with fibre thigh guards, cost $13. The skates here combine Prolite blades of tool steel with Tackaberry boots, made in Canada of Australian kangaroo hide; $58.50 to $65. . . . If you know somebody who has given up on ready-made cigarettes, the Wilke Pipe Shop, 400 Madison Avenue (48th), has a supply of those cigarette-rolling machines everybody was using back in the war-shortage days; $1.50. Cigarette papers to feed them are a nickel a pack, and Wilke's blends of tobacco are practically limitless. Roll-up tobacco pouches made in England of tan or gray glove leather and lined with Moseley gum rubber cost $8 and $10, depending on capacity. . . . From Sweden to Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), has come a simple but efficient hinged nutcracker of oak, with a small slab of flint set in at the point where the nut is cracked; $5.75. . . . The All Languages Typewriter Company, at 119 West 23rd Street, not only has typewriters with keyboards in fifty languages (around $115) but also has various currency signs and symbols (bolivars, pesetas, and so on) for check writers, at $69.50



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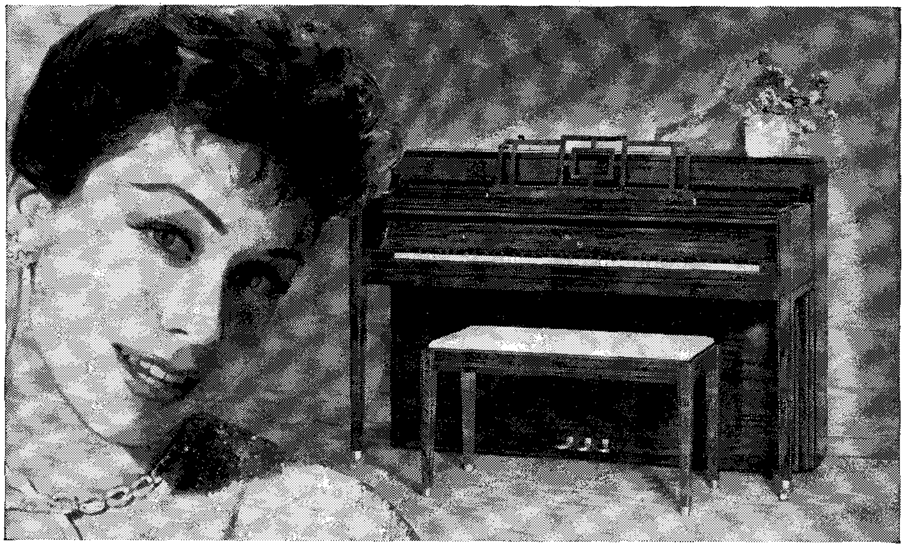

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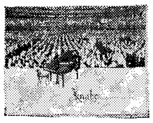

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per font. (We try to give you the *widest* range of Christmas suggestions.)... At the British Book Centre, 122 East 55th Street, you'll encounter a small army of beautifully modelled lead soldiers, among them Northumberland Fusiliers in their 1812 uniform and warriors of the Arab League in their bathrobes, British Lancers, Bengal Lancers, and a dozen others. Two and a half inches high, they cost $10 each, and their mustaches and haircuts—or what is visible of their haircuts—are true to their various periods, as can be verified in "The History of the Regiments and Uniforms of the British Army" and "The Uniforms and History of Scottish Regiments," two volumes by the noted authority R. M. Barnes, both illustrated with many color plates, at $7.50 apiece.... The Sunbeam Walking Sprinkler, which can be ordered by mail from the White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Connecticut, has a rotating head that can be adjusted, by means of a dial, to throw water anywhere from five to fifty feet, and, what's more, the whole contraption will move itself a full fifty feet in any given direction and then obligingly turn itself off; $69.95.... While we are dealing with gardeners, we should mention that Max Schling, 765 Fifth Avenue (59th), has imported from Germany a veritable prince among watering cans. It's made of heavy-gauge galvanized tin, holds two litres, and has a very long spout ending in a nozzle that emits a gentle, rainlike spray; $10.... High-bulk orlon is used for a whopping, heavy-ribbed coat-sweater, white or beige, at the Men's Shop at Bergdorf Goodman. It washes beautifully, dries swiftly, and costs $27.50.... Not all the treasures at the Museum Silver Shop, 26 East 55th Street, are made of silver. A shallow box of pressed horn (softening horn with heat and molding it into boxes was a minor eighteenth- and nineteenth-century art) is decorated with a medallion portrait of Queen Caroline in low relief and is an exquisite example of its kind; $50. A bust of Disraeli in the white unglazed porcelain called Parian ware (it's supposed to resemble Parian marble) was done in 1876 and costs $100.... Brass-mounted cigarette boxes of Soochow jade are $99, at Long Sang Ti, 24 East 55th Street, and brass-mounted cigarette boxes of green aventurine are $137.50. A jade desk lighter costs $22 if it is brass-mounted and $38.50 if it is silver-mounted.... An Austrian shooting cape of true Loden, woven

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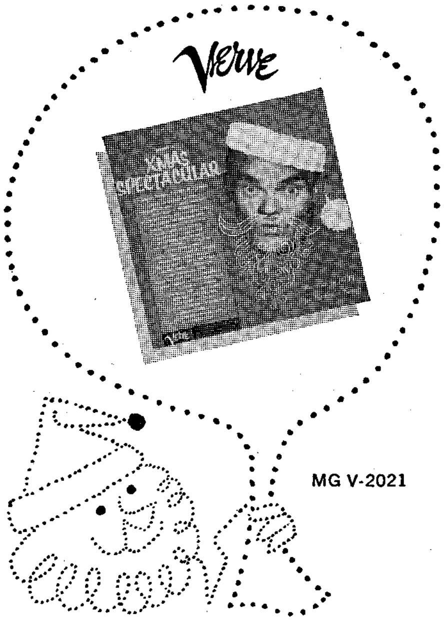

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of lamb's wool, is $59.50 at Fenn-Feinstein, 9 East 49th Street. . . . A fine collection of old silver labels for wine and spirits bottles is on hand at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street. From Cork come late-Georgian labels for Bucellas, a Portuguese white wine named for a town near Lisbon ($25); for Lisbon, a port wine born on the wrong side of the tracks ($15); and for sauterne, hock, and the like (between $15 and $25 each). . . . Cashmere mufflers at Keep, 11 East 48th Street, come from England, have the much prized rolled fringe, and are available in navy blue with a backing of either a lighter blue or maroon; $15. If a tie seems a nice present but not quite *enough*, Keep has matched twenty of their wool challis neckties ($2.50) with braces ($5.50) and belts ($4). . . . Raw Bhagalpur silks that have the look and thickness of tweed cost $19.50 a yard at the India Shop, 17 East 54th Street, and since the yard is from fifty to fifty-two inches wide, two and three-quarters yards will make a jacket for an average-size man. Vegetable-dyed Bihar cottons in soft shades of blue, rust, yellow, and red, often combined with black, are meant for sports shirts and cost $3 a yard (thirty-six inches wide). . . . Fourteen porcelain figurines representing characters from "The Beggar's Opera" make up a noteworthy set at Philip Suval, 49 East 57th Street. They are of modern—well, 1923 modern—Chelsea faïence, and the only other set of its kind in existence is in the London Museum, which accounts for the price tag: $4,200. All the favorite characters—MacHeath, Mr. and Mrs. Peachum, Polly, Lucy Locket with her key and lantern, and the ominous headsman—are present. . . . H. John Northman, 11 East 57th Street, has a dressing gown made of a lustrous combination of wool and silk in a deep-brown plaid. Lined with black silk, it costs $95. . . . A light (four pounds) but roomy (nine by twelve by twenty-one inches) flight bag, called an Arabian flight bag, because it was made in Egypt, turns up at Edwin House, 145 West 4th Street, in supple camel hide

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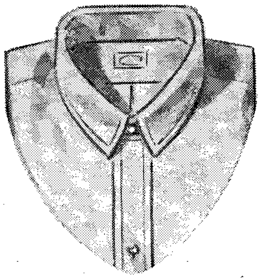

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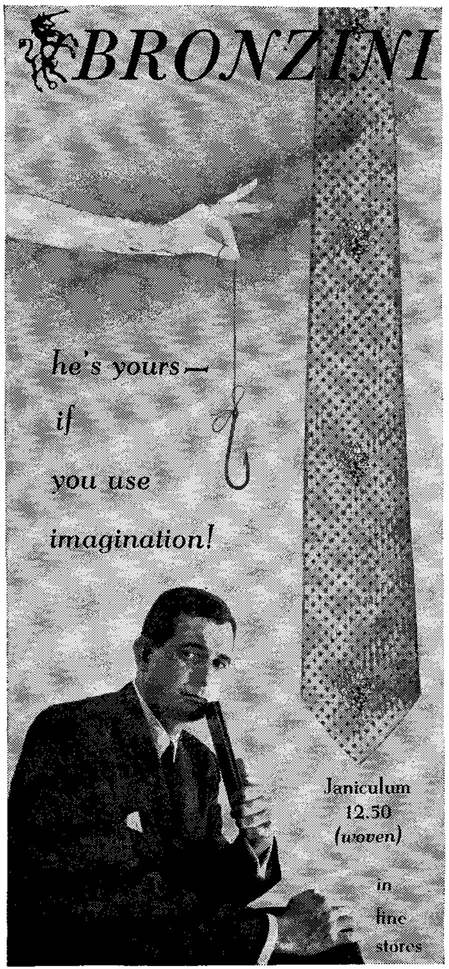
Manufacturer's nationally advertised prices shown—Optional

with a goatskin lining. It has two outside pockets for small gear, a stout encircling strap, and a zipper closing; $40. . . . DiTieri, at his new address, 279 Park Avenue (48th), turns his cheerful imported tie silks into braces ($9.50), cummerbunds ($17.50), and dressing gowns completely lined with white silk ($150), as well as into neckties ($7.50). The prints include such unlikely objects as black phonograph records, bright champagne labels, and the tiny masks of foxes. . . . Whitehouse & Hardy, in their various stores, have a coatlike wool-knit shirt that can be buttoned all the way up the front over a T shirt or worn open, like a jacket, over a regular shirt. In combinations of gray and beige, navy blue and olive green, or black with a glint of red, it is $20. . . . An electric soldering gun with a pistol handle and a headlight is available at both the Patterson Brothers hardware stores, at 15 Park Row and 292 Madison Avenue (41st). This is a particularly versatile tool, since it is suitable not only for everyday soldering jobs but for cutting plastics and rubber as well. It costs $7.95. . . . Countess Mara, 338 Park Avenue (51st), the countess who makes neckties, has also designed a stunning group of sports shirts, all washable, of a tweedlike Italian cotton in maroon, brown, medium blue, or charcoal gray; $17.50. . . . The current pride of Rand McNally, 7 West 48th Street, is "An Atlas of World History," edited by Robert R. Palmer, Dodge Professor of History at Princeton, and with contributions by such specialists as Tom B. Jones (ancient history), Sidney Painter (medieval and Renaissance history), Knight Biggerstaff (Far Eastern history), John W. Caughey (United States history), Charles Nowell (history of European expansion), and Charles Jelavich (Russian and East European history). It has ninety-two pages of color maps, the latest data on the Minoan civilization and the Dead Sea scrolls, news of recent excavations in Athens and Agora, and a great deal more, all for $6.95. . . . Running counter to the trend toward massive sweaters, Battaglia, 45 East 50th Street, has produced some wispy wool pullovers, knit on the sort of machines that make hosiery, that will fit under a man's jacket with no crowding whatever. They are sleeveless and have V necks, and come in white, navy, maroon, or beige, at $22.50. With long sleeves and raglan shoulders, they appear in the same colors plus red, yellow, avocado green, and olive tan,



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which is pretty close to khaki, for $27.50. . . . At Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st), there are wine coolers of nontarnishable aluminum, at $6.45, or of tarnishable but very handsome copper, at $15.95. Wine storage racks of heavy-gauge chrome range in price from $2.25, for one holding eight bottles, to $5, for one holding twenty. . . . Charvet has an evening waistcoat of heavy-ribbed black bengaline with a wool-knit back, which assures not only a snug fit in front but a warm back in back. It costs $55 and comes from France. . . . De Moleyns of Dublin, 59 East 54th Street, has billfolds of Irish poplin in navy blue, gray, brown, wine, black, and, of course, green. Meant to go with formal clothes, they are very well made, fold flat, and cost $5. . . . In addition to all manner of raincoats, which are the specialty of the establishment, the British American House, 200 Fifth Avenue (23rd), has some reversible Italian sweaters that are ingeniously constructed of soft lamb's wool and silk in contrasting colors, knit back to back in one operation; $45, in scarlet or blue with a reverse of gray, or a notably pleasing combination of beige and olive green. . . . At Frank Brothers, 9 East 57th Street, there is a superlative shoeshine box of leather-topped walnut, which houses the customary footrest (it's on the underside of the lid), a generous assortment of polishes, brushes, and cloths, *and* a bone to put a majestic sheen on French-calf shoes. The box is fifteen and a half inches long, eleven inches wide, and a foot high; $100.

Perfumes

JUST as theatrical producers coddle new starlets in the hope that one of them may turn into an Ingrid Bergman or a Helen Hayes, perfumers are forever coddling new mixtures, praying that one of them will eventually challenge such stars as Chanel No. 5, Guerlain's Shalimar, Lanvin's Arpège, and Patou's Joy for a lasting share of the limelight, or at least earn a reputation as Most Promising Ingénue. In the latter category, Carven's Ma Griffe seems to be the bright-eyed Susan Strasberg of the perfume industry, and the Carven people don't want you to forget it. In addition to the straight perfume, which costs $24.75 an ounce, in the familiar green-and-white striped box, Ma Griffe now comes in dusting-powder form (six ounces in a green-and-white striped miniature hatbox), at $5.50, and in cologne form (four ounces in a horizontally fluted glass bottle

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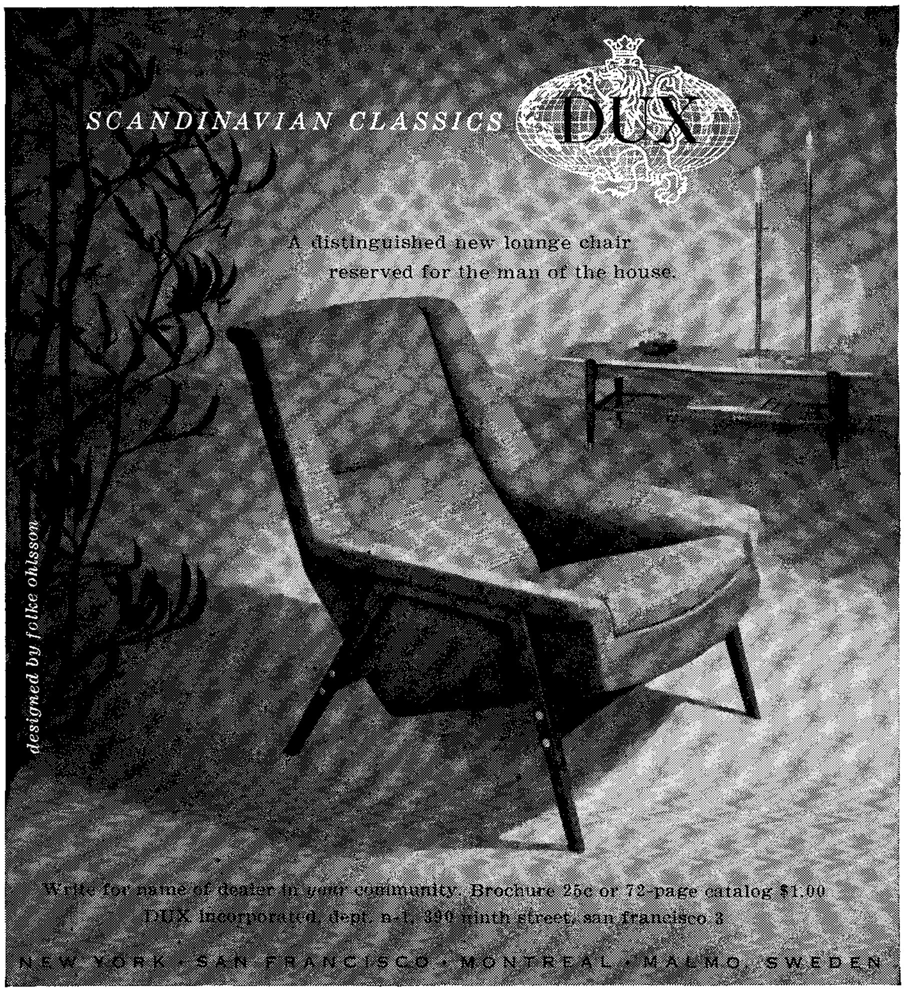

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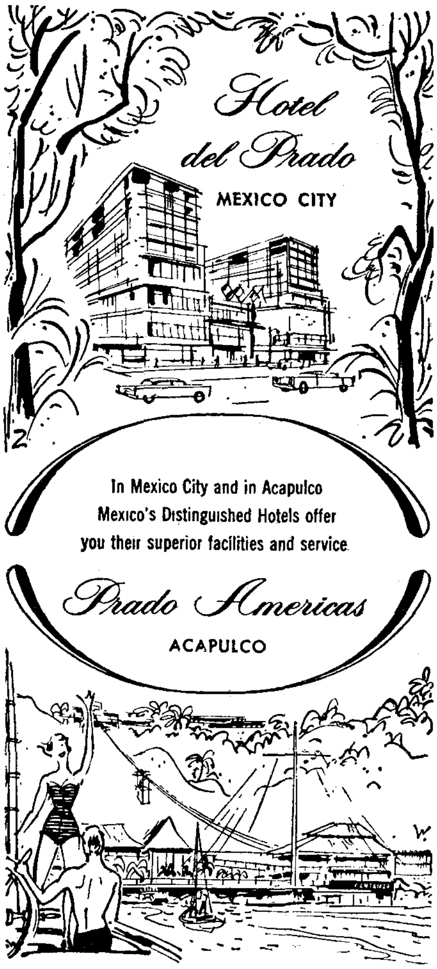
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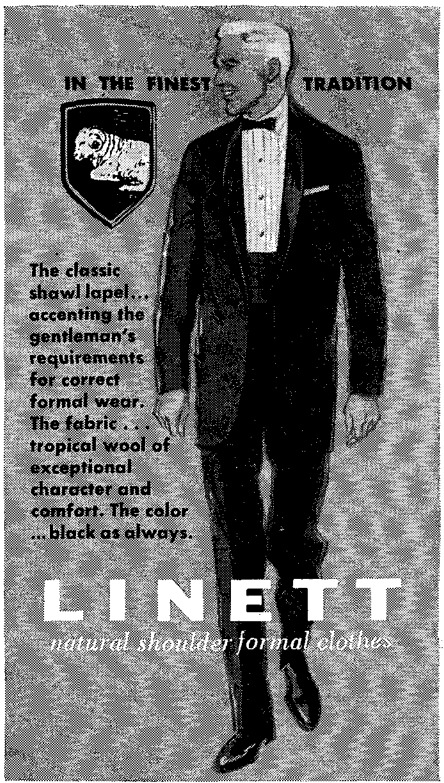
that has a gold-metal atomizer on top and, not at all mystifyingly, is called a Mis-s-s-s-ti-fier), at $6.05.

This year, Patou has introduced what looks to us like a comer. Named Lasso, it's a warm fruit-and-floral blend, something like the old-established Moment Suprême but livelier and not so soft—sort of Western, in fact. It dries differently on different skins—sometimes turning quite sweet, and sometimes taking on peppery overtones. Purse-size flacons of this newcomer are $5.50, and an ounce is $27.50; the toilet water is $6.60 and $11. Dior's new Diorissimo, which made its début in Paris last year and arrived here just a couple of months ago, takes a sharp, fresh-flowers approach—straight lily of the valley is what it seems to us, but some detect a breath of hyacinth, lilac, and rose. A quarter ounce costs $13.75, and you can imagine the prices from there on. Lancôme, in the same floral mood, has introduced Envol (lily, jasmine, and rose are a few of the flowers in it) and is pushing a revival of the woodsy Flêches d'Or. An ounce of either is $27.50, a half ounce is $15.40, and a third of an ounce is $8.80. We still think that Magie is the star of the Lancôme collection, this being a haunting, rich floral blend with more than a hint of leather. It's a fine perfume for grown women, and so is Jacques Griffe's promising new entry, Grilou (Bonwit Teller), which starts at $5.50, for a quarter ounce, and goes to $49.50, for two ounces. Others, which have not yet found their proper starring role, include the Piguet blends Brigand (a bit of tobacco here gives the flowers character), at $33 an ounce, and Baghari, at $24.75 an ounce. Caron's comparatively new Poivre is another restive beauty. (It smells peppery as the devil on the stopper, but, of course, that's *not* the way to test a perfume; dry, it's very subtle.) There's a new Poivre cologne, in a hobnail-dotted cruet with a glass loop at the top (five and three-quarters ounces for $17.33), and a bath powder, in a small hatbox (ten and seven-eighths ounces for $8.25).

A soft sachet type of perfume, suggesting the boudoir in the most feminine and ladylike way (no black lingerie), is Lord & Taylor's brand-new Ondine ($33 an ounce, $6.60 a dram), by a brand-new house, Suzanne Thierry. This promises to give a challenge, though an understated one, to Jean d'Albret's elusive and lovely Ecusson (a quarter ounce for $9.35, two ounces for $38.50). D'Albret's more recent triumph, Casaque, is a really involved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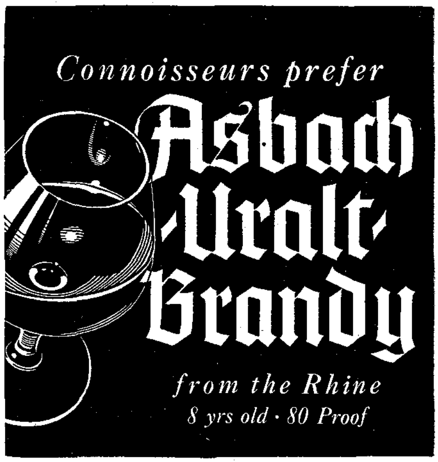
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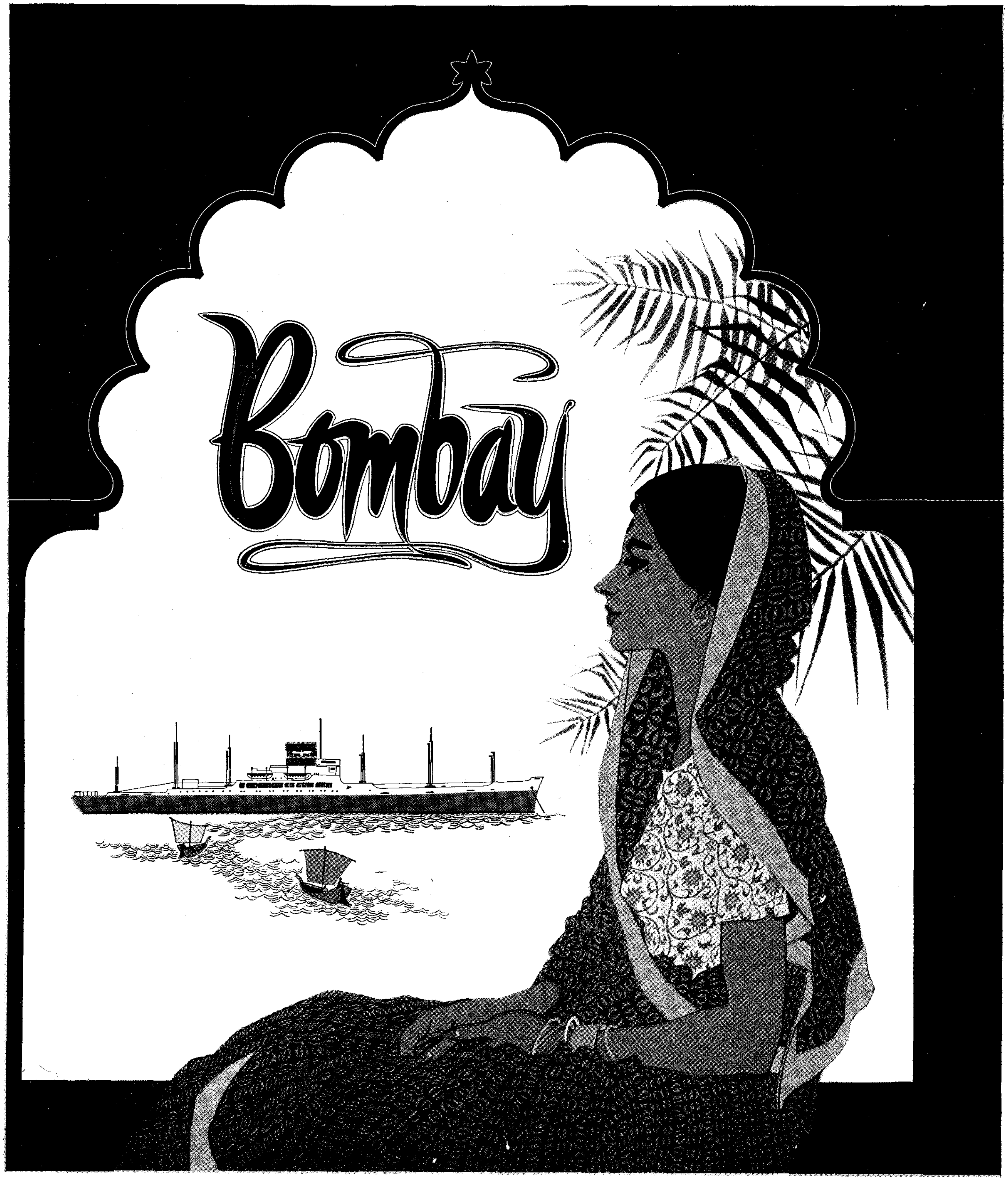

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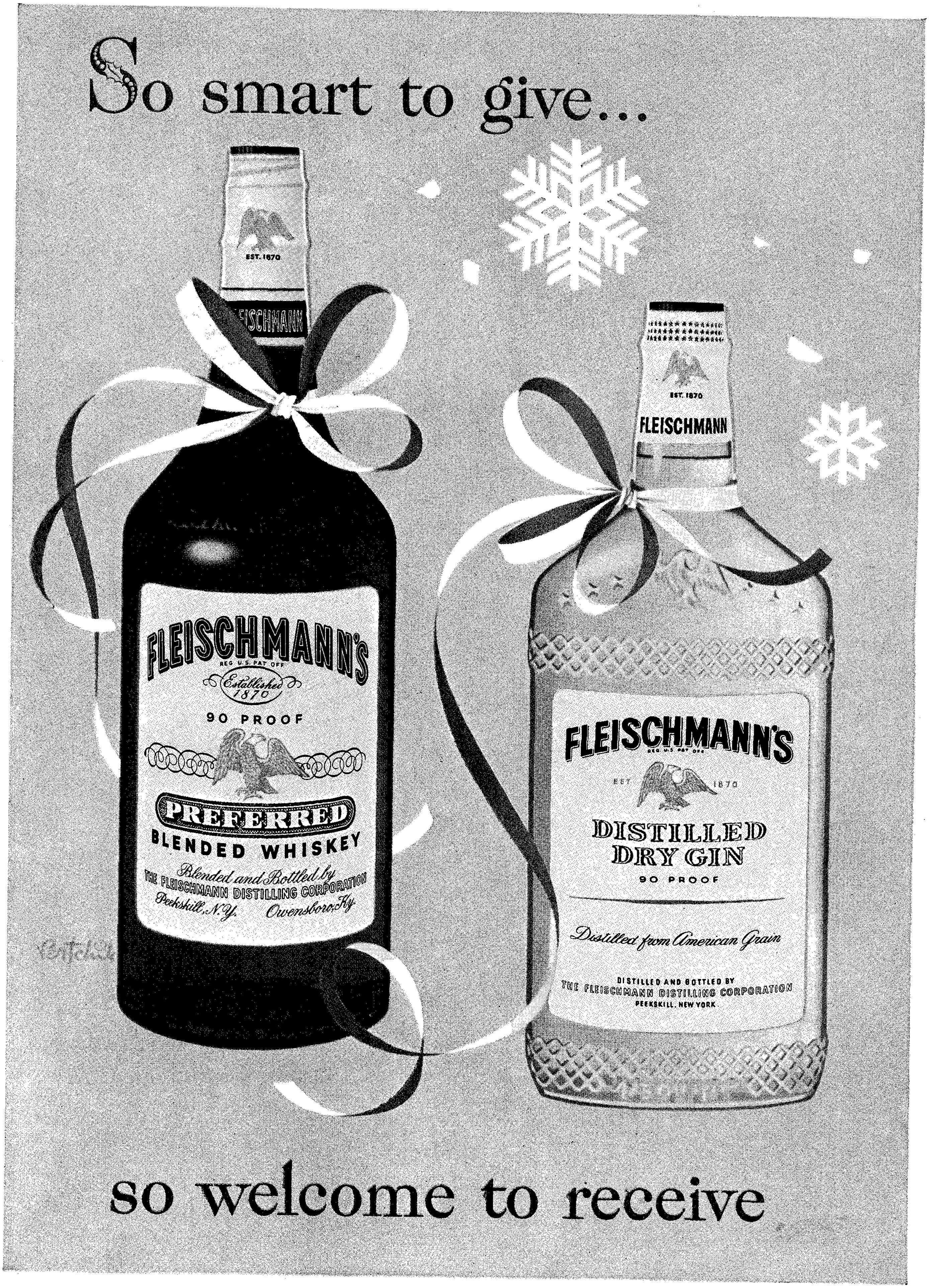
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blend. It seems to start out as sweet pea, and then dries with more than a dash of gardenia and fern. A quarter-ounce bottle costs $11.

Meanwhile, some great floral blends that are all things to all women pursue their unruffled course. Raphael's Réplique exudes poise and charm, both for women of the world and for girls who would love to be just that. (The perfume is $19.80 an ounce, the bath oil is $3.30 an ounce, the toilet water is $2.75 an ounce, and a five-and-a-half-ounce box of bath powder is $5.50.) His newer Plaisir is younger and more impertinent; this year it comes in bath oil ($3.85 for one ounce, $6.60 for two) and in bath powder (five and a half ounces for $6.05). Both the Raphael perfumes start with a rose-and-jasmine base, as do many, many others. Lubin's rosy Nuit de Longchamps, which has been around a long time, seems to have been generally rediscovered and is now to be had in a resplendent Baccarat bottle with a flaring leaflike stopper; $66. The perfumes of Molyneux, too long absent in these parts, are with us again: Connu has a citrus tang that detracts not a whit from its appeal, while Vivre (at Bendel, among other places, in purse-size flacons for $3.85, and all the way up to two-ounce tanks, for $44) has a real sting of violet. Nina Ricci's L'Air du Temps, another child of destiny born of rose and jasmine, comes in a Lalique bottle with a bird on the stopper, at prices progressing from $16.50 (half an ounce) to $49.50 (two ounces). Marcel Rochas's Femme, the first great perfume to introduce oranges and other fruits into a floral blend, gains stature every minute. The purse size, in a black-lace-printed cylinder of milk glass with a gold-metal cap, now also has lace imprinted on the outer box, to dress it up for the Christmas stocking; $4.40. There's a new talc, in a plastic bottle, at $2.75, and the de-luxe ounce bottle of the perfume, with a plunger top for the finest possible misty spray, is $30.25.

We discern a trend toward the exotic in perfumes, with the Latins leading the way—though nowadays an exotic perfume is never heavy and obvious, as it was in the twenties, when vamps lured men to their doom with perfumes that would start a modern man running in the other direction. Simonetta's Incanto, from Italy, seems to gain new devotees hourly; at first sniff, it's almost acrid, but then some lemon and carnation emerge. This comes in bath oil (three ounces, in a bottle disguised as a Roman column, for $5.50), bath

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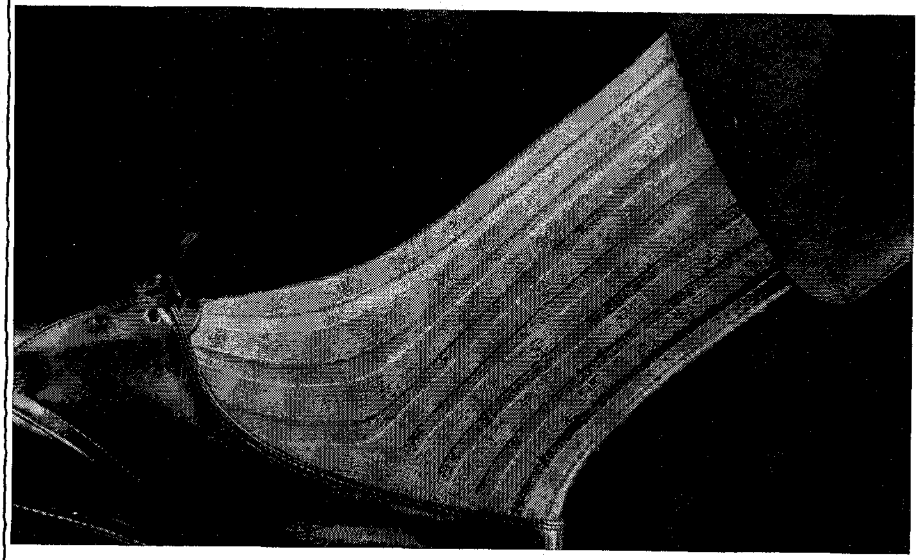

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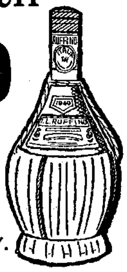

Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

powder (ten ounces for $5.50), and cologne (a two-ounce aerosol bottle for $3.85), as well as perfume (a quarter ounce for $9.90, an ounce and a half for $33). The Spanish are represented at most perfume counters by Myrurgia, and Saks Fifth Avenue makes a fuss about Maderas de Oriente, the base of which is sandalwood; its bottle is covered by a bullet-shaped wooden case with a braided tassel at the top, and half an ounce of it costs $8.25. Being daft about all the Tuvaché works, we recommend that you sniff Zezan—this, of course, from France. It seems to contain musk and sandalwood, mainly, and adds up to something luxurious and lovely; an ounce is $82.50 and a half ounce $38.50.

Returning to more conventional fields, we have Tuvaché's Moroccan Rose (also $22 an ounce and $13.20 a half ounce), his not so shy Violet ($16.50 an ounce, $8.80 a half ounce), and his sharp Jungle Gardenia (ditto). In skin perfume, as superconcentrated toilet water is called, four ounces of Moroccan Rose is $7.70 and four ounces of either Violet or Jungle Gardenia is $5.50. Among the warm, sunshiny floral blends, with an intermingling of woods and fern, are Caron's immortal Fleurs de Rocaille ($20.63 an ounce) and Monteil's newer Fleur Sauvage ($27.50 an ounce). All these have the deceptive simplicity that comes from intricate techniques of blending. There is nothing intricate, however, about the old-fashioned-garden appeal of Floris' English perfumes and toilet waters—Red Rose, English Violet, Honeysuckle, Stephanotis, Lily-of-the-Valley, and others. A half ounce of any of these perfumes is $5.50, and four-ounce bottles of the toilet waters are $3.85, all at Lord & Taylor. At Altman, de Heriot's shy Parma Violet and French Lilac are encased in charming natural-wicker baskets. A basket of three sachets in either of these is $1.65, and there are all kinds of sets, combining sachets, toilet water, *crème de bain*, and the like, and ranging up to $8.25.

Women who wear tweeds and like a nonflowery toilet water or cologne to wear with them are sure to admire Fath's Fath de Fath (made by Fath); an ounce and three-quarters for $3.58, fourteen ounces are $18.15, at Bonwit Teller. It captures the aromatic, dry, sunny smell of dried grasses and herbs, and we think it's about tops in this genre. The Shelley Marks potpourris, in various receptacles, are famous all around; Potpourri Flower Water is one of the most refreshing we know of—and the

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scent is so old-fashioned as to be brand-new; $4.95 for four ounces and $8.25 for eight.

A number of colognes and toilet waters designed for men have proved to be readily kidnappable by women. Among them is Rochas's Moustache, a sturdy cologne involving citrus and woods and spice, two and three-quarters ounces of which come in a plastic atomizer bottle for $5.50. Two ounces of the toilet water also cost $5.50. In the same category are Lanvin's sharp Spanish Geranium toilet water ($5.50 for four ounces, $9.35 for eight) and soap ($3.85 for three chunky cakes). Then, Jay Thorpe and others have brought back an old favorite by Lubin called Gin Fizz, an outdoor caper with a lot of verbena. In an aerosol bottle, three and a third ounces are $6.32; regular bottles start at $5.50, for three and two-thirds ounces. Dior's Aux Fleurs Fraiches is another stimulating one that the ladies have absconded with (two ounces for $3.30, four for $5.50). And for spiciness, with carnations and oranges and lemons involved, you can't do better than Fragonard's Zizanie; the toilet water comes in an eight-ounce aluminum container, for $8.80. Bergdorf Goodman is one shop that carries Zizanie, but that doesn't mean that Bergdorf is not completely happy with its own coeducational Greenwood végétale and toilet waters, which are sold in tandem (the two for $19.25), in bottles banded at top and bottom with brass filigree. Three giant cakes of Greenwood soap are $4.75.

AS for bath luxuries, Lanvin has come out with a dreamy, brand-new bath oil that not only enhances the bath but also is lingering enough to serve as perfume. In Arpège, an ounce and three-quarters costs $11; in Lanvin's other scents, it costs $8.25. My Sin soap is new, too—three fat cakes for $5. . . . You will now find nearly all the great Guerlain perfumes—Shalimar, Mitsouko, L'Heure Bleue, and Vol de Nuit—in a Lotion Végétale, which, like some of the other balms we've mentioned, began life as an after-shave lotion. Perhaps for that reason, it is kinder to dry skins than the more astringent toilet waters and colognes; eight ounces for $9.90. Another new entry in these scents is a dusting powder, which arrives in a round, pseudo-tortoise-shell box; $8.25. . . . Elizabeth Arden perennially finds ways to make her June Geranium and Blue Grass bath products even more appealing. One whimsey that particularly took our eye was a

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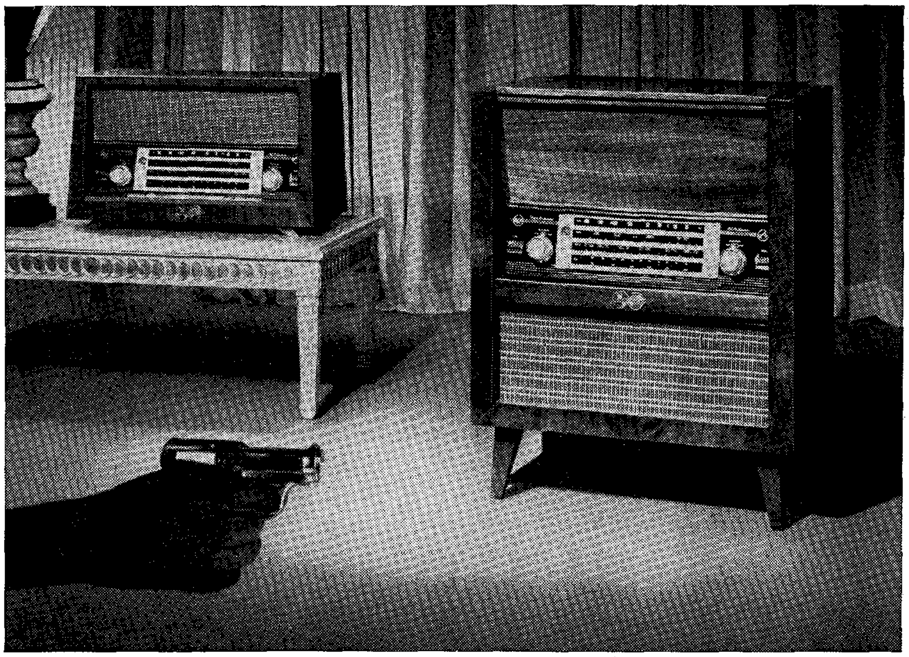

Rash act. And not recommended. But if you have the wherewithal for especially fine High Fidelity, see these *RCA International* sets. Each has AM-FM, short-wave, push-button operation, 3 or more speakers. Very continental table model with phono-jack (9INT1), $229.95. Console with 4-speed "Victrola"® (9INT2), $369.95. Hear them at your RCA Victor dealer's. Firearms not required.

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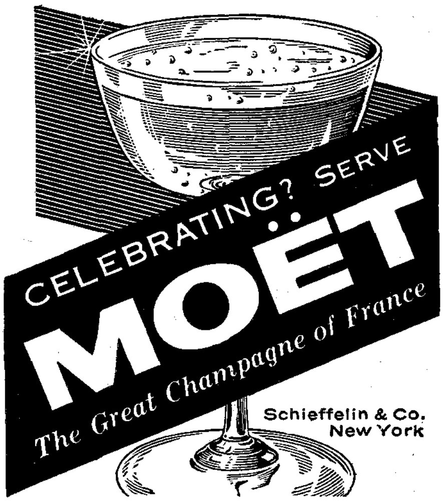

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flattish basket of gold-metal wire filled with soap, bath salts, and bath powder; if the flavor is June Geranium, the price is $15.40, and if it's Blue Grass, $18.25. . . . Bendel's own perfumes are now bottled in square, chubby bottles from France, and one of the top favorites is 10 West, a glamorous floral scent. We're also devoted to the Jasmin here, which manages to retain the insistent quality of the flower itself and, at the same time, soften it just enough. This is especially good in the famous Bendel floating bath soaps; three cakes for $3.50. A big apothecary jar filled with Bendel soaps of all sizes is $16.50. And, for travellers, a plastic drawstring bag contains a bottle of their famous Laundel (for nylons), plus two guest cakes and four miniature cakes of soap; $3.50. . . . Jean Naté's stimulating Friction Pour le Bain now has a cohort in the form of bath oil. It not only softens and scents the skin something loverly but has the extremely practical virtue of preventing the formation of rings around the tub; two ounces for $4.95. . . . We find that children who resent the general idea of bathing will take bubble baths with delight. Among the Little Lady sets that Helene Pessl makes for small girls is one called Tea Time, comprising a plastic teacup and saucer, five soap cookies, one soap lemon, and a realistic pint of milk, which turns out to contain a milky bubble bath; $3.10, at Altman.

Of the cosmetic kits we've seen, a really practical, down-to-earth performance is Elizabeth Arden's zippered plastic envelope containing a full cosmetic arsenal, including her Velva Moisture Film. It's all ready to be tossed into a suitcase intact, but there's room for a toothbrush, a pair of tweezers, and the like, too; $6.60. . . . Charles of the Ritz's alligator-type handbag is fitted with makeup and cosmetics, including four ounces of liquid Revenescence; $6.60. . . . Alexandra de Markoff has a small red leatherette case containing her cosmetics and lipstick, handy to pack or to keep in a desk or dressing-table drawer; $6.60. . . . And, for young girls, consider Hudnut's charming little flat overnight hatbox of blue plastic leather lined with pink, blue, and white striped nylon taffeta. Cosmetics and makeup are in a separate snap-in case; $19.25.

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Special curses for ministerial students . . . will be offered by the college, Dr. Jackson said.—*Conway (Ark.) Log Cabin Democrat.*

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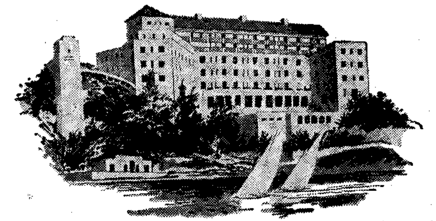

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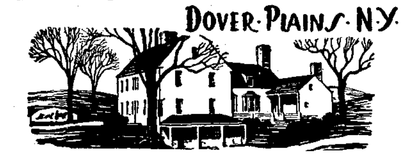

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DIPLOMACY ÜBER ALLES

I TOOK my family to Europe too early this past summer for us to receive with our passports the letter that President Eisenhower wrote, soon after we left, to all outgoing Americans, urging them to think of themselves as ambassadors and to behave accordingly. But my wife and I heard about this venture in mass diplomacy while we were abroad, and we resolved that, even without credentials, we would do everything we could during our stay to foster an atmosphere of international camaraderie. We had, in fact, already realized that there was plenty of scope for such action. Not long before we landed in France, General Hans Speidel, of West Germany, had been appointed commander of the NATO ground forces for Central Europe, and as our boat train passed through Rouen on the way to Paris, we saw at a grade crossing a freshly painted sign that said, "DANS CETTE VILLE SPEIDEL A FAIT ASSASSINER DEUX HOMMES." The oldest of our three sons saw it, too, and asked me to translate it. I was reluctant to inject a note of strained community relations into the start of the boys' first foreign junket, so I replied lamely, "It says something like 'Stop, look, and listen.'"

In Paris, we picked up a rented automobile in which to tour France and northern Spain. It was a Volkswagen Microbus—one of those sturdy, stubby, capacious vehicles that are becoming increasingly popular in the United States as carryalls for fairly large families and fairly small business concerns. I have learned since our return home that expeditions similar to ours received a good deal of newspaper publicity during the summer. Both Max Lerner and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.—a couple of articulate Democrats who might have been real ambassadors if Stevenson had been elected—were carting *their* families around the Continent in Volkswagen Microbuses at about the same time I was, and, in the best diplomatic tradition, were sending back dispatches. Mr. Lerner said, in his column in the *Post*, that he was put in mind of the Reign of Terror while driving his Microbus through Paris traffic, and in the *Times* Mr. Schlesinger—who somehow associated *his* automotive experiences with the rapacious travels of Attila's Huns—stated that American families roaming around in Microbuses had become a commonplace sight in Europe. I don't think he intended to convey the impression, though, that Europeans

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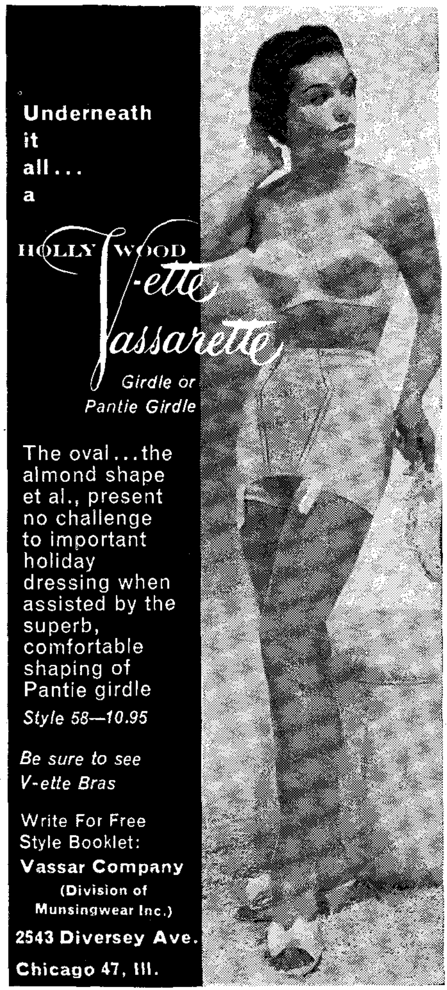

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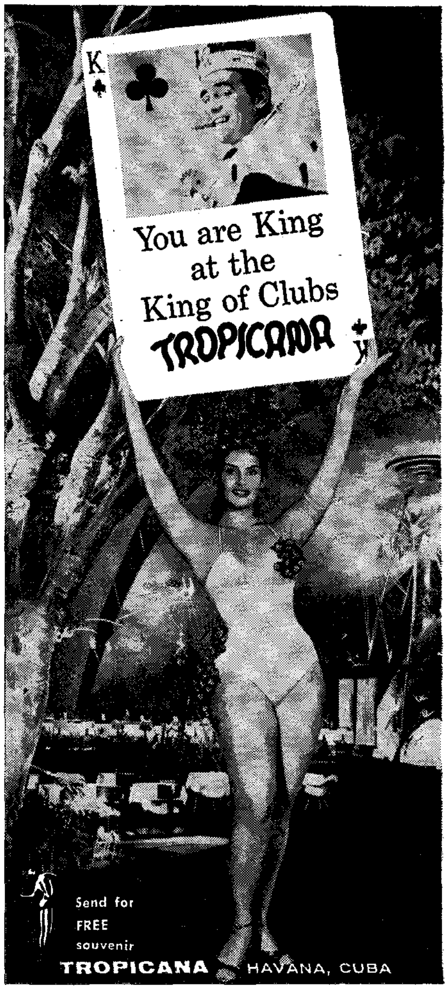
commonly take Americans for Huns.

I hate to quibble with either of these amiable and eminent social historians, but I didn't find driving my Volkswagen around Paris any more scary than reading an ordinary headline in the *Post*, and as for an American family like ours being a run-of-the-mill spectacle in Europe, I am constrained to say that I saw more Americans in Microbuses during a fifteen-minute drive in Providence, Rhode Island, last week than I did along some three thousand miles of French and Spanish roads.

A not atypical European reaction to *our* Microbus occurred as we were driving through the Spanish Pyrenees one day, between Irún and San Sebastián. High in the hills, we came upon a Spanish Army detachment on maneuvers. Most of the soldiers were crawling on the ground, but at our rumbling approach the officer in charge looked at us, popeyed, and shouted a command, and all his men rose up, staring and blinking and gesticulating with undisciplined abandon, as if they had never seen so outlandish an apparition. Around the next curve, a Spanish Army band, composed mainly of drummers, was practicing at the roadside, and as we bore down on the musicians, they broke ranks, shouted "*Ole!*," and beat their drums like wild things. It didn't look like a commonplace, conditioned reflex to me.

In any event, incidents like this, while agreeably spirited, could have done little to cement friendly relations between the United States and Spain, inasmuch as the soldiers in the Pyrenees, like most of the Europeans we encountered, undoubtedly took us for Germans. This was especially true of people we had passed. Not only was our car of German make; it had been registered in Hamburg, and, accordingly, bore on its back a prominent identifying "D," for "Deutschland." In rural France, when I looked into the rear-view mirror I would occasionally see a farmer stare wrathfully after us as he became aware of the origin of the vehicle that had roiled his flock of chickens. And once, when we halted in a small town, a bystander, possibly but not necessarily a Communist or Poujadist, shouted "*A bas Speidel!*" To avoid getting into a discussion of the complexities of mutual security, I took the liberty of translating this for the children as "You can't park there!"

AFTER a while, we discovered for ourselves that we were not exactly an ordinary, recognizably American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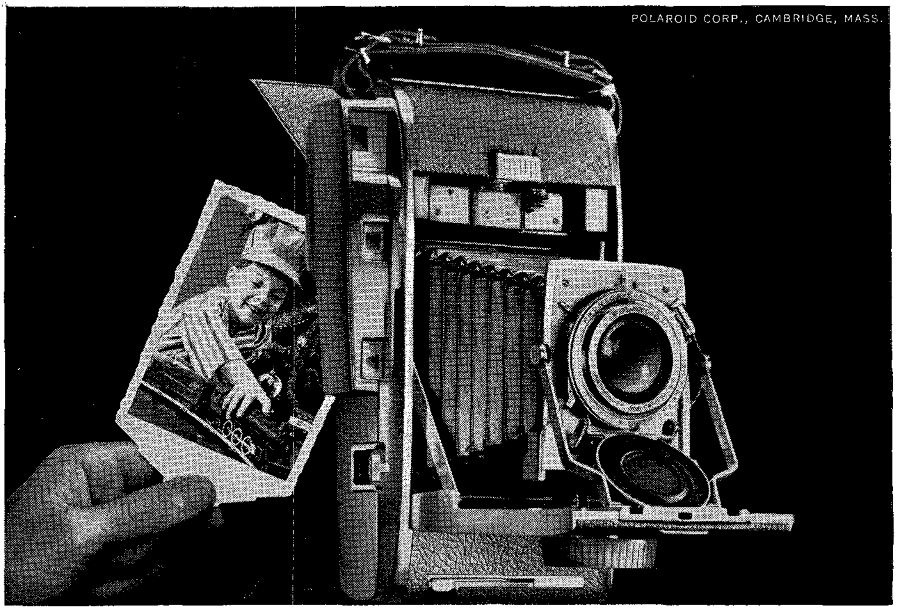
sight—or, at any rate, not what we were subsequently to learn constituted such a sight according to the Schlesinger thesis. On the move, we would wave at American tourists in American cars, but they never waved back, as they normally would at compatriots. German tourists, on the other hand, to whom Microbuses clearly were a familiar, nostalgic sight, would always wave eagerly at us, or give us a *gemütlich* raised-arm salute. If they overtook us from behind, they would honk furiously when they saw the "D." One time, when we had stopped at a fork of the road to study a map, a hiker in *Lederhosen* came marching up to us and asked affably, in German, if he could help us get our bearings. On learning that we were not what we appeared to be, he was successively astounded, hurt, and indignant, as if we had played some cheap, disloyal trick on him.

A few such unsettling experiences led my wife and me to conclude that if we were to avoid confusion and promote international harmony, the only sensible course was for us to pretend to *be* German, except when we seemed likely to have to speak it. To make our imposture as credible as possible, I at once began to coach the family in gestures and salutations that I believed would be helpful. But our impersonation, though occasionally successful, could hardly have been the sort of thing the President had in mind.

No sooner had we decided on our masquerade than we were emboldened to test it. Driving through Saint-Jean-de-Luz, we saw one of the very few Microbuses we were to come across during our journey. It was parked, and its driver was at the wheel. As we drew abreast, I tooted the horn, all the children leaned out the window holding their left hands high, in what they had perceived to be *echt-Deutsch* style, and my wife cried merrily, "*Heil!*" Unfortunately, the occupant of the other car turned out to be Max Lerner.

Shortly after that, we had a chance to improve our record. One day when my wife was driving, we crossed a bridge near Orléans and passed a French Army truck headed in the opposite direction. It had stopped, and a soldier was scrambling off the tail gate. We deduced what he was up to an instant later, when we saw a military hat lying at the edge of the road just ahead of us. My wife slammed on the brakes, jumped out of the car, and, while I watched in bewilderment, picked up the hat just in time to hand it to the soldier,



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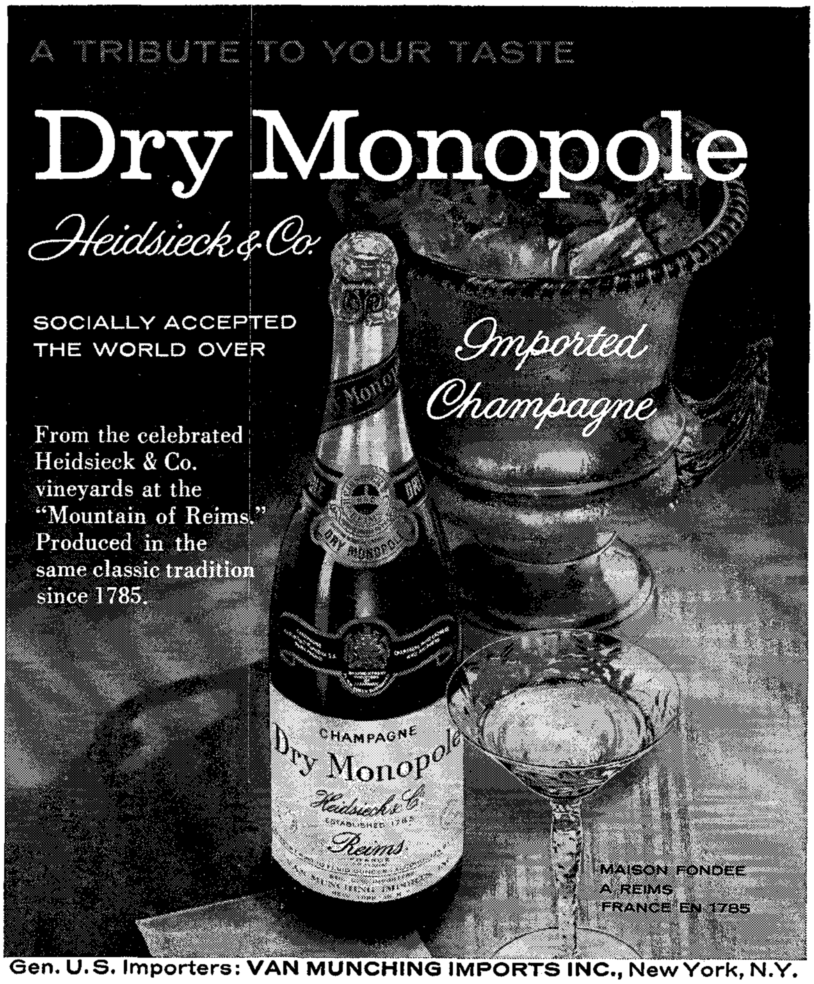

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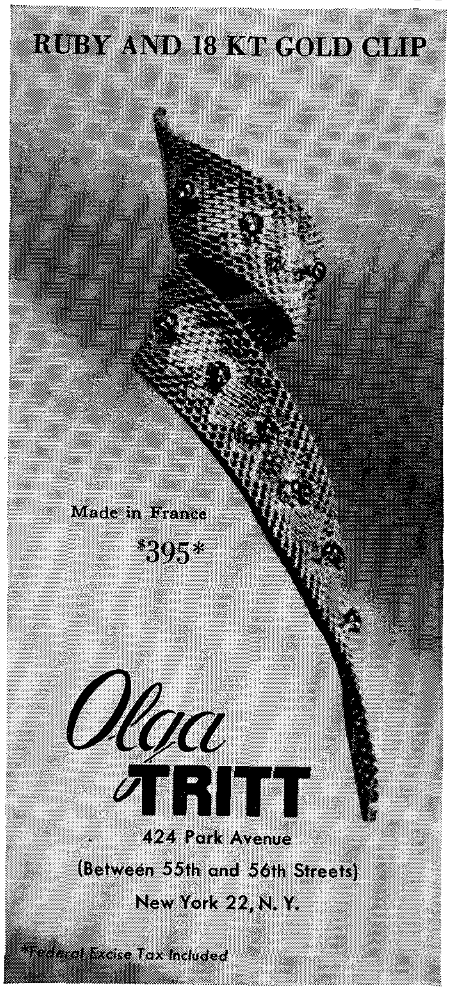

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who was running up to retrieve it. He poured out his thanks in rapid French, ending with "*Merci mille fois, Madame!*" Then, before my wife could reply, he looked at the car. "*Danke—Danke—*" he began gropingly. Then he tried what was probably the only other German word he knew. "*Danke—schön?*"

My wife beamed at him in commendation. "*De rien,*" she replied, with a gracious *macht-nichts* inflection, and climbed back in the car and drove us away. "It seemed like a diplomatic thing to do," she said after a moment. "I may not have resolved any large issues, but that's one Frenchman, at least, whom General Speidel shouldn't have any more trouble with."

WE left for home soon afterward, and had no further opportunity to implement, however modestly, Mr. Eisenhower's admirable diplomatic program, but I am sure some other tourists have been stepping forward, or stumbling forward, to pick up the slack. For a while, it looked to me as if a likely prospect might be James Reston, of the *Times*, who recently drove around the Continent himself—in fact, all the way to Russia. When Mr. Reston suggested, in one of his pre-Moscow dispatches, that motoring through Europe is comparable to fighting a war, I figured he *must* have a Microbus. But then he revealed that he and his family were in one of those special new Ford convertibles with disappearing hardtops. The Russians, he reported, had never seen anything like it before.

Well, I hope Mr. Reston brought his singular vehicle home with him, because although I've never seen a Ford hardtop convertible, I know it's a good, American-made car, and I'd love to have a chance to wave at a fellow-citizen as he rides by in one. But I have an awful feeling that I know how things will work out. On a highway, one of these days, I'll pass a hardtop convertible breezing along with four or five people in it, and I'll think they're the Restons. I'll give them a big, brotherly wave and hello, and they'll wave back—but they'll turn out to be a somewhat puzzled Soviet envoy and his family out for a sightseeing spin.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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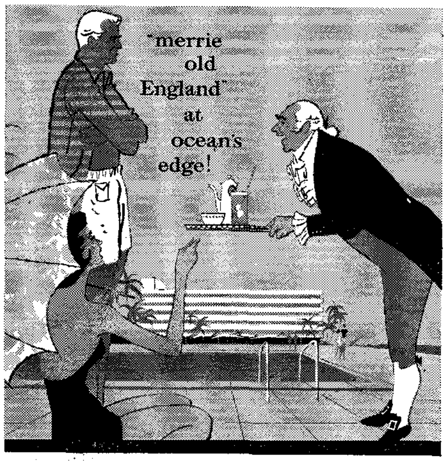
To keep cats from straying, stay with them outdoors for the first month or so. —*Washington Post & Times Herald.*

Noted.



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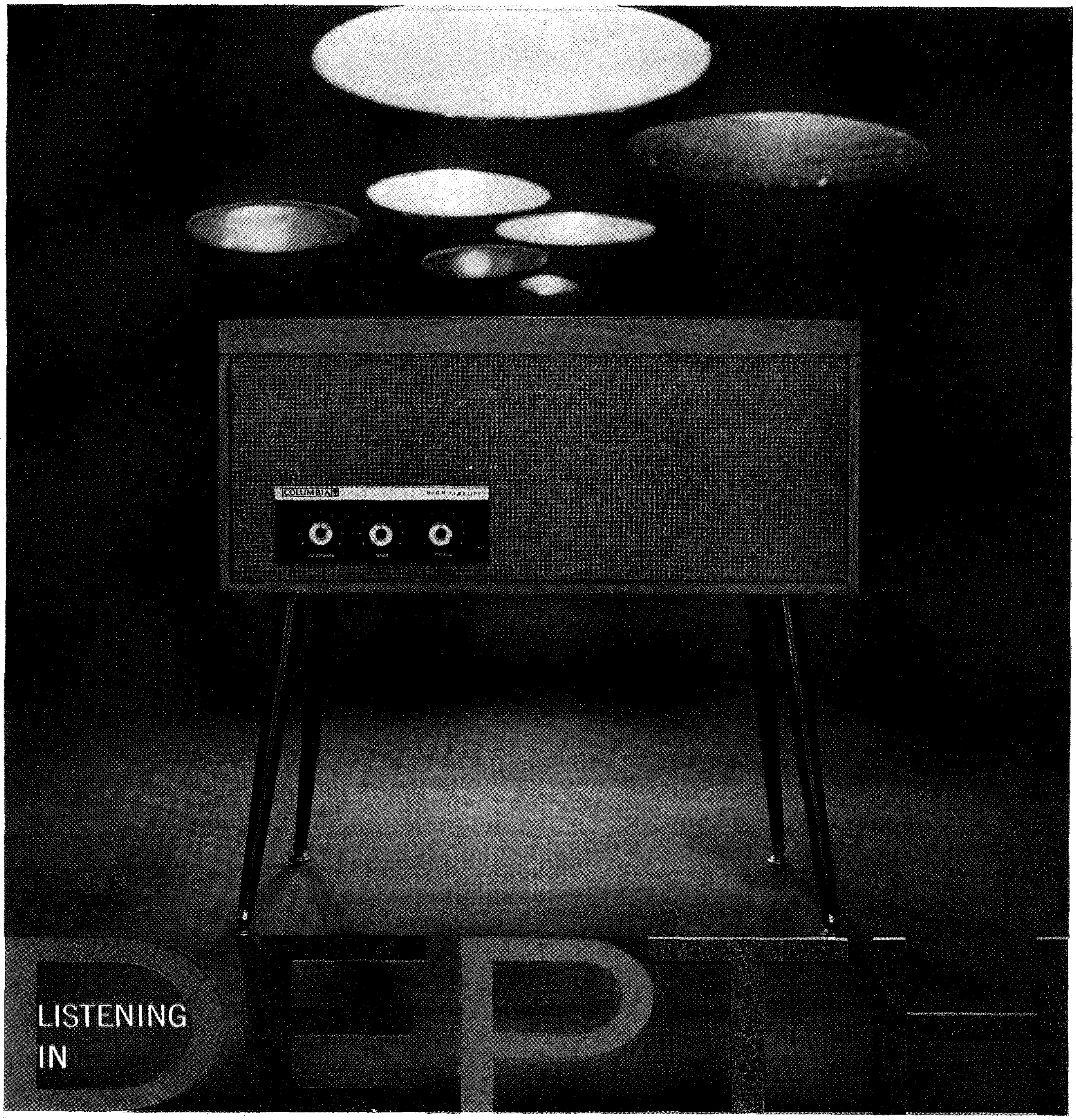

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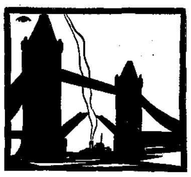
LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 4



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER's illness was, naturally, the big, dominating topic of discussion all last week, but now, with the ever-increasing optimism of the bulletins from Washington, it has faded somewhat out of the headlines and private talk. Apart from the regret felt over this new affliction of an old friend, the first public reaction seemed to take it pretty much for granted that the President would shortly retire. Because of their own painful recent memories of having an ailing man at the helm in rough weather, many worried Britons wondered how dangerous continuing uncertainty at the White House would be to the world, and the London papers, in proffering good wishes and sympathy, practically all worried along the same line. As a result, people have been taking their first serious squint at Mr. Nixon as a man who may well be President of the United States, and it is some indication of how far things have gone that the general opinion of him here, too, seems to have mellowed remarkably. Not so long ago, the prospect would have been received with downright dismay. But now newspapers and weekly journals of all shades of political coloring are saying (and people are repeating their views hopefully) that Mr. Nixon is a man who has "courage and imagination" and "a capacity for firm decision," that he has "increased in stature" during the past year, and that even his worst enemies would not deny that he is expert at choosing "the politically well-judged time"—all qualifications that look good to fed-up citizens here, who are beginning to feel that the high councils of the Western powers have not shown audacity, firmness, or political good timing of any kind lately. You constantly hear at London dinner tables and in bar or corner-pub discussions the remark that nobody here knew anything about Truman, did they—and look how Truman turned out, didn't he? In short, a positive picture of Mr. Nixon is obviously starting to emerge in the public mind. The more immediate speculations, of course, are concerned with whether he will represent the President at the Paris talks, and, if he does, how he will conduct himself in that situation.

As for the summit meetings themselves, it cannot be said that people feel especially hopeful of having anything new—in words they can understand and, for a change, will enjoy hearing—brought down by anybody from the heights. To judge by the uneasy talk now circulating among ordinary earthbound citizens, the mood of the moment is not optimistic. Aneurin Bevan, though by no means universally admired, has a way of hitting awkward nails shrewdly on the head from time to time, and he undoubtedly spoke for a large section of disgruntled public opinion when he asked the Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons the other day whether—to paraphrase roughly—some new diplomatic approach to the Russians would not be a better bet for peace than this crippling, obsessive, and hopeless struggle for nuclear supremacy, in which neither side, as more and more people here are beginning realistically to comprehend, can ever be declared the champ. Mr. Bevan has uttered such views before without being particularly explicit about just what approach he had in mind, or indicating why he thought the Russians might be any less stunningly uncoöperative toward something of the kind than they have lately shown themselves to be, for instance, over their participation in the United Nations Disarmament Commission. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd replied noncommittally. All the same, large numbers of Britons probably applauded Mr. Bevan, being sick to death, as they say, of the floods of nuclear big talk, and nothing else in the way of world leadership, coming from Washington.

It was a nasty shock to everybody, certainly, to learn that American air patrols are cruising over Britain loaded with H-bombs, and the information produced anxious questions in the House of Commons, and plenty more, goodness knows, in the minds of the startled electorate up and down the country. Mr. Macmillan presumably made somebody or other feel happier by his statement that "he was told" there was no danger of an explosion if one of these planes crashed, but his soothing assurance that the H-bomb patrols could not go into action under the Anglo-American agreements of 1948 and 1952 without British, as well as American, government sanction has led to fresh alarmed and alarming misgivings. It is being asked whether—since speed, in the awful event, will be the essence of success—there would be time to get Downing Street's agreement. What makes people still more worried is the

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thought that some false rumor of an attack impetuously answered with H-bombers from British bases might call down on this overcrowded little island the all too crushingly genuine article. Altogether, many Britons feel that wherever they look—across the Atlantic, or across the Channel at angry French parliamentarians once more talking about perfidious Albion, or into affairs right here at home—they can find precious little to cheer them as the season of good will and glittering store windows and green spruces begins.

ON the stately home front, the Government's bill to put through a first, tentative measure of reform for the House of Lords is being debated this week, on its second reading in that place, and is expected to produce a lively two-day session. There has been sporadic talk about abolishing the Lords ever since Oliver Cromwell's day—they were indeed dismissed in 1649, but Cromwell brought them back eight years later, because he found that the single-chamber system did not work—and various plans for more or less drastic modernization of the second chamber have been put forward in this century. Now the two reforms that Mr. Macmillan's government is hoping to get onto the statute book seem mild enough—one, the creation by the Queen of peers for life only, whose titles would die with them instead of passing on to their heirs, and, two, the creation of life peeresses, with the right to speak and vote in the Lords. The proposal about life peers is an interesting sidelight on how things have changed on the English social scene, a peerage now being an honor that many eminent men refuse because it will have to descend to their sons, who may not have the inclination or the cash to accept the label. This is particularly the case when the son is already a Member of Parliament in the Commons, drawing a salary recently bumped up to seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a year; on the death of his father, he must resign it and be implacably whisked into the rarer air of the Lords, where the noble members (still judged, it seems, by the economic standards of an age of great possessions and low taxation) can now qualify for modest expense allowances to cover journeys to and from debates. Though all political parties seem to agree on the life peers, there are several sections that would like to see the reforms taken a bit further. Most of the Labour Party would like to see hereditary peerages abolished altogether, along with the Lords' power to upset bills

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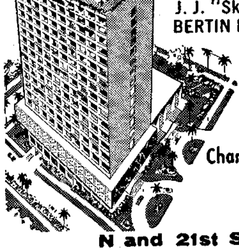

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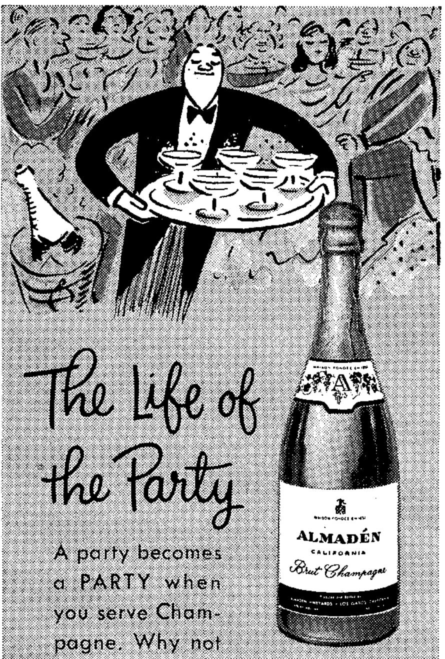

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passed on from the Commons. A minority in the Party is all for abolishing the House of Lords straight out. It seems at the moment that the Opposition will probably go along with the Government on the present minor refurbishing of the Upper House, adding an amendment that will keep its toe in the door for more extensive changes when and if it gets back into power.

As it turns out, the change that a sizable section of Conservative peers, led by the Earl of Airlie, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen Mother, do not want to see swept into this last stronghold of masculine exclusiveness is the presence of women. Though in the first debate on the subject, at the end of October, the majority of speakers gallantly welcomed the prospect of letting the ladies into the Lords, there were dissenting voices that spoke up—in "unmitigated horror," as one anguished peer put it—against the innovation, and since then the rear-guard action to keep political-minded females in their right place (i.e., the hurly-burly of the House of Commons) appears to have whipped up some more support. As far as the general public is concerned, these moves toward a reformed Upper House do not seem to have aroused any passions—as did, for instance, the famous bill to abolish the death penalty. Probably only a tiny minority of all parties would be in favor of abolishing the Lords entirely. Its debates, most prudent Britons consider, give time for calming second thoughts on hotly contested legislation and, furthermore, are far less biassed by party loyalties—and far more worth listening to, incidentally—than the debates in the House of Commons. As Lord Attlee put it in the first debate, "It is true that this House is an anomaly," adding dryly that on the whole, against all probability, it worked.

IMPORTANT manuscripts by and letters from Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, Sir James Barrie, Norman Douglas, Ouida, Virginia Woolf, H. G. Wells, and other literary personages turned up last week in a big two-day sale at Sotheby's, which brought a good turnout of dealers and collectors from New York and Paris, as well as from all over this country—the French buyers being principally after the Mansfield manuscripts and some Proust and Valéry items among a number of signed presentation editions that were also being sold. The sale provided fascinating bookish sidelights and footnotes. For instance, three hundred and thirty letters from Marie

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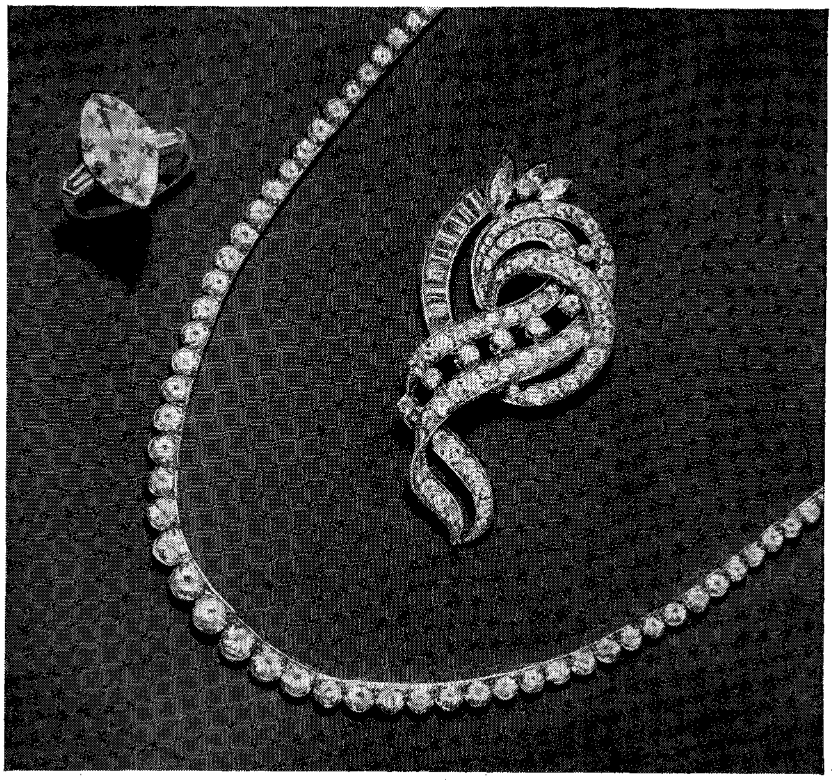

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Louise de la Ramée, who wrote under the name of Ouida, to her London publishers, Chatto & Windus, were being disposed of by that firm, which seems to have been long-suffering. "I am sorry Mr. Payn is your literary adviser," their author told them severely. "I trust you never speak with him of my works, for so commonplace a writer as he is can be no judge of such works as mine." She also castigated the English press for "their extreme ignorance, coupled with their love of mediocrity." "For all this," the *Times* tartly commented the day after the sale, "Messrs. Maggs [a Berkeley Square rare-book firm] had to pay three hundred and fifty pounds." But the highlight of the two days was the Katherine Mansfield manuscripts and books belonging to her husband, the late John Middleton Murry: the first editions of "Bliss" and "The Garden Party," signed in a small, neat hand "To Boge from Wig;" a cheap exercise book, written in with a large fat hand and containing an unfinished twelve-year-old story primly entitled "Three Twentieth Century Girls" (the girls, who ran to only seven and a quarter pages before inspiration gave out, made ninety pounds among them at the sale, which is not bad going); and—most interesting item of all—the Mansfield notebooks and journals from 1904 to a few weeks before her death, at Fontainebleau, in 1922, extracts from which were later edited and published by Middleton Murry. They comprised forty-six cheap diaries and ledgers, of all sizes and colors, and were dumped on the table for the buyers' inspection in two shabby, bulging cardboard dress boxes. Inside their faded covers, these forty-six pieces of intimate reporting on a life and a marriage are scrawled over, between the serious entries, with notes and jottings, with lists of laundry and underclothes and books, with drawings of flowers and faces, and everywhere, above all, with pathetic little sums—the arithmetic of anxiety—in francs and pounds. New Zealand finally secured the collection, for twenty-six hundred pounds. It is to go to the Alexander Turnbull Library, in Wellington, which sends Katherine Mansfield back where she started from, where she often longed to be, and where she never returned in life—a fitting destination.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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THE AIR

The Kibitzers

IT'S been estimated by the Columbia Broadcasting System and New York University, who are partners in pedagogy these days, that at least a hundred and twenty thousand people get up at dawn or earlier—right now it's a good half hour earlier—to see and hear Dr. Floyd Zulli, Jr., discuss famous novels on the program "Sunrise Semester" (Channel 2, 6:30-7 A.M., Mondays through Fridays). Of these, a hundred and seventy-five are bona-fide students, who have paid seventy-five dollars each for the chance to take an examination in Dr. Zulli's airborne lecture course (Comparative Literature 10) next month, for three credit points toward an N.Y.U. degree. The rest—the overwhelming majority—of the audience are kibitzers. As you may have heard by now, the latter have had a seismic impact on local wellsprings of culture. Bookstores have been cleaned out of all available editions of each famous novel on the Doctor's agenda. (The names of the novels have been listed in advance, like entries in a Derby future book.) As one contemporary novelist, a lady, remarked to me recently, the Zulli program has provided the first good commercial excuse in our time for writing a classic. Equipped with texts, the book buyers have carried the movement forward in their bathrobes—rising from bed in the dark and hunching in front of gray screens in dim parlors to commune with Dr. Zulli idealistically, with no hope (in the case of 99.9 per cent of them) of worldly profit, if that's the right term for a college degree.

The Doctor, though a vivid enough performer himself, works against a chaste, stark background that suits the time of day. I have a feeling that the sight of a master of ceremonies on "Sunrise Semester," or the least hint of an advertisement, even for toothpaste, might send the bulk of the audience whimpering back to the hay. As it is, a disembodied voice opens the program by identifying, briefly and matter-of-factly, the subject of the day's lecture—" 'Vanity Fair,' Part V," for instance, or " 'Tonio Kröger,' Part II." The camera then comes to rest—and stays—on Dr. Zulli, sitting at a desk or standing at a lectern, before a drab wall decorated only by a portrait of an author or a picture of some significant town or landscape. The Doctor is a small, frail man in his thirties, with a long, mobile face. He says "Good morning" in a plain, businesslike way, but his eyes shine with amusement and promise behind his glasses. "Like many an artist," he went on directly, the last time I watched the program, which was a few days ago, "Tonio suffered the curse . . . of introspection." He was down to work, in short, in something less than ten seconds from the moment the camera picked him up, and for the next thirty minutes nothing interrupted or disturbed the flow of his rich and single-minded relish in his topic. The temperature outdoors just then, as I learned a little later, was thirty-three degrees. Wet snow was driving against the windows from an almost invisible sky. The alertness, brightness, and clean-shavenness of Dr. Zulli made me think from time to time—prematurely, and therefore painfully—of the hard, brisk daytime life that lay ahead. Just the same, I found it understandable, as I usually seem to do when I see "Sunrise Semester," that a hundred and twenty thousand catch-as-catch-can aesthetes should be hanging red-eyed on the Doctor's words.

What attracts and holds them as much as anything else, I think, is the sense of belonging to a cult—to a kind of semi-exclusive fellowship or fraternal order. Like certain books and certain unorthodox viewpoints and causes, certain radio and television programs have a way of promoting this cultish sense very strongly. The viewer or listener sits alone at his set, warm, comfortable, preoccupied, detached, but aware of a pact or communion with thousands of others, who share his special pleasure or interest and who are doing exactly what he is doing at exactly the same time, moving in the same remarkable orbit, shut off and aloof from the rest of the world. Another such cult as Dr. Zulli's—meaning no offense whatever to the Doctor or to Thackeray, Mann, Flaubert, Melville, or C.B.S.—is that of Charlie Vachner, who announces race-track results on radio station WBNX (5:45-6 P.M., daily except Sundays). I'll try to say something about the style and rhythms of Vachner's show some other time; what I want to emphasize here is the powerful hold he has on his audience, against con-

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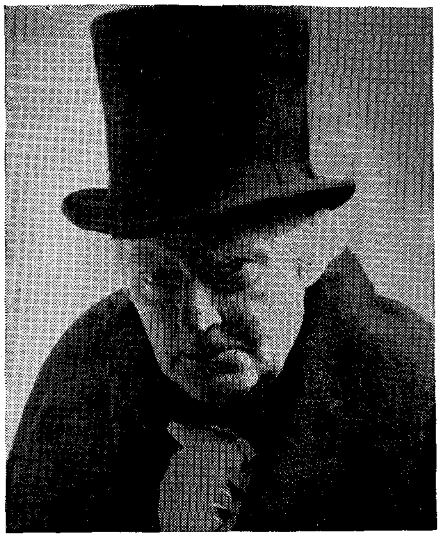

"Christmas! Bah! Humbug!"

The man in the wheel chair leaned into the microphone. "Christmas!" he snarled. "Bah! Humbug!" And, as they had in Christmases past, millions of young listeners chilled at the mental picture of the baleful Scrooge.

It was a Christmas institution, back in the Forties, this annual reading of Charles Dickens' classic. Its reader was something of an institution himself. In his turbulent lifetime he had been an unsuccessful painter but a good amateur second-baseman, a composer whose music was played by the New York Philharmonic, and a model for Frederick Remington.

To most people, though he was Lionel Barrymore, the actor, and they loved him.

He was both crusty and kindly (he loved reading "A Christmas Carol"), adventurous, stubbornly independent in thought and outlook. And game as they come. Although an accident in 1936 imprisoned him in a wheel chair, he went resolutely on—working in motion pictures and making public appearances for nearly twenty years more.

No question but that Lionel Barrymore was one-of-a-kind. Yet the qualities so richly combined in him exist in a large measure among all the 170 million of us who call ourselves Americans.

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siderable odds (a quarter of six in the afternoon is not an easy hour for a working adult to get to a radio, even if he's a horseplayer), and the firmness of his social influence. In the Vachner cult, study time is kept rigidly separate from discussion time, and from social life in general. Friends of horseplayers have learned never to telephone them while the program is on. By one minute past six, the cultists will have emerged from the spell; in fact, they'll be telephoning each other to compare notes, to gloat, or to commiserate, and you won't get through to one till six-fifteen, at the soonest. I don't know if the followers of Dr. Zulli feel the same impulse to accost one another after the rites to talk things over; I have reason to suspect that some of them do. It must be remembered, of course, that life with "Sunrise Semester" also involves a parallel, and maybe a purer, outlet for second thoughts—the reading of the novels themselves. After all, these books have been bought at a rate never before equalled in their history. I wouldn't bet that each purchase has meant a cover-to-cover reading, but, from what I've seen of Dr. Zulli's work, I'd guess that culture, like sales, has been stimulated from Westport to Rahway.

The Doctor, it seems to me, is a very good teacher. As the only one of his kind to be doing what he is doing in New York on a major television channel—as a unique phenomenon, that is, in a medium that inevitably isolates and magnifies the individual performer—I have no doubt that he strikes a great many people as being a great deal more than that. They may be right, but I find it pleasant to think that any very good teacher with the right equipment for public speaking might make the same kind of mark in this new and good kind of work. The university talent scout who picked Dr. Zulli for his role has said, I understand, that he did so because he detected "a little bit of ham" in the Doctor. Actually, all competent college lecturers are hams, to some extent; Dr. Zulli is merely above the average, perhaps, in some qualities of voice, face, and manner. He has the practiced lecturer's gift of catching the listener's interest by dramatic gestures and turns of speech. Like most popular teachers of literature, he brings characters in books to life by speaking of them in a gossipy, opinionated, personal way, as Jos, as Tonio, as Julien. To an audience that has not been exposed to pedagogic charm for between five and fifty years, this kind of thing is understandably sure-

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fire—a good deal more so now, for that matter, than it was, or is, in school or college. An adult soaking up erudition voluntarily in a dressing gown, in his sitting room, is bound, I believe, to be more impressed than he was as a student by the teacher's gambits and beguilements, by his confidences, by his little outbursts of intellectual sharing. The old feelings of strain and of obligation are gone, and the need for flattery and confidence is far stronger. "Literature," says Dr. Zulli, speaking warmly, intently, and with a sort of gay sobriety from the screen into the dirty light of a winter daybreak, with his finger in the proper place in his text of "Vanity Fair," "comes from vice." He has been comparing the characters of Becky and Amelia. "*Can* a great novel be written about a happy marriage? . . . I don't know. . . . Perhaps. . . . I throw the question out at you." And the listener, the grown-up, free-riding, unobligated listener, is thrilled, I think, to have it thrown at him—whether he chooses to field it or not.

The present phase of "Sunrise Semester" will end on January 9th. From January 27th to May 9th, I'm told, Dr. Zulli will give a televised course in contemporary fiction, "from Dreiser to Sartre: realism to existentialism." Discipline will be relaxed to the extent that class will begin at 7 A.M.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

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—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

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[*From "The Modulor," by Le Corbusier*]

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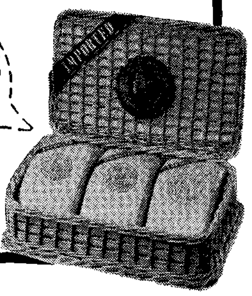

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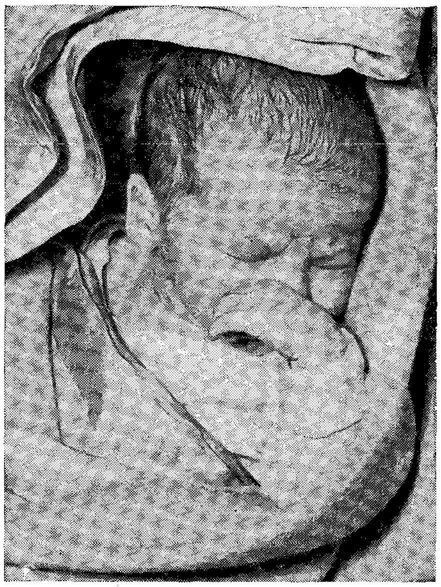

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MUSICAL EVENTS

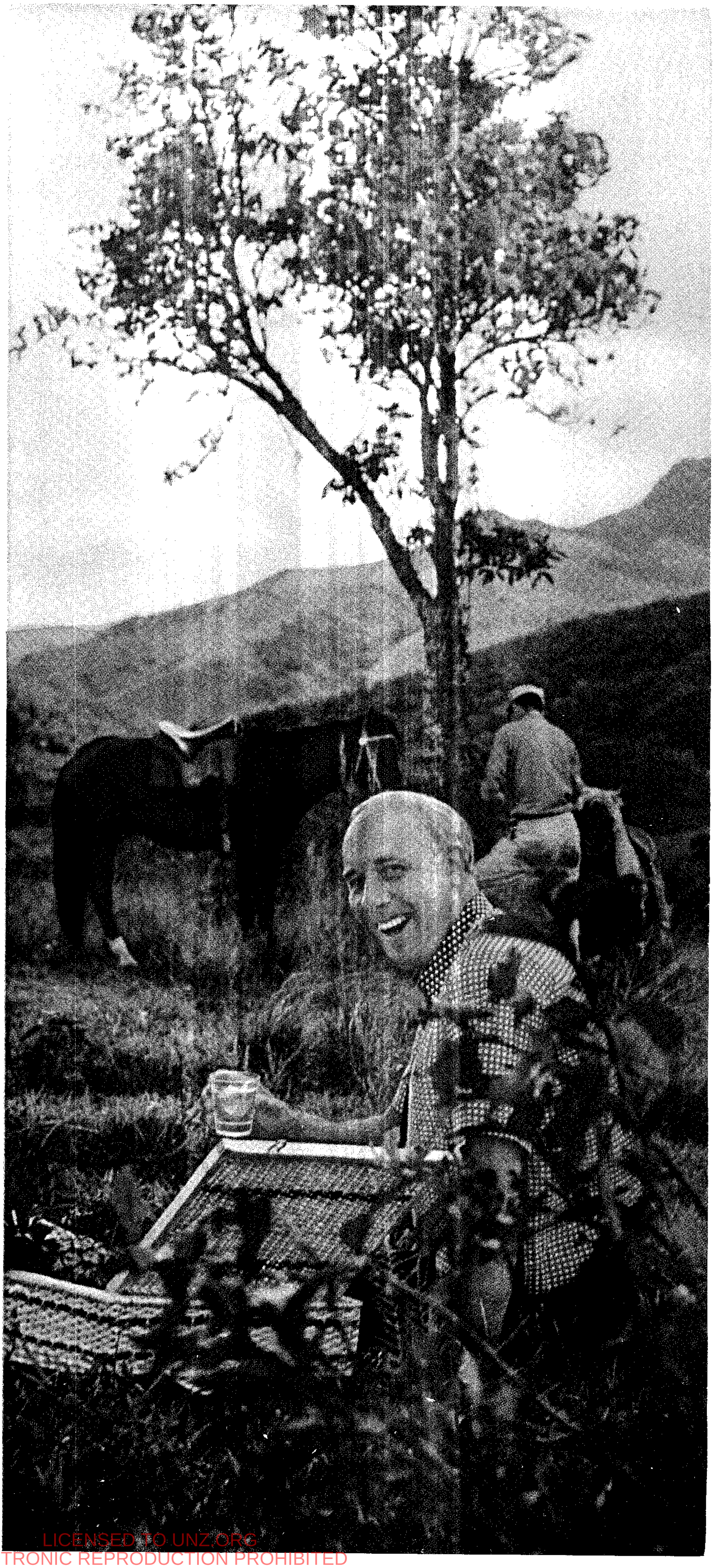
Big Week

IGOR STRAVINSKY, it seems to me, must do a great deal of his composing with the image of a ballet in his head. Over and over again, I have found that some bit of his music that struck me as rather thin and uninteresting when I heard it as a concert piece took on a great deal of vitality when played in an orchestra pit and accompanied by dancing—and especially dancing designed by George Balanchine, who seems to have a particular feeling for Stravinsky's work. This is the case with Stravinsky's latest ballet, "Agon," which the New York City Ballet recently presented as part of an all-Stravinsky-Balanchine program. Considered purely as music, the score of "Agon" is distinctly boring, in my opinion. But this impression obviously arises from the fact that "Agon," as music, is incomplete, being a mere part of what it becomes when Mr. Balanchine, with his acute sense of its choreographic potentialities, transforms it into a stage work. It is still a rather bare and ascetic affair, and Mr. Balanchine has kept it that way by dispensing with scenery and reducing the costuming to an absolute minimum. Nevertheless, because of Mr. Balanchine's unfailing flow of abstract choreographic ideas and his uncanny instinct for crystallizing Mr. Stravinsky's score in terms of motion, the thing emerges as a fairly exciting spectacle.

I must say, however, that I got more enjoyment from the rest of the program, which was, as a whole, a stunning tribute to the genius of the two greatest figures in contemporary ballet. The other numbers were "Apollo," which I had never seen before in its stage form; "Orpheus;" and the well-known classic "The Firebird." Everywhere, Mr. Balanchine's extraordinary taste and inventiveness fascinated the eye, and in these three works Mr. Stravinsky has provided ballet music of the most appropriate and absorbing sort. I have seen "Orpheus" done more compellingly, with Maria Tallchief and Tanaquil LeClercq in the main female roles; their substitutes the other night—Diana Adams and Allegra Kent—were a shade less scintillating. But the magnificent décor by Isamu Noguchi was still there, and so was most of the Stravinsky-Balanchine magic. As for "The Firebird," with its splashy and inspired scenery and costumes by Marc Chagall, and its brilliant dancing by Miss Tallchief, it was pure theatrical poetry—a very different thing, by the way, from the dull, academic restoration that was given this work not so long ago by the Royal Ballet of London. The score of "The Firebird," though an early one, remains, to my mind, Mr. Stravinsky's greatest single work.

THE New York Philharmonic has got itself a new guest conductor, and it seems to me that he is the most interesting one to occupy its podium in quite a while. He is Fernando Previtali, an Italian of considerable European reputation, and his début on Thursday night of last week was something quite out of the ordinary. He is not a particularly handsome or otherwise striking-looking man, and there is no self-conscious choreographic elegance about his gestures; in fact, there is a minimum of theatricality about everything he does. But he is a profound and sensitive artist, whose baton draws a noticeable response from every player in the orchestra, and his performances had both musical taste and a sense of rapt dedication that I have not found recently in the work of the Philharmonic. His program was an unhackneyed one, starting off with a suite from Ferruccio Busoni's incidental music for Carlo Gozzi's "Turandot"—which seemed to me well worth reviving and mildly engrossing, from a purely intellectual standpoint—and ending with Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, which he did with superlative grace and unusual incisiveness and clarity. Between these were sandwiched Mozart's very taxing aria "Per pietà," from "Così Fan Tutte," and the "Four Last Songs" of Richard Strauss, in which Elisabeth Schwarzkopf appeared as vocal soloist. Miss Schwarzkopf is, of course, one of the most technically accomplished and artful of all contemporary sopranos, and her singing, particularly in the Mozart item, was a breathtaking example of virtuosity and refined style. Mr. Previtali led the orchestral accompaniments to these works with something more than ordinary efficiency. It is, naturally, somewhat difficult to judge a new conductor from a single concert, but my impression is that the Philharmonic has finally come across a new leader of notable artistic stature.

IN "Dialogues of the Carmelites," presented by the N.B.C. Opera Company on a television broadcast last



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Len Bughman lunches high among the *Alps of the Caribbean.* "It's amazing how many of my friends are now serving rum—and planning their own picnics in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Bughman. ▶

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

The Hour After Westerly, by Robert M. Coates (*Harcourt, Brace, $3.50*).

In these fifteen stories, Mr. Coates articulates the climate of loneliness and creeping terror that lies just beneath the surface of even the most pedestrian lives. The writing is calm and the scene is ordinary; the effect is just the opposite.

Principles and Persuasions, by Anthony West (*Harcourt, Brace, $4.50*).

Twenty-seven book reviews. Some are admiring and the rest deal briskly with the clutter of pretense and fake sentiment that so often gets between an author and the subject he is writing about.

The Wapshot Chronicle, by John Cheever (*Harper, $3.50*).

In general, a novel about love—of people, places, and things—and, in particular, a novel about the leading family of a once-flourishing Massachusetts river port. Neither the family nor the port is what it used to be. Frequently, while telling his story, Mr. Cheever sends up jets of high humor, very like a whale.

A Nostalgia for Camels, by Christopher Rand (*Little, Brown, $3.75*).

Eleven reports. Mr. Rand brings us news of people he has met at various spots in Asia, and demonstrates, incidentally, that there is no way to bypass the postwar world, even if you happen to be the Faqir of Ipi and living in a cave in Afghanistan.

Heaven and Hardpan Farm, by Nancy Hale (*Scribner, $3.75*).

Hardpan Farm is a small sanitarium for ladies, where the glum introverts and the giddy extroverts are kept on different floors but manage to meet and misunderstand one another at table and in the station wagon. The old doctor who listens to, scolds, and humors them all makes better headway with their problems than he does with his own, which have more to do with the help than with Freud. At no time does Miss Hale reach for the pointer in dealing with the neurotic personality.

The Walls Came Tumbling Down, by Henriette Roosenburg (*Viking, $3.50*).

An odyssey that describes the journey of the writer and three companions from a Nazi prison in East Germany back home to Holland, and that celebrates, among other clear-cut virtues, spunk and the ability to improvise in a tight spot.

Tip on a Dead Jockey, by Irwin Shaw (*Random House, $3.95*).

And other stories about people, who, unfashionably, do not relish their troubles. Mr. Shaw, moreover, is a writer who believes in giving his short stories a good dose of plot.

Men and Monuments, by Janet Flanner (*Harper, $5*).

Profiles of Matisse, Malraux, Braque, and Picasso. Each of the pieces gives us the chance to examine the perceptible elements—biographical and temperamental—that have mysteriously combined to produce a genius. There is also a report on the paintings and sculpture that the Germans plundered during the war and that the Allies returned afterward.

Alain's Steeplechase, by Alain (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

Alain's distinctive draftsmanship and his destructive brand of logic are everywhere apparent in his first collection of cartoons. There are two hundred and fifty of them, gleaned from among all those he has done for this magazine over the past twenty-five years.

A Pause in the Desert, by Oliver La Farge (*Houghton Mifflin, $3.50*).

These sixteen stories cover a wide range of subjects, every one of which requires a sure foot and a steady hand. Mr. La Farge's, whether he's writing about barbaric schoolboys or unbarbaric Indians, computing machines or gourmets, never falter.

A Swimmer in the Air: Poems, by Howard Moss (*Scribner, $3*).

Mr. Moss's poetry is written for both the ear and the intellect. With a combination of technical flexibility, clarity, and good nature, he has produced a great variety of new tunes.

Peacocks and Avarice, by Joyce Warren (*Harper, $3.50*).

Reminiscences of a happy childhood in an English rectory that might have appeared in *Country Life*, where the animals outnumber the human beings, and all are originals. Also included is a prodigious amount of fascinating information on such subjects as change ringing and the ripening of cheese.

The Road to Miltown, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $3.50*).

A new collection, in which Mr. Perelman continues to treat the most unscholarly subjects with all the earnestness of a roguish philologist who has a remorselessly accurate ear for the snappy cliché, the incongruous example, the unsuitable word.

The Angel and the Sailor, by Calvin Kentfield (*McGraw-Hill, $3.50*).

Ten relentless, but by no means humorless, stories, with the sea and the Upper Mississippi Valley and (in the last one) Europe as backgrounds—a disparateness that is pointed up by the careful attention Mr. Kentfield gives his settings and minor characters, making them as important as the main attraction.

My Many-coated Man, by Laurie Lee (*Coward-McCann, $2.50*).

In this selection of poems that Mr. Lee has written since the war, the traditional themes of lyric poetry are drenched in verbal music.

The World of John McNulty, by John McNulty (*Doubleday, $4.50*).

A final, omnibus collection of humorous pieces, reports, and stories by the late John McNulty. It is, as well, a definitive anthology of the wonderfully funny indigenous talk he alone picked up around Third Avenue—the territory he staked out as his own. Introduction by James Thurber.

Pnin, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Doubleday, $3.50*).

The difficulties of Professor Pnin, the one-man Russian Department of Waindell College, who feels that it's his business to set straight an absent-minded world. His notion of reality is theoretical and his English is *sui generis*, but it's unlikely that any reader will be caught laughing unkindly at him.

"Stop, Miss!" by Whitney Darrow, Jr. (*Random House, $3.50*).

A collection of cartoons that displays Mr. Darrow's men, women, and children, always on the job, solving—or, at least, wildly adapting themselves to—the day-to-day problems that have the rest of us licked.

Memories of a Catholic Girlhood, by Mary McCarthy (*Harcourt, Brace, $3.95*).

Miss McCarthy, the oldest of four children, lost her parents at the age of six, her faith at the age of twelve. During this interval, she and her brothers were endured and abused by their relatives, and were expected to be grateful for it. These unfond, tough-minded memories should console anyone who feels that childhood was not all it might have been.

The Relic and Other Poems, by Robert Hillyer (*Knopf, $3.50*).

No fads or innovations in these lyrics, which suggest a thoughtful mind impelled to communicate feeling and experience unaffectedly.

Alarms and Diversions, by James Thurber (*Harper, $4.50*).

A third of the material in this selection from Mr. Thurber's work over the last twenty years has not appeared before in book form. A further fraction of it has been rewritten, to keep pace with the times. All of it is patently Thurber.

Domestic Relations, by Frank O'Connor (*Knopf, $3.50*).

Fifteen unorthodox stories of Irish life—or the part of it, at least, that is just one long, embarrassed struggle against silver-plate virtue and the good intentions of parents.

Nightcrawlers, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

An assortment of cartoons of Mr. Addams' native haunts in their native haunts.

It Happened in New York, by M. R. Werner (*Coward-McCann, $3.95*).

Historical reports on some events that were big news in their day, and that now can be considered a series of collisions between the high-minded and the frisky residents of this city, with no permanent damage to either side.

You Can't Get There from Here, by Ogden Nash (*Little, Brown, $3.75*).

A new collection of poems, in which Mr. Nash deals with another bumper crop of thorns in our flesh and sensibilities, and throws in a little straight nonsense for good measure.

Sunday afternoon, Francis Poulenc, a composer heretofore noted mainly for his qualities as a musical wit and satirist, has tackled an operatic subject of the deepest and most human sort. And for those who, like me, have long regarded him as by far the most gifted of contemporary French composers, this sudden conversion to sincerity and seriousness comes as the fulfillment of a cherished hope. He has, to my mind, succeeded in creating the strongest French opera to appear in a generation, and his work may well mark a return of French opera to its great nineteenth-century standards of craftsmanship. The work's libretto, by Georges Bernanos, may be a little wordy here and there, and its story, which concerns the lives of a group of nuns in a Carmelite convent during the French Revolution, may seem a little staid to those who think of opera in terms of sex and swordplay. But, for all that, "Dialogues of the Carmelites" is an intensely dramatic affair, and M. Poulenc's score for it is poetic, evocative, emotional, and even "romantic," if you will permit that unfashionable word. In short, it is everything that a good operatic score should be. His characters sing, instead of declaiming, as has been the habit of most French operatic characters since "Pelléas et Mélisande," and what they sing is everywhere melodious, tender, and gripping. There is, moreover, no facile trickery or artifice whatever in the score; it consists simply of heartfelt music.

Because of the intimacy of its setting, "Dialogues of the Carmelites" lends itself admirably to the television screen, and the production by the N.B.C. company was all that one could ask for. The cast, including such fine artists as Elaine Malbin, Patricia Neway, Leontyne Price, Robert Rounseville, and Rosemary Kuhlmann, could act as well as sing, and the handling of the musical elements, under Peter Herman Adler's baton, was of the highest order. To my mind, the broadcast could well rank as one of the most important events of any musical season.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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Indeed, it is claimed for the paramecium that it has eight sexes, no less, and that the choice of one paramecium for another is determined by some highly specific conditions, such, perhaps, as surface tension, and so on.—*From "The Sexual Offender and His Offenses," by Benjamin Karpman, M.D.*

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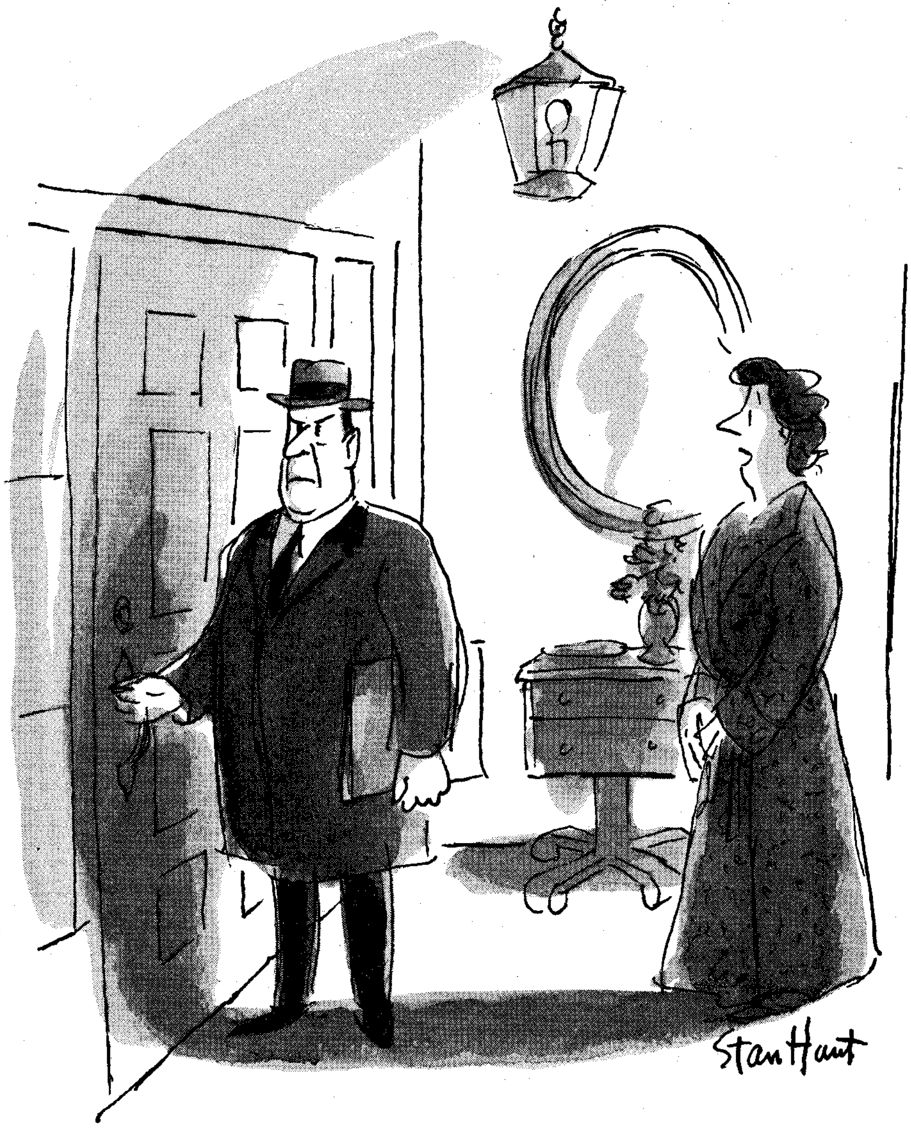
BOOKS

East Is East

“The Makioka Sisters” (Knopf), by Junichirō Tanizaki, is a novel about the late thirties and early forties, and is set in the Japanese city of Osaka. It is an extraordinary book, which can truly be said to break new ground. It is a genuine contribution to a literary form that seems highly unlikely to undergo further development in Japan, or anywhere else. The form Mr. Tanizaki has so boldly and startlingly enriched is the realistic novel of bourgeois life, that monstrous engine invented by Flaubert, which crushes novels out of simple catalogues of the properties, furnishings, clothing, hair styles, actions, words, thoughts, and motives of its characters. This form, which appeared, suitably, just when industrialization was extinguishing manual skills and aesthetic traditions in most crafts, made a novelist of anyone who could keep a notebook, and it was brought to a fine flower of boredom by the Goncourt brothers almost as soon as it had been invented. Zola rescued it and kept it alive for a few decades by adding sexual activities to the subjects included in the stocktaking, thus launching an arms race between the writer’s daring and the reader’s sophistication, the writer venturing a little further, and a little further, every decade. While this sufficed for as long as descriptions of sexual pleasures, confusions, aberrations, and whatnot constituted a thrilling breach of convention, it was obvious from the start that the bleak day would soon come when anything could be said on this subject and *had* been said, and bed would be, so to speak, fished out. And what then?

Mr. Tanizaki has come up with the answer—the realistic *medical* novel of bourgeois life. The boldly conceived new theme is announced as early as page 5 of Chapter 1 of Book I, when three of the four Makioka sisters—Sachiko, Yukiko, and Taeko, the ones who are to be the principal figures—are introduced as they prepare to give each other Vitamin B injections to keep beriberi at bay. Sachiko and the oldest sister, who lives in Tokyo, are married, but Yukiko and Taeko are not. By the rules of the arranged-marriage system in force in the conservative circles to which the family belongs, Taeko, the youngest, cannot get married until her unmarried older sister’s future is settled. And Yukiko is hard to marry. She does not look robust. On page 49, a reluctant suitor is suggesting, through the go-between, that it may be lung trouble, and when his fears are dispelled, the question of the blemish over her left eye is raised, on page 50. Is it caused, one doctor asks, by aspirin addiction or is it something so profound that it calls for hormone injections? These points have not been cleared up by page 59, when it becomes clear that the suitor’s mother is not housebound by palsy, as his family pretends, but is insane, and negotiations are broken off on the Makioka side. There is then a brief lull until Sachiko’s attack of jaundice, brought on by eating steak, on page 93. This has cleared up nicely by page 111, but then Sachiko hears from Tokyo that the other married sister’s little boy is having a nasty time with intestinal catarrh. This is a prelude for her own daughter’s attack of beriberi, on page 115, followed by nervous prostration, on page 116. The girl responds to sedation and a strict diet, but there is more news from the Tokyo branch of the family, on pages 122 and 124—first the maids all have colds, then the mistress of the house has a cold, then the two youngest children have influenza, followed by complications, and a third child is threatened with pneumonia. On page 125, another suitor for Yukiko turns out to be ineligible. He is a slightly crazed senior civil servant who talks to himself in a way that hints he is not quite sure of his identity. Worried by this and her other cares, Sachiko has a miscarriage, on page 132, and her hemorrhages are still giving trouble on page 137.

And so it goes. On page 162, Taeko’s dancing teacher has kidney trouble, which foreshadows her removal to a hospital and her death from uremic poisoning, on page 206. On page 210,



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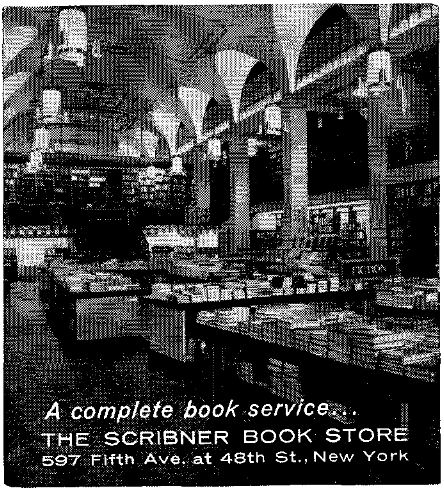
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LITTLE, BROWN

Sachiko's little girl is having more trouble with her beriberi, and on page 296 she is down with scarlet fever. While all these things have been delaying Yukiko's marriage, the impatient Taeko has been having an affair with a photographer, and on page 307 he is dragged into the Makioka pattern. Complications set in when he has been taken to a hospital for a minor ear operation; after a vivid bedpan episode, occupying pages 316 and 317, he undergoes amputation (an infection has spread to his leg) and dies, on page 323.

We are now in gear for real tragedy. It approaches the sisters gently, with an attack of what appears to be intestinal catarrh, on page 420. The victim is Taeko this time. The ailment is persistent, and on page 424 opinion veers toward the view that it may be dysentery. On page 429, an ambiguous laboratory report creates more problems than it solves. Can it be that Taeko has *anthrax*? An uglier possibility is discussed on page 431, but this grim shadow is lifted when a firm diagnosis of amoebic dysentery is made, on page 437. This appears to symbolize in medical terms the final disintegration of Taeko's morale, and prepares the reader for truly overwhelming disaster. Taeko tells Sachiko, on page 496, that she is going to have a child by a barman. The baby comes—following upon special difficulties, of course—on page 528, after Taeko has been in labor for twenty hours. It quickly dies, on page 529. While fate is giving the youngest of the sisters this drubbing, a moderately happy ending is being contrived for Yukiko, and a husband, though a far from perfect one, is found for her. Her marriage is delayed by a case of pneumonia in her husband-to-be's family, but she does at last get to Tokyo to be married, on page 530. Mr. Tanizaki cannot let her off that lightly, however, and she is stuffed with drugs when she leaves, for she is in the throes of a violent stomach disorder that gives her cause for embarrassment on the train.

While this novel can for the moment be described as unique, in that there has never been anything quite like it before, the horrid probability exists that it won't be for long. Once the possibilities in the vast lode of untapped material lurking in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* have dawned on the writer who believes that research can do the work of imagination, there should be a landslide of hypochondriac novels even more grisly than the old rubber-glove cycle of medical romances about doctors that was ushered in by "Arrowsmith." It is difficult to believe that it should be

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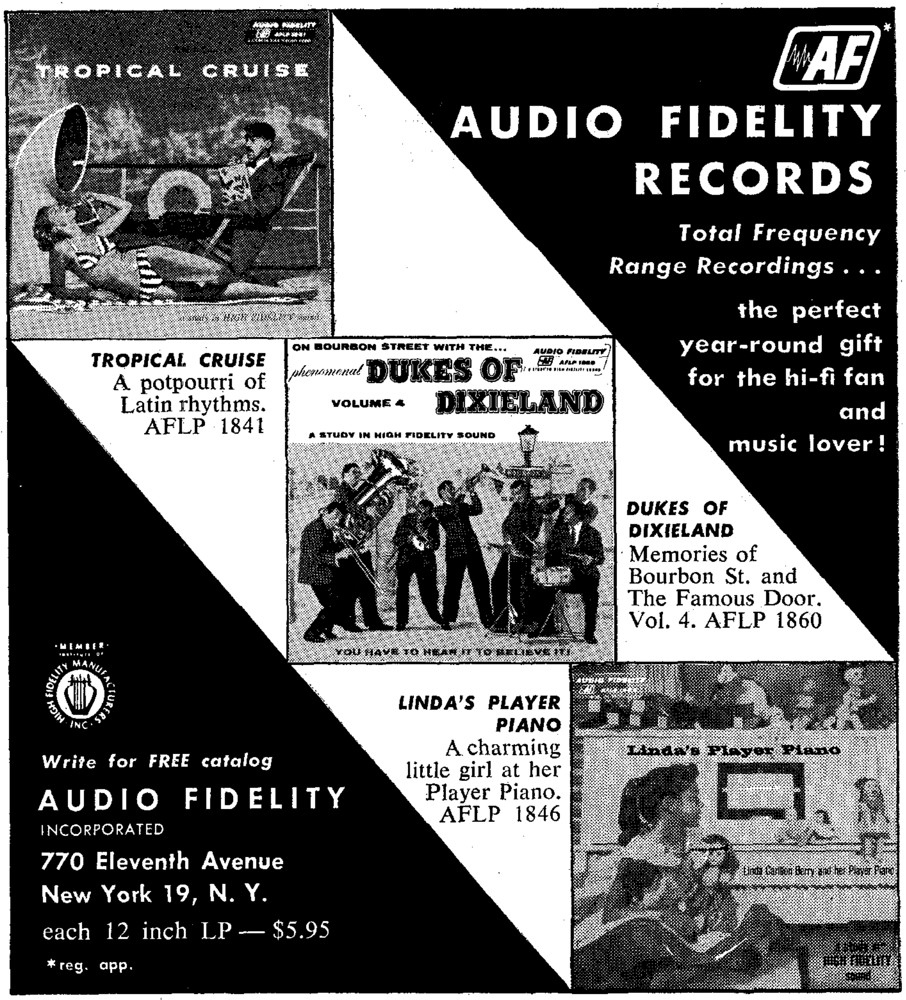
Tanizaki, whose earlier "Some Prefer Nettles" was such a sensitively beautiful novel, who is leading us into this odd new literary country, and still more difficult to imagine what he thinks he is doing. According to the jacket, he wrote "The Makioka Sisters" in a mood of depression after the war, in an attempt to recall "the last good times on earth." These words are the blurb writer's, not his own, and allowances must be made for that, but Tanizaki, incredibly, does say himself, "I tried to limit myself to what was attractive." One wonders what on earth would have happened if he had just given up and let himself go.

"KOKORO" (Regnery) is by Natsume Soseki, a Japanese novelist of an older generation, who died in 1916, two years after writing it. It is a book with a quite unusual directness and limpidity, done in the first person, and it describes some extremely complex relationships. The effect is curious, as of a clear brook running over a bed of stones that retain, however plainly one may see them, a mysterious and remote quality. As the pebbles, so to speak, are what the story—from the Western point of view—is about, this is apt to make the Western reader impatient, but for those who have acquired a taste for the Japanese form of the novel, this line of attack becomes increasingly rewarding. The subject of "Kokoro," which can be translated as "the heart of things" or as "feeling," is the delicate matter of the contrast between the meanings the various parties to a relationship attach to it. In the course of his exploration, Soseki brilliantly describes different levels of friendship, family relationships, and the devices by which men attempt to escape from their fundamental loneliness. The novel sustains throughout its length something approaching the intensity of poetry, and it is rich in understanding and insight. The translation, by Edwin McClellan, is extremely good. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL, by Colette (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This volume contains a large number of dialogues between Colette's cat, Kiki-the-Demure, and her dog, Toby-Dog, together with many essays and sketches and short stories about birds and reptiles and animals—and, among the animals, cats above all. It is a fragmentary collection, some of it delightful and all of it illustrating Colette's great sym-



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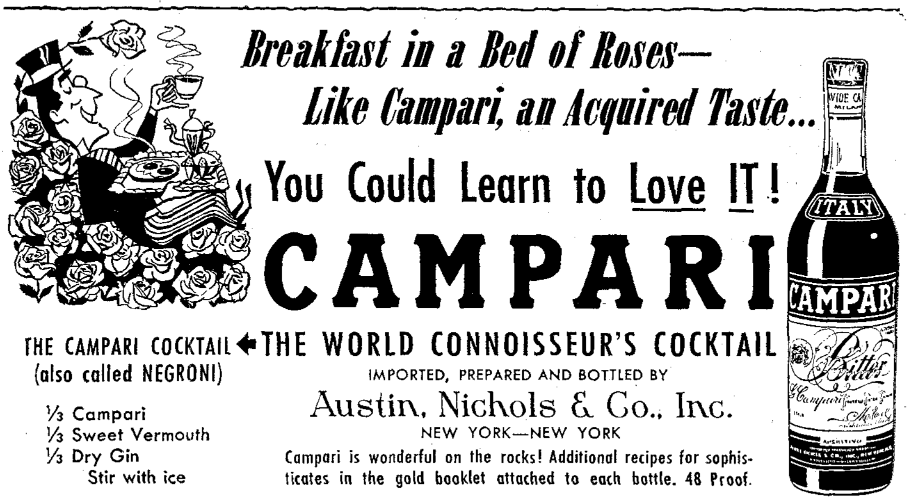

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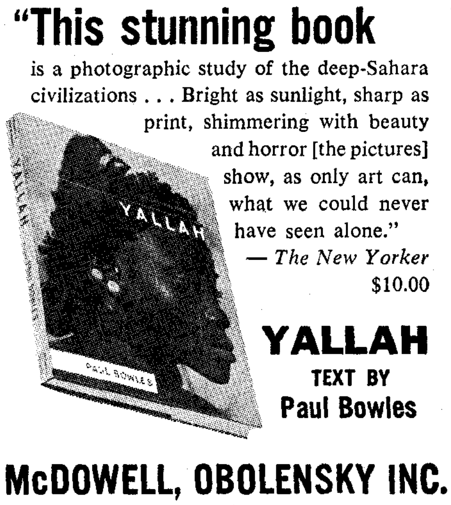

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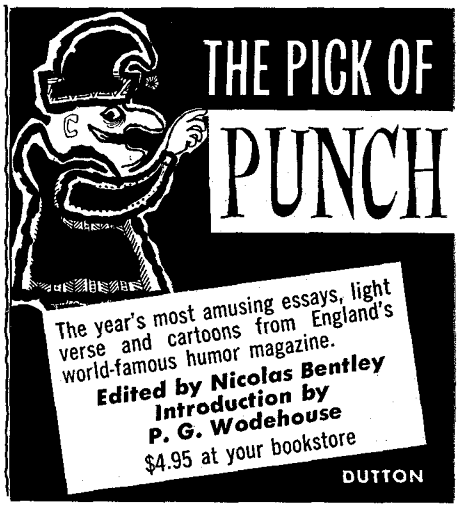

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GENERAL

Attorney for the Damned, edited and with an introduction and notes by Arthur Weinberg (Simon & Schuster). A collection of addresses, most of them delivered to juries, by Clarence Darrow, perhaps the most effective courtroom opponent of cant, bigotry, and special privilege that our country has produced. All of Darrow's most celebrated pleas are here—in defense of Leopold and Loeb (1924), of Lieutenant Massie (1932), of Big Bill Haywood (1907), of Thomas Scopes (1925), and of himself for attempted bribery (1912). As Justice William O. Douglas observes in an appreciative foreword, "His arguments are a full orchestration, carrying great power even in cold print"—despite, it might be added, their homespun, gallus-hitching style. The ghastly comedy of his deadpan interrogation of William Jennings Bryan on the origin of man, in the Scopes case, is particularly recommended.

The Naked God: The Writer and the Communist Party, by Howard Fast (Praeger). This short, rambling, dead-tired book is Mr. Fast's attempt to explain to himself why he joined the Communist Party in 1943, why he remained a member for more than a decade, and why he withdrew in 1956. His answer to the first of these is acceptable: "I saw the Communists as the bravest and most skillful fighters for man's freedom." So is his answer to the last: "There came a day when I read the words of Nikita Khrushchev [on the Stalin terror] and then, at long last, I was released." His answer to the second question, insofar as one emerges, is: "To join the Communist Party is a very serious action; and serious people do not leap in and out of such organizations." But if he fails to make us completely understand those years of alternating doubt and hope, he does succeed in convincing us of the fullness of his suffering, of the waste of his exceptional talent, and of his right to be respected as an honorable man.

The Golden Sovereign, by Richard Church (Dutton). This second installment of the reminiscences of a distinguished English minor poet has all the tranquil charm of the first, published under the title "Over the Bridge." This time, Church, who came from a working-class family,

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describes his first job, his first love, and his marriage, at the beginning of the 1914 war, with absolute candor and lack of pretension. His account of the way his own passionate belief in poetry and his brother's equally passionate belief in music brought a real and wild grandeur into lives that would have struck an outsider as narrow and depressing in the extreme is genuinely moving, while the descriptions of his father's obsession with motorcycling and of his second marriage are in the same vein of robust comedy as H. G. Wells' "The History of Mr. Polly."

DRIVE, by Colonel Charles R. Codman (Atlantic Monthly-Little, Brown). Colonel Codman, who died last year, was aide-de-camp to General George S. Patton for the last two years of the Second World War, and this book, which is composed of letters he wrote home to his wife, is a brilliantly evocative memoir of the most picturesque American general officer since the cavalier days of the Civil War. The Colonel had a strong affection for his chief, and his chief had the same feeling for him, which was not surprising, since Codman was quite a person in his own right; he was a much-decorated pilot in France during the First World War (escaping from a German prison camp with his friend James Norman Hall), and between the wars he kept up a long love affair with France as a wine merchant. The book is spattered with V.I.P.s, and stresses the lighter side of war, probably because the author didn't want to keep his wife in a constant state of nerves, but there are some sombre and telling passages on the breakup of the Third Reich. Photographs, and an appreciative foreword by the author's friend John P. Marquand.

A MEASURE OF LOVE, by Iris Origo (Pantheon). Five elusive studies of emotion—strained, stunted, or misdirected. They include an examination of Thomas Carlyle's ardent but rigidly bridled parlor pursuit of Lady Harriet Ashburton, a sickening account of the tug of war between Byron and Claire Clairmont during their daughter Allegra's five short years of life, a glimpse of Mazzini smoldering in exile in England, a peep at an elderly Venetian *contessa* longing for her absent lover, and a painful portrait of Marie Lenéru, a once-celebrated French dramatist, whose capacity for love was withered by deafness, blindness, and success. An elegantly polished but somehow

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THE COURAGE TO BE HAPPY, by Dorothy Thompson (Houghton Mifflin). A collection of familiar essays, written during the author's twenty-year association with the *Ladies' Home Journal;* most of them are relatively short, but some have been expanded. Miss Thompson has opinions on every conceivable subject, and these essays cover a good deal of ground—child rearing, loyalty oaths, the difficulties and rewards of living with geniuses, Grandma Moses, international Communism, and the pros and cons of making the rose America's national flower. Much of this sounds as though Miss Thompson were addressing women's clubs (which she often does), and the writing has no particular style. But she is not always a merely journalistic writer; there is, for instance, a sort of obituary tribute to her friend Edna St. Vincent Millay that is movingly and beautifully written.

THE HORN AND THE SWORD, by Jack Randolph Conrad (Dutton). A cultural history of the bull as a symbol of power and fertility, from cave paintings to the *corrida* under Franco. Dr. Conrad, a professor of anthropology, has some curiously old-fashioned ideas about prehistory and a hippety-hop popular style, but he has unearthed an enormous amount of sprightly historical material, he writes with authority on the modern bullfight as an expression of Spanish culture and personality, and his illustrations are first-rate.

THE BOOK OF THE EARTH, edited by A. C. Spectorsky (Appleton-Century-Crofts). An anthology of writings about men in relation to the earth—whether studying it, exploring it, cultivating it, living on it, or blowing each other off it. There are fiction pieces, ranging from Homer to Saroyan, and some unexpected pieces of nonfiction, among them Scott's last diary entries at Antarctica, Loren C. Eiseley explaining how flaws in his character kept him from ever finding any notable fossils, and Fabre laboring to outwit a column of slave-raiding ants. A superior job of bookmaking, handsomely illustrated. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

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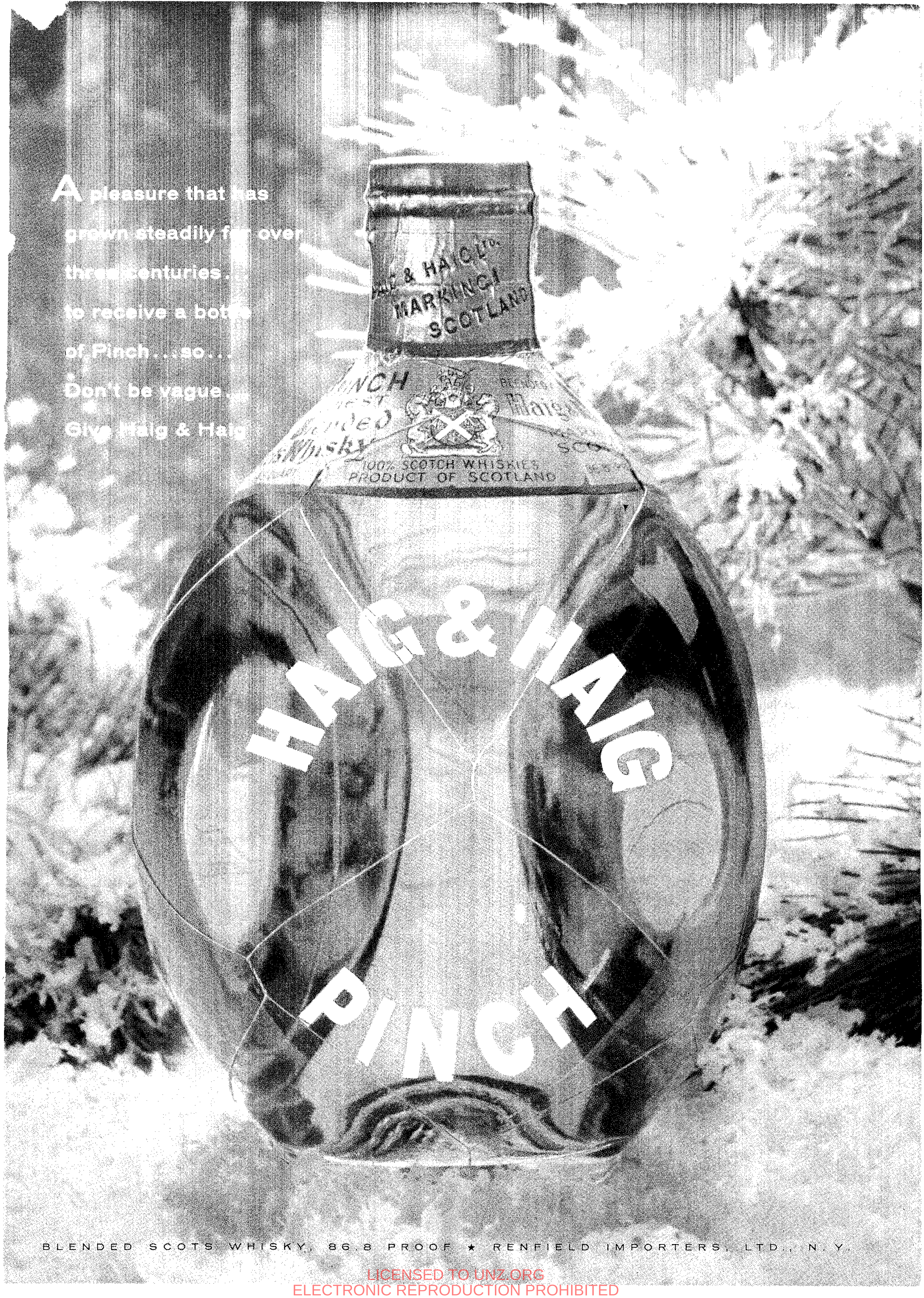
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